# KING EDWARD THE KAISER AND THE WAR

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# KING EDWARD, THE KAISER AND THE WAR

## THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND HER SON

By EDWARD LEGGE

*Demy 8vo.* 384 *pp.* 12*s.* 6*d. net*

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# KING EDWARD
# THE KAISER AND THE WAR

BY

EDWARD LEGGE

AUTHOR OF
"KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS," ETC.



LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS LTD.
ST MARTIN'S STREET
LEICESTER SQUARE
MDCCCCXVII

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE RIVERSIDE PRESS LIMITED
EDINBURGH

144

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## *NOTE*

*I have to acknowledge my great indebtedness to Grace Lady Napier and Ettrick for allowing me to copy from the originals and to publish the Letters of the Kaiser and Prince Henry of Prussia.*

*Reproductions in facsimile of some of the Kaiser's letters appear at pages* 36 *and* 44.

# PREFACE

The volume entitled "Germany under Emperor William II." came out in December, 1913, and the pages contributed by Prince Bülow were treated very respectfully by our Press, which at that time belauded the Emperor as it had consistently done from the day of his accession in 1888. Bülow was still accounted a great force in 1913, although Bismarck had held that he was even more "tricky" than his sire, who was rusé enough for two. In 1915–1916 Bülow's diplomatic failures, notably at Rome, made him a laughing-stock; yet it is this discredited German who has the impudence to say, in a "revised introduction" to the new edition of "Germany under Emperor William II.," issued in September, 1916: "King Edward's policy attempted, by changing the grouping of European Powers, to checkmate Germany little by little. Great Britain is Germany's most dangerous enemy." And all this dangerous enmity is traceable to King Edward's manœuvres and meddlesomeness!

Prince Bülow assumes that England under King Edward pursued a persistent policy of "hemming Germany in," and apparently he believes that he, Bülow, defeated that policy. By emphasising what he calls the King's "successful visit" to Berlin in 1909 (when his Majesty saw that Prince Bülow's days were numbered: he resigned that year) this ex-Chancellor seemed, in 1913, to claim the merit for

the initiation of the "improvement" in Anglo-German relations which ended so abruptly in 1914! "Before England," he wrote in 1913, in the volume referred to, "in 1897 we lay, as a competent critic at that time observed, like butter before the knife."

Another German writer has been similarly defaming King Edward, following in the footsteps of the blatant libeller, Colonel Wagner. The newcomer is Herr Rudolf Martin, the Berlin statistician, who, to his own satisfaction, proved ten or eleven years ago that Russia, as the result of her war with Japan, was absolutely bankrupt. Financial experts regarded Martin's conclusions as the offspring of a lunatic, and the events of the last two years have shown that the views of the experts were accurate and that Martin's figures proved nothing but his stupidity. Although our papers give daily choice morsels from the German newspapers I have not seen any extracts from Martin's book on King Edward, but the Berlin, Cologne and Hamburg journals cannot have neglected the volume.

The return of Prince Bülow to the arena and the appearance of Herr Martin as a defamer of our late sovereign cannot fail to add zest to the pages which I have now the pleasure of presenting to the public, dealing as they do mainly with the German Emperor and also, to a certain extent, with King Edward. It is gratifying to me to be able to quote the late Lord Redesdale as completely according with me in my views of the personal relations of the Kaiser and his Royal uncle. Those views were stigmatised by the "Times" critic in 1912 as being very "offensive" to that incarnation of righteousness, the Emperor William; but less than two years later

the same journal was anathematising its once-admired Kaiser as a creature worse than Attila, chief of the Huns. I have cited the opinions of Lord Esher, of the late Lord Suffield, the Infanta Eulalie, the Countess of Warwick, and the late Count Axel von Schwering, and commend them to the careful attention of my readers as exemplifying the truth of the adage concerning great minds.

An opportunity has been afforded me of studying William II. through the media of his private letters. These missives astonished me, for they reveal the man who has developed into a modern Attila in an altogether new, and (will it be believed ?) very favourable light. No one will suspect me of harbouring a fraction of sympathy for him. All that I have written and published since 1912 furnishes convincing proof to the contrary. I have described him as the "Hyrcanean Tiger." On the 23rd of August 1915 Reuter's Agency circulated the appended message, based upon a statement published by the Emperor's order in the semi-official journal :

AMSTERDAM, *August* 21.

According to a telegram from Berlin the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" denies the assertion, reproduced in the British Press from a book by Mr Edward Legge, to the effect that the German Emperor advised an American acquaintance not to allow his son to travel by the Lusitania."

Never before had the Kaiser deigned publicly to deny a statement made by an English writer. I did not retract my assertion. Why, his Ambassador at Washington caused to be published warnings to neutrals not to travel in vessels (like the "Lusitania") belonging to belligerents ! Those

who are acquainted with the methods of the German Government know that nothing is ever done without the personal approval of the Emperor. His denial of my assertion was valueless.

To mark his approval of the crime the Emperor gave Captain Max Valentiner, the commander of the submarine which sank the "Lusitania," the first class of the Iron Cross, and in August, 1916, bestowed upon him the Hohenzollern House Order, with swords, a special distinction.

The Kaiser's letters, to employ an accepted colloquialism, are "perfectly charming"; affectionate confidences; the product, at the time they were written, of an ingenuous and a loyal mind; and often marked by humour. They date from his young manhood until a comparatively recent period. Psychologists and physiognomists have wasted their time and their erudition over him, because they have not had sufficient direct evidence to make their analyses of any particular value. With the testimony contained in the letters before them they could have produced books and essays of infinitely greater worth. They judged him from only one point of view, his public "form," which is not seldom the reverse of a person's private "form." Curious as these letters are from the personal history point of view, they do not enlighten us concerning the Emperor's attitude towards his English uncle, whose name is not mentioned.

The generality of human beings, both women and men, increase in grace (it sounds rather Stigginsonian) with advancing years. Not so William II., who, when midway between fifty and sixty, divested himself of all the good that might have been in him,

and singled out his mother's native country as the object of his venomous hatred, descending even to the lowest depth of allowing his newspaper Press, his writers of books and pamphlets, and his caricaturists to libel his dead uncle and that uncle's crowned son.

Even people with indifferent memories cannot have forgotten that from 1888, when he succeeded to the Kaisership, until 1911, the date of the last visit he paid, or is ever likely to pay, to this country, William II. was received by us with a fervour and a favour not accorded to any other sovereign. But he was the grandson of a Queen, the nephew of that Queen's eldest son, and the first cousin of King George V. That, however, did not wholly account for the extravagant warmth of his welcome and the written eulogies with which he was undeservedly surfeited. In a large sense, and without apparent effort, he extorted the admiration of the crowd, ever on the qui vive for an object to glorify and to place upon a pedestal. On the day after the last sad scene of all, the burial of our great Sovereign Lord, the Kaiser had the gratification of reading in print that he was the "legitimate inheritor of King Edward's world-influence"! Was not this an example of those "comparisons" which "are odious," and which we re-read to-day with bitterness of soul?

## CHAPTER I

## THE KAISER'S AND PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS TO THE LATE LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK *

[*** *The twenty-five Letters and Telegrams now first published were transcribed from the originals, which were very kindly lent to the Author for the purpose in* 1916.]

The particular value of letters is that they enable us to form a more accurate knowledge of the psychology of the writers than would be otherwise obtainable; at all events, we like to think so. By "letters" I mean the original manuscripts, not the printed copies. It is not often that purely "private and personal" letters of the great ones of the earth are seen, even in print, until some years after the death of their writers. The "Morning Post's" publication, in 1914, of the famous "Tweedmouth letter," as it was called, with the Kaiser's ponderous "chaff" of Lord Esher, was wholly exceptional. Sometimes we have the private letters of sovereigns and princes reproduced in facsimile, but not until many years after the death of their authors. Two or three letters of Napoleon III. were so published. The only difficulty was to ascertain what they

* Died 6th December 1913.

were about—so illegible was the writing. Occasionally we have read in the papers, in facsimile form, the letters of members of our Royal family, addressed to the Empire at large. But such missives are entirely of a public character. I greatly doubt whether any of the letters addressed by these personages to their friends have ever been published during the lifetime of the writers, or ever will be.

King Edward VII. was an untiring letter-writer throughout the greater part of his life, and, I have heard, down to the week of his death. There must be in existence many hundreds—one might almost say thousands—of his letters. But the number of those who have seen them is so small as to be almost negligible. Mere intimations to hosts or hostesses that the Prince, or the King, would lunch or dine with them on such a day and at such an hour do not necessarily come within this category of the unseen; for in such cases there was no breach of confidence on the part of their recipients in showing the Royal letters to their intimate friends. Mrs George Batten, who died in June, 1916, bequeathed to a friend "one or two of the letters written to me by the late King Edward VII."

Nearly three years ago the Kaiser and his brother had to mourn the loss of their attached friend, and often companion, William John George Lord Napier and Ettrick, eleventh Baron Napier in the peerage of Scotland and second Lord Ettrick in that of the United Kingdom, who died on the 6th of December 1913, at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in 1846, was educated at Harrow and in France and Germany, succeeded his celebrated father in 1898, and was first married (in 1876) to Harriet Blake

Armstrong, daughter of the late Mr Edward Lumb, a well-known South American merchant, whose later years were passed in commerce in the City of London. That lady died in 1897, when her husband was Master of Napier. The Kaiser addressed her in his earlier letters, "Mrs Napier." In the following year Lord Napier married Grace, daughter of the late Mr Cleland Burns, uncle of Lord Inverclyde. Of that peer Grace Lady Napier and Ettrick is the niece; her mother was Ena Colquhoun, of Clathick, Perthshire. Two sons were the issue of the late Lord Napier by his first and one son by his second, and surviving, wife. The elder of the three succeeded his father in 1913; the second is the Hon. William Scott Napier, late lieutenant 6th Battalion Royal Fusiliers (Militia), who served in the South African War, 1900; the third is the Hon. Archibald Lenox Colquhoun William John George Napier, born in 1899, of whom, as one who is already on active service, a few words may be said before briefly narrating the history of this justly celebrated Scottish family.

In the "Service Kalendar" of the Church of the Advent, Boston, U.S.A., the weekly message of the Rector, the Rev. W. H. van Allen, asked his congregation, on the 26th of February 1916, to "pray for Midshipman the Hon. Lenox Napier, who at sixteen has just been gazetted to H.M.S. 'Thunderer.'" This scion of the house of Napier and Ettrick is a very tall, handsome boy, whose mother told him she would disown him if he did not pass his examination and so be enabled to take part in the defence of his country. He makes friends wherever he goes, as did his estimable and gifted father—one might add,

and the late peer's second wife, a worshipper of the venerable Empress Eugénie. Midshipman Lenox Napier has already figured in the American Press! Shortly before his father's death one of our "cousins" met the boy and his parents at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, and sent to the New York paper, the "Living Church," this characteristic American note, which fully harmonises with the sentiments expressed in their letters by the Kaiser and Prince Henry:

I think more kindly of the Lord Warden when I remember Lenox. After dinner, in the lounge, I heard a boy's voice, like a flute for sweetness, urging little courtesies upon his father and mother in that gracious, deferential, old-fashioned way too seldom found among "little men" nowadays—or among big ones, either, alas! I saw a lad of thirteen, in cadet's dress-uniform; fair, smiling, gentle, yet bearing himself like a fairy-tale Prince. I recognised the costume; he was a naval cadet from Osborne, where the very dearest boys in all the United Kingdom are trained to be officers on board H.B.M.'s Dreadnoughts and other vessels of destruction and protection. He beamed so engagingly on me that in two minutes we were quite good friends. I recognised his name at once; it adorns an ancient Scottish peerage which has given many gallant sons to the Empire, besides inventing logarithms for the convenience of the mathematicians and the confusion of the rest of us. And very likely, in thirty years or so, Admiral the Hon. Lenox Napier, G.C.B., will become possessor of a new title all his own—if the Peerage and the Order of the Bath survive so long! At any rate, he is quite the most attractive boy I met all the summer, which is saying much.

This young "middy," whose parents, as proved by the letters, were held in such high estimation by the German Emperor and his brother, and whose grandfather had been the intimate friend of the first Emperor William when King and the confidant of Prince Bismarck until the end, is happy in possessing

for his godmother a sister-in-law of King Edward VII., H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, and a cordial admirer in that gallant Admiral, Prince Louis of Battenberg, one of the truest servants of the British Empire, whose retirement from his high position in 1914 will always be deplored. Chief among Lenox Napier's treasures is the old silver bowl given him by his Royal godmother, daughter of that heroic figure in the war of 1870, the "Red Prince."

During the late peer's illness the Kaiser and Prince Henry were solicitous in their inquiries as to his condition, and the former sent a large wreath of orchids, which Baron von Kühlmann, C.V.O., Chancellor of the German Embassy until August, 1914, delivered into the hands of Lady Napier. Attached to the wreath was a broad white silk streamer, bearing an Imperial crown and the monogram "W.," embossed in gold. This symbol of affection and homage the bereaved lady laid on her husband's tomb in the family burial ground in Ettrick churchyard, Selkirkshire, in the presence of the relatives and friends. At the funeral service at St Paul's, Knightsbridge, Baron von Kühlmann represented the Kaiser.

The late peer, like his father, followed the carrière. Entering diplomacy in 1869, he held appointments at Athens, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Stockholm, Brussels (where he was Chargé d'Affaires four times), Buenos Ayres, and Tokio, his last post.

The present head of the family served as a lieutenant in the 7th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps (Militia), is a member of the Royal Company of Archers, and married, in 1899, the Hon. Clarice

Jessie Evelyn Hamilton, daughter of the fourth Baron Belhaven and Stenton. Two brothers of the late peer survive him: (1) The Hon. John Scott Napier, C.M.G. (1901), late Inspector of Gymnasia, served in Afghanistan 1879–1880 and in South Africa 1881 and 1900, and had been A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief in India and to the Viceroy. He married Isabella, daughter of Mr Thomas Shaw and widow of Major James Leith, V.C. (2) The Hon. Mark Francis Napier, B.A., barrister-at-law, late a Liberal M.P., and married to Emily Jones, nat. daughter of the last Viscount Ranelagh.

We must now glance at the career of a Napier, a commoner, who was born in 1550.

John Napier, father of the first Baron Napier, distinguished himself as a philosopher and secured undying fame as the inventor of logarithms, which he devised, however, merely for his own amusement! One of his numerous biographers has placed it on record * that, "like Cato, he was an authority on manure; invented a hydraulic screw to clear the water from coal-pits, and was also the originator of our present notation for expressing decimal fractions. But for logarithms and the system of decimal notations no bank or insurance office could exist to-day, and no steamer could cross the Atlantic with speed and accuracy." This amazing member of a justly celebrated family was born in 1550, when his father was only sixteen. John's son, Archibald, who accompanied James V. of Scotland into England, was, in 1627, created a baronet of Nova Scotia, and two days later was raised to the peerage as Baron Napier of Merchistoun. John Napier's book on

* "Liverpool Post," 1913.

logarithms was published at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart in 1614.

The second Baron Napier distinguished himself in the Royal cause during the Civil Wars; and the third holder of the title obtained a patent extending the remainder to his new heirs. The Hon. George Napier, an ancestor of the peer to whom the letters given in these pages were addressed, was the father of three sons who became generals in the army and were all knighted. One of this gallant trio, Charles Napier, was reported to have been killed in the Peninsula; but three months later he wrote to his mother and quoted this couplet from "Hudibras":

> For I have been in battle slain,
> And yet I live to fight again!

During the American War of Independence a Lord Napier was with our forces, and there is a story that an old woman journeyed several miles to see a "real" lord. When he was pointed out to her she was shocked, for, unkempt and unshaven, he was the reverse of what she had anticipated, and she gave vent to her disappointment by exclaiming to those around her: "Well, well, after this I don't want to see another lord until I meet my Lord Johovra face to face!"

The father of the late peer, grandfather of the present head of the family, was the famous diplomatist—tenth Baron Napier of Merchistoun in the peerage of Scotland, first Baron Ettrick in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and a baronet of Scotland. Born in 1819, he succeeded to the peerage and baronetage when only fifteen, and received part of his education at a private school in Saxe-

Meiningen, where he acquired that complete knowledge of German which stood him in such good stead in later years; but he was also exceptionally versed in "the languages" generally. In 1840 he entered upon his diplomatic career as an attaché to H.B.M. Embassy at Vienna, and then served successively as an attaché at Constantinople, Secretary of Legation at Naples, and Secretary in the Turkish capital. In 1857 he became our Minister to the United States of America and in the following year Ambassador at St Petersburg; was made a Knight of the Thistle in 1864, and in the same year was sent as Ambassador to the Court of Prussia, with the result that his eldest son struck up a friendship with the boy who in 1888 became Emperor.

From 1866 until 1872 he was Governor of Madras, and in the latter year, on Lord Mayo's assassination, became Acting Viceroy of India from February to May. On his return to England he was created a peer of the United Kingdom with the title of Baron Ettrick of Ettrick in the county of Selkirk. When he retired from official life he interested himself largely in public affairs, was president of the Social Science meeting at Plymouth, an active worker in the reform of London municipal government, was a member of the London School Board, and did much other useful work. Queen Victoria conferred the Order of the Crown of India upon his wife. He died suddenly of heart disease at Florence, the town in which he had passed his honeymoon.

The first Lord Lytton credited Lord Napier with being "the only man of genius in the diplomatic service in his time." He ought to have been Lord Mayo's successor as Governor-General of India.

His lack of wealth prevented him from following a political career on his return to England from India. Lord Palmerston's prediction that he would rise to the highest offices in the State was not fulfilled.*

When this greatest of the Napiers was fulfilling his ambassadorial duties at Berlin he became on very intimate and confidential terms with Bismarck, and after he had relinquished his post in the Prussian capital the two friends wrote frequently to each other. Bismarck's letters were voluminous, and dealt with politics and personages, including the monarch and his family, in the most unrestrained manner. Lord Napier showed these epistles from time to time to one of my friends (to whom I am indebted for much of my information), but would never allow any of them to leave his hands. "Some time before his death," said my informant, in May, 1916, "Lord Napier made up his mind that no eyes but his own should ever read even one of Bismarck's revealings, and with his own hands destroyed them all." The act was heroic, but how regrettable! What should we not have learnt from this liberation of a great man's soul of his real feeling towards ourselves, our sovereigns, our diplomatists and their methods, and of the true inwardness of German policy vis-à-vis Great Britain!

The peer-diplomatist naturally had much to say about Bismarck in conversation, and some of it has now been re-narrated to me. The Iron Chancellor once said to Lord Napier: "I believe in prayer, but I am not what is called a 'religious' man." My friend was so fortunate as to see one of the letters addressed to Lord Napier by the acknowledged

* "Dictionary of National Biography."

"maker of Germany," whom the "young man" (as the Chancellor dubbed him) sent so brusquely about his business in one of those impulsive moments when William II. vowed that "he could not stand him any longer." In that epistle Bismarck asked Lord Napier if he could tell him the "character and *value*" of a certain Englishman, "whom," wrote the Chancellor, "my daughter wishes to marry."

Lord Napier was a welcome guest at the German statesman's country home, and was struck by his host's affection for his dogs. "They would squat round him at dinner, and he threw them piecemeal huge pieces of game, chicken, and other food." Bismarck, in later years, told the peer who died in 1913, son and successor of the above-mentioned, that he had among his dogs a "Scotsman," an Aberdeen terrier, "which," he said, "stole all the bones from my Danes. After a few days of these thefts the Danes hid the food in the straw which protected the water-taps from the frost, placing the dainties where the 'Scotsman' could not reach them. There are few things," said Bismarck, with grim humour, "which a Scotsman could not reach!"

The Imperial epistles presented in this chapter call for brief annotation. The salient point of those written by the elder brother is that they reveal to the world the German Emperor in an entirely new light, and show him to have been, at all events until July-August 1914, a man seemingly possessed of a heart and a soul coupled with fidelity to at least some of his friends in this country. In view of all that has happened since that date this will come as a surprise to the peoples of all countries. But here it is, in black and white, undeniable, unquestionable.

"Litera scripta manet." The Kaiser can claim it as one of his assets, otherwise not very numerous. When these letters reach the United States, as they assuredly will after they are first made public in these pages, they will be made the most of by the "hyphenated" legion, who will be perfectly justified in using them as a lever to restore, if that were possible, the vanished prestige and former good name of their Imperial Chief. And it will be particularly interesting to read the comments of the Continental Press upon the documents.

The letter in which the then Prince William confides to his Scottish friend that the Emperor (William I.) had privately sanctioned his grandson's engagement, and that the ardent wooer was on the eve of visiting his fiancée "incog.," is a very human item of the collection; while his frequent communications to the "Señora" will be provocative of amusement. But the letter which is likely to be the most pondered over is that dated 4th January 1889. The Kaiser was then just thirty, and had succeeded the Emperor of the three months' reign in the previous June, when he wrote to "My dear William": "Here am I suddenly placed by Providence on the mightiest throne of the world to be the guardian of the European Peace." It is quite consonant with his mental dexterity that he should devote the next paragraph to "chaffy" references to the Mikado, the alluring "Katishka," and the "bath of boiling oil," and close with a comical postscript.

"Lady Dunbar's Poem," presumably on the death of the Empress Frederick, evidently greatly moved him; it recalled the passing of Queen Victoria, that "loving grandmother, the incarnation of Britain's

greatness"; yet, by all accounts, both as Prince and as Emperor, William II. sided for some years with that section of political Anglophobes of whom his mother, and not seldom his father, had often much reason to complain.

Not a few of the Kaiser's letters are literally "scraps of paper," but not in the sense of the contemptuous phrase made historic by the Chancellor of the German Empire. They are pale brown, hastily pencilled "scraps," triangularly folded, gummed down and unenveloped, the address only in ink; the exterior decked with a small embossed female bust, golden-haired and coroneted, on a chocolate background; the features not unlike those of the Kaiserin before her marriage. At the top right-hand corner of some of these billets, above or below the address, the future Kaiser wrote: "Hasta la vista." Then followed: "To Mrs. Napier, Capellenbergstrasse, $2^{b}$," supplemented occasionally by the precise hour at which the important epistle had been written—as, for example, 7.30 A.M. The letter-carrier was one of the Royal servants.

The future Kaiser's letters, save those with which he favoured the "Señora," are usually written on oblong sheets of grey "ribbed" paper. On the left-hand side is a two-inch monogram, with a crown above it, embossed in silvered characters. The heading (Potsdam) of the notepaper is written. One of the letters, written at Brussels, 10th August 1877 (the year of his first acquaintance with Lord Napier), is addressed: "To the Hon. Master of Napier, Esq., Potsdam, Capellenbergstrasse $2^{b}$, Allemagne," obviously written very slowly and carefully—almost like print. The envelopes are

sealed with red wax, and have an embossed crown over the monogram " W." .

The envelopes containing Prince Henry's letters are variously light or dark blue or white. At the back is a crown over the " H," in pale gold. On the left of the address side are his initials—a scrawl, illegible to all but his friends. His letter from Norway (1900) is addressed : " To The Marquis of Napier and Ettrick, Berwick-on-Tweed, Scotland," with, at the top, " England." His writing slants slightly from left to right. The Kaiser, when Prince William, wrote in somewhat of a schoolboy's hand, but since his accession twenty-eight years ago his penmanship has greatly changed. His writing in German characters is almost perpendicular, and very clear, closing with a very " flourishy " " Wilhelm."

Prince Henry's letters to Lord Napier show the cordial relations which were maintained by the two men. The Prince and the peer were indeed so knitted together by the bonds of friendship that each could say what he liked to the other without causing the slightest offence.

Although the late talented peer had as complete a mastery of German as his famous father, Prince Henry always preferred to converse with his friend in English, of which, as his letters afford ample proof, he is a master. This will not surprise those who know that the mother of the two Princes (Queen Victoria's eldest daughter) insisted upon their speaking in her own language from their earliest childhood—a step particularly obnoxious to Bismarck, whose pet aversion was the august lady whom he was among the first, if not actually

the first, to dub "the Englishwoman," although he was at the pains, in one of his books, to explain that he had "always maintained friendly relations with her"!

Of Prince Henry's letters, the one written to Lord Napier in 1903 particularly appeals to British readers. He reports that he is introducing boxing into the naval service. It had not hitherto been popularised in Germany, but the Sailor Prince thought it would be beneficial to the Teutonic "Jacks." Interesting, too, is another letter in which the Prince avows that he has "become a most passionate motorist," and "almost prefers motoring to yachting." In his last epistle to his old friend's wife (now Grace Lady Napier and Ettrick), Prince Henry expresses his thankfulness that her husband is in better health and asks her to "give him my love."

In one of Prince Henry's letters to Lord Napier (1st March 1905) mention is made of "the Moscow crime." The reference is to the murder (17th February) of the Grand Duke Serge (an uncle of the present Tsar), who, it will be remembered, was killed by a bomb thrown into his carriage a few weeks after his resignation of the Governorship of the ancient capital of Russia.

In another letter Prince Henry regrets that, although at Frogmore with his wife, he had been unable to arrange a meeting with Lord Napier. The Kaiser never came to England without seeing and having long talks with his valued Scottish friend and his other intimate, Lord Lonsdale. On one occasion the former went down to Windsor Castle by his Imperial Majesty's invitation and found him

immersed in packing up a variety of articles, large and small. "These, my dear Napier," he said, "are presents for Granny's servants." ("Granny" was, of course, Queen Victoria, perhaps the only one of the Royal family whom he really loved and venerated.)

When Lord Napier returned unexpectedly to England from his post in Japan he went to a garden party at Marlborough House to meet William II., whom a facetious writer always referred to, and not inaptly, as "William the Second-to-None." The peer told his friend that he had been placed "en disponibilité." This moved the impetuous Kaiser to wrath. "What a damned beastly shame!" he exclaimed, in strident tones that all near him heard; "it could never have happened in *my* country." In those days he was, according to the letters and the verbal assurances given to me in 1916, always faithful, always "stuck to" his friends. In all likelihood he would not have summarily dismissed Bismarck had not the old man become insupportable by his arrogance and "bumptiousness."

During one of his numerous visits to England (the final one was in 1911, when he came to London for the unveiling of the grandiose Queen Victoria Memorial) the Kaiser sent Lord Napier a pressing invitation to lunch with him on a review day at Aldershot. Upon reaching the rendezvous the peer, to his dismay, found his further progress blocked by the police, who smiled superciliously when he explained that he had "come down to lunch with the Emperor by his Majesty's invitation."

After a while Lord Napier betook himself to the railway station, arriving on the platform at the moment his friend was entering the Imperial saloon.

The peer made a dash for it and succeeded in entering the carriage. The surprised and delighted Emperor threw his arms round his friend's neck, kissed him on both cheeks, according to usage, and, all smiles, said: "Hullo, Willy! Where on earth did you get to? Why did you not come to lunch with me? I have been looking for you everywhere, expecting to see you every minute." The Kaiser was exasperated when he heard the explanation and found that the contretemps was caused by the police, whom he anathematised in the approved Potsdam fashion.

## THE KAISER'S LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS

[*** The precise form of these documents has been carefully preserved in their transcription from the originals.—E. L.]

(1)

17/VII. [1877] STADTSCHLOSS.

MY DEAR MRS. NAPIER

I was so sorry that we could not dine together yesterday, but I will come with greatest pleasure to day to dine with you at what o'clock ?
Hope that everybody is well three kisses to baby from me please.

Your
most dutiful and affate friend
WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA (the Avenger).

(2)

POTSDAM the 16th of June 1877

DEAR MRS. NAPIER

I am so sorry that you have been unwell these last two days, but I hope that you will be recovering to day.
I am going to Magdeburg this morning and return at 9 in the evening, if it pleases you I shall come and look in. I was very much amused at the story of the two officers (! ! !) who were not received.
Give baby a 12 kisses from me and Master to.

WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

(3)

POTSDAM 5 A.M. 4/VII 1877

DEAR MRS. NAPIER

Pray don't come to the Schloss to-day as I shall not be back from duty at 12. I am in command of the 6th company today.

How did you sleep ? & Baby ?

I will come this evening with your permission ?

WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

(4)

*Buenos dias*

POTSDAM 1877 11th OF JUNE.

QUERIDA SEÑORA NAPIER

Excuse my troubling you again with a letter but I only want to tell you that I shall be on duty till half past seven and not having time to go to the New Palais I want to know if I could repose myself at your casa. Hasta la vista my hand is better thanks to your kindness.

WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

(5)

POTSDAM STADTSCHLOSS.

DEAREST MRS. NAPIER

May I for the last time come to see you in your dear little home at half past eight ?

Ever

Yours

devotedly & aff-y

WILLIAM PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

(6)

POTSDAM.
2/II., 1880.

DEAREST SEÑORA,

Many, many thousand thanks for your kind wishes & the charming & very useful present you sent me. I like it very much indeed & am in this very moment smoking one of the „ cigarettos " enclosed in the box.

Then I have also other news to tell you, which I believe will interest you a little.

On the 28th the Emperor gave me the long hoped consent to marry the young Princess. In a few weeks or so I shall visit her incog. & be engaged to her secretly, as the Emperor does not wish everybody to know the fact yet.

You may well imagine how glad I am, on my behalf as well as for her. For she has just lost her father and is of course deeply afflicted by that heavy stroke; add to this the uncertainty in which she has been kept for so long there is no wonder but these news will greatly releive her, poor thing.

Where are you going to be this summer? And to which post are you going to be sent?

How is my little Willy? And how is the Master (big Willy)?

On the whole we have a delightful winter her so clear, frosty, dry as one can wish.

Now I must end with many wishes to Willy.

I remain
Your most loving friend
WILLIAM PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

(7)

20/VIII POTSDAM STADTSCHLOSS.

MY DEAR MRS. NAPIER

It was so kind of Willy to come & look after me with his cousin yesterday, and I hope that you & Willy will come & pay me a visit, for I shall have to stay at home till Friday at least so that if you don't come & see me, I fear I shante see you at all for on Wednsday next week we march to Berlin to the parade. If you will have the kindness to tell me at what o clok you come I shall have as tea ready & cakes. Hasta la vista auf Wiedersehen! Many a kiss to Willy & pachito.

Ever yours
dutiful & dev.
WILLIAM OF PR

(8)

BERLIN.
January 4th 1889.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

Pray accept my heartiest thanks for your kind letter and wishes for the New Year which I warmly reciprocate. What a long time has passed since we were able to spend our afternoons together on the Havel or on the verandah of the little Villa! I often wish those old times back again. What a succession of joys and sorrows have passed over our family! It is indeed a fact hardly ever heard of to lose one's Grand Father and Father within the space of a few months. What Men! and here


To
Mrs. Napier
Cogelenbergstrasse 2

d 9/mr. 1877 Potsdam Stadtschloss

Dearest Mrs Napier
May I for the last time come to see you in your dear little home at half past eight?

Ever
Yours
devotedly & affte
William Prince of Prussia

Potsdam the 16th of June 1877

Dear Mrs Napier.

I am so sorry that you have been unwell these last two days but I hope that you will be recovering to day. I am going to Magdeburg this morning & return at 4 in the evening if it pleases you I shall come & look in. I was very much amused at the story of the two officers (!!!) who were not received.
Give babyfield kisses from me
Walter
William of Prussia.

am I suddenly placed by Providence on the mightiest throne of the world to be the guardian of the European Peace. It is indeed enough to make anyone pause and breathe and yet what a splendid task for me to work night and day to administer to the wants and wishes of my people and to think that the magnificent Army obeys my commands.

But enough of this. I am very sorry to hear that you and the Señora are going to Japan. What a bore! for I doubt whether after all it is really worth the distance and the trouble to study the "Mikado" in reality and whether he looks like the one who sings "With Fatherly interest I govern each tribe and sect" but forsooth there is no help I certainly shall leave no stone unturned to get you here as soon as possible and have already begun to lay my mines, At all events dear William please beware of "Katishka" and don't spoil the "Mikado's" temper, for I hear that a bath of boiling oil does not belong to the amenities of life.

Now farewell and God's speed to you from your faithful old friend

WILLIAM

I.R.

P.S.—I send the Señora two photographs after She has chosen you may take what is left!

TELEGRAMS

(9)

HOMBURG HOEHE SCHLOSS,
April 12, 1898.

TO THE MASTER OF NAPIER

I have just received your kind letter announcing your engagement to Miss Cleland Burns, the niece of Lord Inverclyde. I hasten to express my sincere congratulations, the more so as the bride's uncle is a man for whom I have a great respect and whose friendship and kind consideration I greatly value.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(10)

TRONDHJEN [NORWAY].
July 18, 1898.

TO THE MASTER OF NAPIER, CARRIDEN HOUSE, BONESS, SCOTLAND.

May an old friend of yours join his most sincere wishes for your & your wife's happiness to those that are accompanying you on your new departure. May God bless you both and make you happy.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(11)

WILHELMSHÖHE SCHLOSS, August 26, 1901.

TO LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK, EDINBURGH.

Am deeply touched by your kind letter of Saturday. How the days we spent together at Potsdam turn up in my souvenirs when you were

often at the New Palace to tea with dear Mama. Thank Heaven that her last hours were peacefully and without sufferings and that she has been at last relieved from that horrible pain.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(12)

Neues Palais, Aug. 29, 1901.

To Lord Napier and Ettrick, Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh.

Deeply touched by your letter and the programme of the solemn funeral service in the ancient Cathedral of St. Giles. I thank you and Lady Napier from all my heart for your kind sympathy with my deep sorrow.

[Signed "A EULENBURG" FOR THE EMPEROR.]

(13)

Berlin Schloss [A few days later than above. Actual date illegible.]

To Lord Napier and Ettrick.

Warmest thanks. Deeply touched by poem of Lady Dunbar's. Please thank her most heartily on my behalf. It reminds me of the solemn hours of the passing away of one whose memory is hallowed to me for ever as of a loving grandmother, revered

friend, and the incarnation of Britain's greatness, which it solely owed to her alone.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(14)

Berlin Schloss, Jan. 1, 1907.

To Lord Napier and Ettrick, South Farnborough.

My warmest thanks to you and Grierson for your kind wishes, which I heartily reciprocate.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(15)

Berlin Schloss, Jan. 28, 1907.

Master of Napier & Ettrick, Dover.

My heartiest thanks for your kind memory.

WILLIAM.

(16)

Berlin Schloss, March 28, 1906.

To Lord Napier and Ettrick, Pau.

Best thanks for kind letter. Happy to know that our relations of friendship have remained unchanged through all these years. I hope you are enjoying fine weather. We have entered on a second stage of winter, with snow and ice.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(17)

German Government Service, Highcliffe Castle,
November 20, 1907.*

To Lord Napier and Ettrick, Ettrick Cottage,
Farnborough.

Emperor wishes you to lunch here on Friday, 1 o'clock.

EULENBURG.

(18)

Berlin Schloss, Nov. 26, 1912.

To Lady Napier and Ettrick, Cleveland House,
St. James's Square, London.

Thank you very much for your beautiful photo. Hope to see you once. Many kind things to your husband.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(19)

Berlin Schloss, Jan. 2, 1913.

To Lord Napier and Ettrick, Cleveland House,
St. James's Square, London.

Thanks for kind telegram. Happy new year to you and your House.

WILLIAM, I.R.

* This was the period when the Kaiser made his longest stay in England—about a month.

(20)

Neues Palais, Dec. 13, 1913.

To the Dowager Lady Napier, Cleveland House, St. James's Square, London.

The news of Lord Napier's death has deeply grieved me. He was a true and good friend of mine since 1877. I beg you to accept my sincerest sympathy.

WILLIAM, I.R.

(21)

Bridgeness, June 23, 1898.

To the Master of Napier, Carriden, Boness.

I have received from Berlin two boxes containing wedding present of his Majesty the German Emperor for you. Please let me know where to send them.

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S LETTERS

(22)

Hemmelmark bei Eckernförde,
July 30th, 1900.

My dear Napier,

In reply to your kind letter of the 27th I am able to tell you that H. Mjst's plans do not include a visit to Cowes this year. His M. had to cut his

journey to Norway short owing to the troubles in the far East. I am very sorry he is not going to Cowes, for, from all I am able to gather, he would have been welcome to your countrymen.

The Princess and myself are for the present likewise unable to come for the week, as we are more or less on the "qui vive" all the time.

We just this instance received the thrilling news, that the King of Italy has been murdered last night, no doubt, by one of these fiendish anarchists! It is almost too horrible to believe!

Hoping to have a chance of meeting you somewhere on the "globe" this year, pray believe me

Yrs.
most sincerely
HENRY PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

(23)

FROGMORE HOUSE, WINDSOR.
27 S[eptember] '00.

DEAREST NAPIER,

Just three lines to offer you an apology for not having answered y^r^ note of the 22nd by telegram or letter, the fact being, that as time was short, we were constantly backwards and forwards between London & Frogmore generally making up our minds the very last minute, what to do & trusting to providence as well as to the good will of the railway officials to see us safely through from one place to another.

I am sorry to disappoint you but hope & trust you will not take it as ill will on my part that I did not manage to see you. We are off tonight by the 7.10 to London & the 8.50 to Port Victoria on our way home.

Pray believe me dearest Napier

Yrs

most faithfully

HENRY PR. OF PRUSS.

(24)

Kiel, March 25th, '03.

My dear Napier,

I write to thank you most sincerely for yr. kind letter of the 18th in which you expressed your opinion on our naval cadets of the „Moltke."

I am glad to learn, that they behaved well & caused no trouble.

Our rules of education are very strict following, in many respects, the line of our army. Time for education being short we can not develop the sporting instinct as much as your nation does, though swimming, boatsailing, pulling, tennis is greatly encouraged, as is also riding during their stay at the naval college.

This reminds me, that it will perhaps interest you to hear that I am introdueing „boxing" this year in our service & that an able bodied officer has just returned from London, where he has undergone a two months training with a professional.

Potsdam
2/II 1880.

Dearest Vicky

Many, many thousand thanks for your kind wishes & the charming & very useful present you sent me. I like it very much indeed & am in this very moment smoking one of the „cigarettes" enclosed in

the box. Then I have also other news to tell you, which I believe will interest you a little. On the 28th the Emperor gave me the long hoped consent to marry the young Princess. In a few weeks or so I shall visit her incog. & be engaged to her secretly, as the Emperor does not wish everybody to know the fact yet. You may well imagine how glad I am.

on my behalf as well as for her. For she has just lost her father & is of course deeply afflicted by that heavy stroke; add to this the uncertainty in which she has been kept for so long there is no wonder that these news will greatly relieve her, poor thing.
Where are you going to be this summer?
And to which post are you going to be sent?

How is my little Willy? And how is the Crown & big Willy?
On the whole we have a delightful winter here & clear, frosty, dry as one can wish.
Now I must end with many wishes to Willy
& remain
Your most loving friend
William Prince of Prussia

Boxing as yet is not popular with the Teutonic race, but I think it good for our „jack" for the sake of his physical development & am curious to see the result.

Thanking you again for your kind letter, pray believe me

Yrs very sincerely
HENRY PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

(25)

Kiel March 1st '05.

My dear Napier

I wish to thank you for yr kind note of sympathy of Feb. 20th on account of the outrage committed at Moscow. The Princess, who is naturally much afflicted, asks me to express her feelings of gratitude towards you.

It seems such a long time since we met & moreover my chances of going to England this year are very few, I am afraid.

It will, I am sure, interest you to hear, that since two years I have become a most passionate motorist, & that I almost prefer motoring to yachting. I suppose you see much of the sport at Nice, & I envy you for this reason, as well as for the sun & blue sky, which we hardly ever see here.

Thanking you again for yr kind note, please believe me

Yrs
very sincerely
HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

(26)

Solent Lodge,
Cowes.
August 2nd 1913.

Dear Lady Napier,

As a matter of fact I am not flying home after the week, but am either going by Folkestone—Flushing, or in one of our own destroyers, & am therefore afraid, I shall not be able to touch at Dover.

I am thankful to know y^r^ husband is better & herewith ask you to give him my love Thanking you for writing, believe me, dear Lady Napier,

Y^rs^
faithfully
HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

[The lady to whom this letter is addressed is Grace Lady Napier of Ettrick.]

## CHAPTER II

## THE KAISER'S AIDE-DE-CAMP "SPLITS"

"The world must be ours, or– to hell with the world! Germany intends to crush England!"

These words were uttered to a friend of mine by Captain Clements, an aide-de-camp of the Kaiser at Sydney, in 1899–1900, during one of the many visits of German warships to Australian waters, and I recently heard them from the lips of the gentleman to whom they were spoken. They are evidence of the positive intentions of Germany throughout all these fifteen years, and there is now among us a living witness of their literal accuracy.

In no part of the world were the Germans more warmly welcomed, more hospitably treated, for many years, than in Australia. There was described to me not long ago, by an eye-witness, one of the numerous visits of German war vessels to Australian waters. It was in the winter of 1899–1900. The story was a long one and can only be summarised here.

The Kaiser's officers were lavishly entertained. People could not make enough of them. Luncheons, dinners, and suppers succeeded each other. There were gatherings at clubs and at private houses, and picnics of the most enjoyable kind, sans-gêne affairs. Prominent among the officers was Captain Clements, the aide-de-camp referred to. They all spoke English well—the Captain fluently, with scarcely the trace

of a foreign accent. Clements was the life and soul of the party: very "smart," moderately and agreeably dandified, a good talker, an inveterate gossip. Ladies and men were alike captivated by him. He was a "charmer," without pose. An aide-de-camp of the Kaiser!—that counted, even in Australia. The visitors were voted "some of the best." But all this was sixteen years ago, and ever since the War Lord has been bamboozling us with his pacific intentions, and some English journals were so "soft" as to believe him.

One day there was a picnic in the Blue Mountains —a great event. "We Australians ought to have known our way about, but we didn't, and we got lost." The dilemma, farcical at first, verged on the thrilling. "Who would extricate us from it?" Captain Clements! He was intensely amused. He took from his pocket a small map, glanced at it, then, pointing to a particular spot, exclaimed: "This is where we are!" He was the hero of the day, and of subsequent days. "They are wonderful, these Germans," chorused the picnickers. "Fancy Captain Clements knowing more about the geography of the country than we ourselves!"

The Kaiser's aide-de-camp was so delighted with all the attentions and courtesies showered upon him and his comrades that he revealed the Teutonic aspirations and intentions quite unreservedly. "I tell you," he shrieked to my friend one day, "the world must be ours, or—to hell with the world! Germany intends to crush England!"

In December, 1899, on the eve of the visit of the German ships to Australia here narrated, the then Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, startled the

Continent, France especially, by the declaration that it was decided to "double the existing German Navy in the ensuing sixteen years," the necessary sum for doing so being raised by a loan. Just a month earlier the Kaiser and Kaiserin had paid "a friendly visit" to Queen Victoria at Windsor, followed by a three days' stay at Sandringham with the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Kaiser's mesmeric influence over his Royal grandmother was unfortunately increased at that moment by the attitude of an irresponsible section of the French Press, whose remarks did not, happily, impair the good relations of the two Governments, although they greatly offended our sovereign and her eldest son.

## CHAPTER III

## KING EDWARD AND THE KAISER—WAS THERE A BLOW?

King Edward was the most gentle and tolerant of men. He seldom lost control of himself—never, in fact, unless something quite exceptional occurred, as, for example, the mysterious and never adequately explained theft from Dublin Castle of the Crown Jewels in 1907. The particulars of this crime were first given to his Majesty at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, during his brief visit to Ireland in that year. Simultaneously he learnt of the shocking conduct of certain individuals in the Irish capital. He was goaded to fury by the recital of these facts, and, inter alia, declared he would never visit Ireland again, nor did he.

For some time before the "Lusitania" left New York Count Bernstorff (German Ambassador) warned Americans not to voyage to Europe on board that vessel. Later in the same year (1915), in my work on the public and private life of William II., I noted an incident which had come to my knowledge a few days after the tragedy to the effect that the Kaiser had written to a friend urging him not to allow his son (who was then in New York) to take passage in the "Lusitania." Two months after the appearance of my volume the Emperor William caused a denial of my statement to be published in the semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," and that

denial was reproduced by the "Morning Post," the "Westminster Gazette," and "Reynolds's Newspaper," and probably by other papers which I did not see. As the German Ambassador knew that the "Lusitania" was doomed to destruction, so the Kaiser was undoubtedly aware of the intention to torpedo the vessel. I counted it an act of grace on his part to warn his English (or American) friend to refrain from crossing the Atlantic in the doomed ship. But the Emperor declines to be credited with the humane action which I attributed to him!

The episode now to be narrated will doubtless be similarly contradicted in the Berlin semi-official paper. "During one of his visits to Windsor Castle," said my informant, "the Kaiser and King Edward had an altercation resulting from something said by the former. So exasperated was the King by his nephew's grossly insulting words that, losing all control over himself, he sprang to his feet and *knocked the Kaiser down!*"

There is nothing inherently improbable in the story. It is unlikely that anyone would have taken the trouble to invent it, or could have imagined it at a time when the Kaiser was so frequently visiting England (often uninvited), when, moreover, he was being obsequiously flattered by the public and, with a few exceptions, the Press. It was openly talked about in London, and the marvel is that, to the best of my knowledge, it never got into print; neither did the numerous instances of the Emperor's insolence to King Edward: it was only when I made them known in the "Fortnightly Review" (1912), and immediately afterwards, in greater detail, in "King Edward in his True Colours,"

that people began to realise the nature of the man whom they had eulogised for twenty years. Of the examples of the Kaiser's insolence, not only to King Edward, but to his uncles the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Edinburgh, previously recorded by me, I repeat that, when the volume containing them was lent by one of my friends then at Berlin to a prominent member of the German Court, that personage, after reading the book, remarked : " All that Mr Legge has said here about the Kaiser and King Edward is perfectly true." I was absolutely certain of the accuracy of my statements long before I decided to give them to the public. The time will come when the source of my information can, and will, be divulged, and all the Kaiser's denials will be futile.

Attempts have been made to show that one of the causes of the war was the " encircling " policy of King Edward, the alleged object being the " isolation " of Germany. Even a shrewd diplomatist like Prince Buelow has made this baseless accusation against our late sovereign and published it in a volume long before there were any signs of war. That a former Chancellor of the German Empire should have perpetrated such a bêtise is a proof of his lack of knowledge of facts and his inability to form just opinions upon realities. That Buelow's ideas were eagerly adopted by the German Press, and swallowed by Teutons all over the world, is not surprising.

One of the determining factors in the conflict between Germany and England has been curiously overlooked by those who have written on the subject in books, newspapers, and periodicals.

The Kaiser's frequently expressed antipathy to this country and his intention, in the words of his naval aide-de-camp, Captain Clements, spoken by him to one of my friends, to "crush England," * undoubtedly had its genesis in the "bad blood" between William II. and Edward VII. The Kaiser's envy and hatred of his uncle led him to long for the time when an opportunity should arise for humbling the "Peacemaker" and haughty Albion. In King Edward's successor the Kaiser imagined he saw a sovereign "infirm of purpose" by comparison with his father—one who would be willing to "knuckle down" to Germany at a time of crisis in European destinies, throw his influence into the Teutonic scales and, so to say, range himself alongside his Imperial cousin.

To the amazement of William II., King George, when the fateful moment arrived—Sunday afternoon, 2nd August 1914—gave proof that the British Empire was ruled by a veritable counterpart of Edward VII. The Cabinet met twice on that Sabbath day; informal ministerial conferences succeeded each other; at four-thirty the King held a Council, and as soon as possible afterwards the country learnt that the Government had taken control of all wireless telegraphy, while the Admiralty had called out the Naval Reserve, including pensioners under the age of fifty-five, and the Royal Volunteer Reserve. When these momentous tidings were published in special editions of the Sunday papers six thousand people marched up the Mall to Buckingham Palace and sang the British and French National Anthems—then shouted for the King and Queen, who came out

* Vide Chapter II.

to acknowledge the people's greeting. Two days later our ultimatum was sent to Berlin, and on the Wednesday (5th August) Great Britain was at war with Germany.

Thenceforward the Kaiser's insensate envy of Edward VII. was transferred to George V., worthy son of a worthy sire. Never had the Head of the House of Hohenzollern been so humiliated. His hatred of England now knew no bounds. He had expected to find in George V. little more than a Roi fainéant—a wooden lath painted to look like iron: the merest shadow of Great Edward. He saw opposed to him a Man.

In July, 1891, three years after his accession to the throne, the Emperor paid a ten days' visit to England, and was fêted on all sides. The event which created the greatest interest was the déjeuner given in his honour at the Guildhall. Remembering his frequent vilifications of England, its people, and its army since August, 1914, his words in the City close upon a quarter of a century ago may be appropriately recalled. He expressed his "most heartfelt thanks for the warm welcome from the citizens of this ancient and noble metropolis" [bombarded with ghastly results in September, 1915]. "*I have always*," he declared, "*felt at home in this lovely country*, being the grandson of a Queen whose name will ever be remembered as the most noble character, and a lady great in the wisdom of her counsels. . . . *Moreover, the same blood runs in English and German veins.*" He had conveniently forgotten what he said at Bonn, when he was studying there, about "the last drop of that damned English blood."

## CHAPTER IV

# KING GEORGE AND THE KAISER'S REVENGE

TECHNICALLY, and in accordance with the terms of the Constitution, George V. began to reign at a quarter to twelve o'clock on the night of Friday, the 6th of May 1910, when Lord Knollys uttered to those keeping vigil at Buckingham Palace the tragic words: "The King is dead!"

At four o'clock the next afternoon King George held his first Council at St James's Palace, the Accession Proclamation was signed by the Privy Councillors and the Lord Mayor and representatives of the City of London, the King took the usual oath "for the security of the Church of Scotland," the Privy Councillors were resworn and presented to the King, kissed hands, and the great function was over. But before these ceremonial acts the sovereign had made a little speech in trembling tones, which brought tears of sympathy into the eyes of many of the listeners. Sunday intervened between the 7th and the 9th, the day when the new Chairman of the Empire was publicly "proclaimed" King and Emperor.

For a while George V. was completely overshadowed—it would not be untrue to say eclipsed—by our fond memories of his illustrious father, of whom that savant member of the Académie Française, Comte d'Haussonville, whom I can claim as

one of my honoured friends, so justly said: "No one saw in the Prince of Wales King Edward VII." Those words equally applied to the successor of the "Peacemaker." In both cases the estimates which had been formed of the qualities of the father and the son proved fallacious.

With the accession of King Edward a new Empire seemed to be evolved. A resplendent, glorified monarchy sprang into being. The somewhat blurred emblems of sovereignty gleamed with more than their pristine lustre. By the instant inauguration of a vigorous, and not seldom an amusingly audacious, policy, Great Britain was forced into the forefront of European Powers, while all the world wondered. France and Russia were brought into line with England by the sovereign who, two years after he had been lost to us, was to be unconsciously depreciated—the fate of so many of the truly great. Sad to say, the last years of his life were made unhappy by political strife, and it is beyond all doubt that he gladly entered into his eternal rest.

By the will of the supreme arbiter of events King George has been confronted by far greater troubles than those which embittered his father's final years. Eight months after his accession the shadow of Home Rule again obtruded itself, as it had done in the first year of his predecessor's reign, and again in 1909, when Mr Asquith, in his memorable speech at the Royal Albert Hall, made it evident that a "separation" Bill was in the ministerial mind. "The solution of the Home Rule problem could be found only by creating in Ireland an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive responsible to that

Parliament to deal with purely Irish affairs." The trouble soon came, and was in " full blast " until the war temporarily stilled it. How, even in these times of grievous stress and ever-haunting anxiety, can we ever forget the scenes of 1913–1914, so fateful for the nation, so fraught with danger to the Crown ? The Crown ! Both Parties accused each other of " dragging it in," of threatening the King (1) that if he signed, and (2) that if he did not sign the Home Rule Bill the monarchy would be extinct, the throne vacant !

Verbal and printed insults were showered upon the sovereign. Blatant orators vilified him and the mob cheered them on. England being a free country, these outrages are perpetrated with impunity, and what is worse, are encouraged by ministers who have solemnly sworn allegiance to the Ruler of the Empire. The nation is now enjoying a Party Truce, but only " for the duration of the war." When, perhaps even before, peace is actually signed, the battle for and against Home Rule, which was *not* " settled " in June–July, 1916, is to be renewed and fought all over again—the Parliament men themselves have told us so.

More fortunate than his son, King Edward was spared the horrors of a world-war. Had the struggle come in his time he would have faced it as courageously as his son has done. It has often been said since 1914 that so potent was our late sovereign's influence that, had he been spared to us, he would have succeeded in maintaining peace among the nations. I cannot, as I have already said, share that view. Edward VII. could not have stayed the hand of his German nephew. King George and the

Tsar essayed to do so, but found themselves impotent, as our late King would have been. The days of miracles vanished centuries ago, if they ever existed save in imagination and tradition. But King George has borne himself nobly throughout, precisely as his father would have done—no more, and no less. The peoples of his Empire have ungrudgingly accorded him this high merit, this richly deserved meed of approval and praise, and it suffices him.

George V. did not immediately leap into universal popularity—far from it. We had been for so long under the spell of his magnificent sire that many found it difficult to transfer to the son the wholehearted allegiance which had been freely and instantaneously accorded to the father. We had to "wait and see." He was kept on a rather long probation. And perhaps it was not until that never-to-be-forgotten August day when, to the general amazement, our ultimatum to Germany went forth that we found we possessed a King who was also a Ruler. The discovery was simultaneously made by Queen Victoria's favourite grandson, who has taken his dastardly revenge by giving a free hand to the libellers and traducers of his uncle and his cousin, the Colonel Wagners and the like, whose malignant attacks upon the dead and the living sovereigns have been openly countenanced by the Attila of these days.

The British Empire of two years ago was not the Empire it is to-day. Two years' warfare has not only wrought an amazing change throughout its entire area, but has revolutionised it, and it is King George's good fortune to have swayed its

destinies during this mighty transformation from a too-wealthy, somewhat indolent, and often apparently somnolent Empire into a wholly defensive, belligerent one. That we should have been able to assemble an armed host of over five millions "staggers humanity"; but it has been done. And in the sixth year of the King's rulership what had been inevitable was decreed, universal military service. This alone will make the fifth Georgian reign one of supremest historical interest. His Majesty's presence among the troops in the field on two occasions heartened and gratified them as nothing else could have done. His providential escape when his frightened charger threw him, at the front, in 1915, was the cause of universal rejoicing among all ranks of the Allies and our own heroic force. His inspection of warships in June, 1916, was courageous in view of the "Hampshire" tragedy a fortnight earlier.

Nor must his Consort's daily, almost hourly, help in the good cause be overlooked. Her example has been of immeasurable service, for the lead which the Queen gave from the outbreak of war was followed by hundreds of thousands of women and girls in every walk of life. Princess Mary's assiduity and charm of manner have been also highly stimulating, while her soldier brother has endeared himself to our Allies as well as to his own countrymen by his cheeriness, good comradeship, and devotion to duty. Needless to say that Queen Alexandra has been indefatigable, and has still further endeared herself to the Empire.

## CHAPTER V

# LORD REDESDALE, KING EDWARD, AND THE KAISER

In the first volume of "Memories" * the late Lord Redesdale refutes many of the statements contained in the Memoir of King Edward VII. contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography" by Sir Sidney Lee. In the volumes "King Edward in his True Colours" and "More about King Edward" † I traversed all the assertions ably dealt with by the noble author of "Memories" and other statements, not referred to by him, which I deemed objectionable. Lord Redesdale was honoured with the late King's intimate friendship for the greater part of a lifetime, and speaks with an authority which few, if any, will venture to question. It is therefore gratifying that all the statements made by me with which he deals (and these are the most vital ones) are fully confirmed by him, and that he has not challenged the accuracy of or cast doubt upon anything I have put on the record. In concluding his convincing defence of Edward VII. from the attacks of his belittler, Lord Redesdale says: "It is to be hoped that some day a life of the King may be written in which more stress may be laid upon the noble features of his nature, and not such

* "Memories." By Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. Two vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1915.

† London: Eveleigh Nash.

exaggerated weight given to those transient foibles which mark the first escape of an ardent youth from pedagogic thraldom." I cordially echo that hope. In the meantime the Empire should be grateful to Lord Redesdale for stamping out the race of the belittlers and their cunning allies, the "informers" of odious memory.

Lord Redesdale begins his refutations of the "Dictionary's" misappreciation of our late sovereign on page 175 of his first volume by observing that at the outset of his reign the King "markedly busied himself" by counteracting the virulent Continental jealousy of England aroused by the Boer War. This was "no easy task, especially in Germany. The Kaiser, I verily believe, honestly loved his grandmother. He came over to England to attend her death-bed. He lost no opportunity afterwards of bearing witness to his respect for her. Towards his uncle, King Edward, he entertained no such feeling. That is a matter of common knowledge. There had been, no doubt, differences—never amounting to quarrels—between them. They were not in sympathy, and it says much for King Edward's power of conciliation that by his endeavour 'the rough ways were made smooth.' Unfortunately, the great rent was only a question of time."

Lord Redesdale next comments on the misstatements concerning the part taken by the King in connection with securing the Entente. He says:

> The King's visits to the Continent are treated in no friendly spirit by the "Dictionary of National Biography," which even goes out of its way to belittle the part which he played in public work abroad as at home. Speaking of his visits to Paris the

writer says: "Political principles counted for little in his social intercourse. . . . A modest estimate was set on his political acumen when in informal talk he travelled beyond safe generalities."

But perhaps [Lord Redesdale continues] no word of a serious writer on history, or biography, which is, or should be, history, by whomsoever that word may have been inspired, ever more swiftly received material contradiction than the following: "An irresponsible suggestion at a private party in Paris that the Entente ought to be converted into a military alliance met with no response." The response is loud enough to-day in the dunes of Flanders, on the Vistula, in the Carpathians, and in the Dardanelles.

Readers of my two volumes will remember that I emphasised the King's abilities as a statesman and as a diplomatist, and showed how sedulously he had studied to acquire a complete knowledge of affairs, which, to use his own word, were a part of the métier, or trade, of Rulers. I indicated the various sources of his knowledge—what he had learnt from this man and that, the consort of the august lady at Farnborough Hill included, and I showed the benefits he had derived from his travellings abroad. Lord Redesdale reminds us that when the King went abroad "he was carrying out the practice of the great foreign statesmen, who were wont to take their holiday, or at any rate part of it, at some foreign watering-place like Gastein, Marienbad, Carlsbad, or Homburg, where the Prime Ministers of the various countries met and exchanged views." Until Lord Salisbury toured Europe to become acquainted and confer with the ministers of foreign Powers none of our political leaders had thought it worth their while to make such visits, with the result (says Lord Redesdale) that "our men went to

a conference primed with technicalities which are apt to become ineptitudes when the personal factor is excluded. King Edward relied greatly on that personal factor, and he obtained a more intimate knowledge of the ruling men in France, Austria, and Italy, not to speak of lesser Powers, than was possessed by any other English statesman."

"He was no reader of books" [so said the "Dictionary"]—an allegation which, by quoting a letter from Sir Dighton Probyn, I showed to be untrue. But on this point let us hear Lord Redesdale: "In connection with the charge of want of political acumen and indifference to books upon which so much stress has been laid [by the "Dictionary"], a very eminent French statesman, who knew the King well and had many opportunities of judging him, writes to me as follows:

> In order to judge the late King one must have been with him personally and seen him in times of difficulty. Then one could realise his strong character and his wisdom. I was a most attentive witness of all that he did to bring about the rapprochement of France and England and of his tenacity in the pursuit of a policy which a few people considered rather precipitate. But he knew France better than anyone in England, and knew how far he dared to go. I was much attached to him because I knew his worth. He was a statesman. You do not learn from reading books how to become a statesman. One is a statesman naturally, and nothing will give to those who do not possess them the qualities of decision and perspicacity which are necessary for those who undertake great things.

"This spontaneous tribute of one great statesman to another," Lord Redesdale adds, "is a sufficient refutation of much that has in ignorance been imputed to King Edward." In quoting these passages I cannot avoid the reflection that it is very much

like hitting an adversary when he is down. I am, however, only justifying the strong views of King Edward's personality and attainments to which I previously gave expression by citing the confirmatory evidence of a witness who had the advantage of a longer and more intimate acquaintance with the sovereign than anyone else, the late Lord Suffield included.

Lord Redesdale next discusses the feeling with which King Edward was regarded in the country of our Ally. What he has to say upon this all-important point should be pondered over, for again his Majesty's detractors are shown to be completely ignorant of the facts (and among the detractors we must not forget the editor of the "Éclair," M. Judet, who, poor man, was betrayed into the display of his ravings and imbecilities by the English belittler-in-chief). But we are Allies now, and have forgiven M. Judet for indulging, in 1912, in an orgy of abuse which covered him with that ridicule which often kills.

"That King Edward was immensely popular in France is," says Lord Redesdale, "certain. Frenchmen looked upon him as a true friend. The fact that he was beloved by the more frivolous sets did not prevent his being respected by the more serious politicians. It is idle to suppose that men like Gambetta, Clemenceau, Hanotaux, Pichon, Deleassé, and others who were wrapt in affairs, sought his society as that of a mere man of pleasure, a mere Royal boulevardier such as the Prince of Orange. Like Sir William Harcourt and others of our own leaders on both sides in politics, they formed a higher estimate of his worth than that

which, unfortunately, will be handed down in the 'Dictionary.' The German Press, as Sir Sidney Lee himself points out, took a very different view from his of the King's visits to foreign potentates. They were far from thinking him to be the negligible quantity in politics that Sir Sidney Lee describes. Believing him to be an enemy, they looked upon him as a dangerous man. . . . In all that the King did there was a sinister motive, a continuous Machiavellian intrigue with one solid object.

"The imputation of malice was based on fallacy, as Sir Sidney Lee shows, but the attitude of the German Press ought to have taught a great writer that if highly-instructed publicists attached such importance to the King's participation in affairs, however false might be the motives ascribed, his own appreciation of it might possibly be open to correction, and could not fail to create a wrong impression upon future students of history."

The King's annual trips to Biarritz and other places "have been ungenerously attributed to the love of pleasure." They were "really a matter of necessity; they furnished in a mild degree that oxygen which in its pure state is administered to the dying in order to relieve the pain of breathing—the pain from which he so often suffered." Let the cavillers listen to this: "For some years before his death his health—though this was not generally known—had caused no little anxiety to his doctors. He was subject to violent fits of spasmodic coughing from which it sometimes seemed as if he could scarcely recover. The exertion was terrifying to those who witnessed it, and occasionally he appeared to be choking."

Lord Redesdale emphasises the King's "untiring power of work," and notes how entirely his method differed from that of Queen Victoria, who, after the defeat of Lord Melbourne, seldom came "in personal contact with her Ministers, with the single exception of Lord Beaconsfield. . . . I much doubt whether she knew the heads even of the Foreign Office or Treasury by sight. King Edward was very different in that respect. His work with his Ministers was almost entirely done by discussion in personal interviews; moreover, he knew all the men of mark in the Civil Service, as he did those in the army and navy, and made good use of their knowledge and experience in affairs."

Point after point made by the "belittling" ignoramus is dealt with and demolished. "It is quite false to suppose that King Edward took no interest in home politics. But let us take a concrete case; it is worth while for more than one reason. In Sir Sidney's article there is an allusion to the King's attitude towards Lord Haldane's scheme for a territorial army. Now this is what took place. When Lord Haldane—then War Minister—had formulated his proposals, he took them to the King, who studied them diligently with Lord Haldane's explanations, and having with his usual quickness seen the point, came to the conclusion that the scheme should have a fair trial and gave it his support. With this view he did what no other man—not even the Prime Minister—could have done. He summoned the Lords-Lieutenant of Counties to a meeting at Buckingham Palace to confer with him and Lord Haldane, the Duke of Connaught, himself a distinguished General, being

present. The King made a speech impressing on his Lieutenants the duty of energetically co-operating with the Secretary of State in launching the new county associations. To use an expression of one who was present: 'The King played up magnificently.' "

Lord Redesdale, conspicuously fair, having the courage of his opinions, endowed with a temperament akin to King Edward's, while "holding no brief for Lord Haldane," is eminently just to that much-abused personage. "He enabled us to send out a force which, if still insufficient to break the German legions, was yet worthy of England. . . . He is too great a man and can afford to be judged by results. What I seek to show is the patient industry and vigilant care with which the King mastered a complicated scheme at a moment when there was no stimulus such as the existence, or even the near probability, of a state of war to excite the imagination. In the same way he supported his trusted friend, Lord Fisher, in regard to the navy; and here again we see to-day what has come of his wise adoption of a new departure. Would that great Lord of the Sea any more than Lord Haldane accuse the King of lending a languid or half-hearted attention to his proposals?"

While the task of writing an appreciation of the King would, as Lord Redesdale admits, be a difficult matter even for anyone who knew him, "it is equally clear that only those who did know him intimately can give a just estimate of his character, and that to leave his portrait to be painted by those who did not know him, however gifted they may be, must inevitably lead to misconceptions and

misrepresentations, and that is still more dangerous. . . . Nothing could be more unfair, nothing more unlucky in the case of a Sovereign who must live in history." *What* could be "more unfair," *what* "more unlucky"? The inquiry is superfluous when we remember what and with whom Lord Redesdale is dealing—*whose* misrepresentations he is refuting, *whose* "belittlings" he is pulverising.

I will terminate these extracts from Lord Redesdale's unanswerable refutations with this clinching passage:

"There is a sentence in the notice of the King in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' which calls for some observation. In connection with Mr Asquith's famous visit to Biarritz to kiss hands on becoming Prime Minister we are told that 'the King's health was held to justify the breach of etiquette. But the episode brought into strong relief the King's aloofness from the working of politics, and a certain disinclination hastily to adapt his private plans to political emergencies.' That, I affirm, gives a most unfair idea of the King's attitude to his duties. I have given the reasons, not generally understood, which occasioned his visits to Biarritz. People saw a strongly-built, burly man, and they were slow to recognise in him an invalid whose days were numbered. As regards the last part of my quotation, I dare assert that it is entirely unjust. For forty years—from 1861 to 1901—as Prince of Wales he, then a very young man, constantly had to sacrifice his own inclinations for the performance of duties the dullness of which was often of the most wearisome character. Those duties were carried out with a geniality

which made men believe that he was really enjoying himself, and for that they loved him. He was keen on sport, was gay and happy in amusement, delighted in the theatre and the opera and in society, but never was this side of his character allowed to hinder duty. 'It is all so interesting' was a speech of his in regard to the political work that became his portion as King, and which we are asked to believe that he neglected."

These letters appeared in the "Times"—the first on 3rd November and the second on 5th November, 1915 :

### LORD REDESDALE'S MEMORIES

*To the Editor of the "Times"*

SIR,—This is no season for controversy, but I deem it to be in the public interest to state my inability to accept the judgment which Lord Redesdale has recently passed on my memoir of King Edward VII. in the Dictionary of National Biography. My general estimate opens with these sentences, by which I stand as firmly to-day as when they were written three and a half years ago :—

"Edward VII. eminently satisfied contemporary conditions of kingship. He inherited the immense popularity which belonged to the Crown at the close of his mother's reign, and his personality greatly strengthened the hold of Royalty on public affection. The cosmopolitan temperament, the charm of manner, the social tact, fitted him admirably for the representative or symbolic function of his great station. A perfect command of the three languages—English, French, and German—in all of which he could speak in public on the inspiration of the moment with no less grace than facility, gave him the ear of Europe. Probably no king won so effectually the goodwill at once of foreign peoples and of his own subjects. He was a citizen of the world, gifted with abounding humanity which evoked a universal

sympathy and regard. . . . He was a peacemaker, not through the exercise of any diplomatic initiative, but by force of his faith in the blessing of peace and by virtue of the influence which passively attached to his high station and to his temperament."

At the same time, quite consistently with this estimate (as was admitted in articles in the "Times" and the "Pall Mall Gazette" of June 6, 1912, in the "Morning Post" of June 7, and in the "Spectator" of June 8 among many others), I deemed it my duty as a historical writer to indicate from information at my disposal that that active control of foreign and domestic political affairs, which was set to the late King's credit abroad and in a few quarters at home, was unjustified. I look forward to the opportunity, when the war is over, of describing fully, in the light of the more complete knowledge which I have since been acquiring from authentic sources, the precise character of King Edward's great influence, and how that influence worked in the national interest. It is my hope to confute, once for all, the vast literature from the pens of German foes who sedulously misrepresent English affairs before the war, and are seeking at the moment to foist upon the world's history a libellous theory of King Edward's personal foreign policy. It would be the acme of folly, however inadvertently, to lend any colour now to the German misrepresentation. Lord Redesdale, to whom I owe many acts of personal courtesy, writes of King Edward in a spirit of affection which all respect. In normal times the expression of his views could do no kind of harm, but at the present crisis they may well excite comment which may prove injurious to us in neutral countries, where the German propagandists are strong.

Yours faithfully,
SIDNEY LEE.

*To the Editor of the "Times"*

SIR,—We shall all look forward with pleasure to the life of King Edward which Sir Sidney Lee promises us in his letter to you upon the subject of my "Memories" published in your issue to-day. I feel sure that he will modify many opinions expressed in the "Dictionary of National Biography." In the

meantime I may say that I fail to see how an attempt on my part to give a fair and honest view of the King's character and activities, based upon a knowledge of some fifty years, can "prove injurious to us in neutral countries, where the German propagandists are strong."

Your obedient servant,
REDESDALE.

BATSFORD PARK, MORETON-IN-MARSH,
*November* 3.

While Lord Redesdale has now shown the "Dictionary's" Memoir to be, on several of the disputed points, in Ruskin's phrase, "accurately and exquisitely wrong," Mr George Moore's mot, à propos of a controversy concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, is too amusing to avoid quotation: "We know that somebody must have written the plays, but only of one thing are we sure—that Sidney Lee is always wrong." *

On the 29th of December, 1915, the "Matin" published extracts from a letter written forty years ago by Gambetta to the once famous politician, M. Ranc, who happily still lives at the time of writing (August, 1916). On 30th December the London papers quoted this letter. Why? For no other reason than that it contained a striking passage concerning our late King. The "Times" headed it: "Gambetta's Prophecy of the Entente. Tribute to King Edward," and pointed out that it "revealed a striking power of judgment and prophecy. In order to prepare France to meet the future Gambetta strove to bring about the Alliance which to-day unites France, Great Britain, and

* "Hail and Farewell." By George Moore.

Russia. In a striking passage (said the "Times") he writes:

> The number and importance of Russia's difficulties grow every day [this was about the year 1875]. L [Lord Lyons, our Ambassador to France] *keeps the Prince of Wales informed day by day* of the difficulties of that Power. The political ambitions of Russia will be impeded by Austria, who is already assuming a hostile attitude. She is exerting pressure upon Rumania. Do you see, as a consequence, Austria allying herself with Rumania and Turkey against Russia? What a conflict!
>
> *The Prince of Wales, however, foresees it.* He does not share the hostility of a section of the English nation against Russia. *With all his young authority he fights against measures which may be prejudicial to Russia. I see in him the makings of a great statesman.*

Such was the opinion of the future King deliberately written by the great Tribune to his friend Rane. Compare it with the anserous assertion of the "Dictionary" (p. 589): "The diplomatic details of foreign policy lay outside his range of study." And note Gambetta's remark that Lord Lyons "kept the Prince of Wales informed day by day," etc.

One can imagine the feelings of credulous, easily gulled M. Judet when he read the Gambetta letter—Judet, who wrote in his paper, "L'Éclair," that vile article on Edward VII. which froze the blood of English men and women when they read my translation of it * in 1912; Judet, who proudly boasted that he was wholly inspired in what he wrote by "the great English author, Sir Sidney Lee"!

I hope M. Judet read the review of Lord Redesdale's book in the "Daily Mail" (2nd November

* Vide "King Edward in his True Colours," and "More About King Edward." London: Eveleigh Nash. 1912-1913.

1915). It was rightly headed "The Real King Edward." This "book of extraordinary interest," said the reviewer, "paints living pictures of most of the greatest figures of a stirring time. But above all it is of historical importance for its vindication of King Edward's memory against the errors of Sir Sidney Lee in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' *That such an account of so great a Sovereign should have appeared in a standard work of reference is a national misfortune.* The twenty pages which Lord Redesdale devotes to correcting this 'contemporary judgment' are among the most valuable in the book. They give the testimony of one who knew his Majesty intimately."

The "Daily Mail" reviewer gave some extracts from these two volumes which are not mentioned by me in my comments at the beginning of this chapter—e.g. :

> The King's memory was phenomenal : he seemed unable to forget. His power of intelligent discussion—which all remarked —was the result of long years of patient listening and inquiry— of those same long years which his detractors would have us believe were spent to exhaustion in the pursuit of frivolous occupations and in the selfish sacrifice of duty to pleasure. *No more false charge was ever brought against a man in his exalted position.*

"It is equally untrue that he neglected work, and this anecdote is told by Lord Redesdale to prove how seriously the King took his duties" :

> We sat smoking and talking of old times for a couple of hours. Towards midnight he got up and said : "Now I must bid you good-night, for I must set to work"—pointing to a huge pile of the familiar red boxes. "Surely," I said, "your Majesty is not going to tackle all that work to-night!" His answer was : "Yes, I must! Besides, it is all so interesting."

The "Daily Mail" continues, still further confirming my published views of King Edward VII.:

"The charge has been brought against him that after he became King he enjoyed practical joking at the expense of his friends. 'Nothing could be more misleading,' says Lord Redesdale. 'When a very young man he laughed at the pranks of the youngsters about him, but never, either as Prince or King, did I, during nearly half a century, see him take active part in such games himself. My recollection of the King is that of a monarch deeply impressed with the duties and obligations of his exalted station—a man intensely human and, let his critics say what they will, altogether lovable.'

"The 'Dictionary of National Biography' would lead the public to suppose that King Edward was a political nonentity. Lord Redesdale pours just scorn on the remark. . . . His book is a veritable treasure-house of anecdote, but it has a far deeper value as a permanent contribution to history."

## CHAPTER VI

## THE "TROUBLE" BETWEEN KAISER AND KING—A ROYAL CONFIDANTE

"L'INSPIRATION de la plume," wrote an eminent Frenchman, "is the most valuable, as it is the most dangerous, of inspirations, for it is the perpetuation on paper of the dual current flowing from heart and brain, the one not infrequently seeking to overpower the other." The art of the pen is to "spring imagination with a word or a phrase": in that art few writers excel. During his prineedom, and to a certain extent later, Edward VII. was the centre of what is conventionally termed a "set" in which many beautiful ladies—not all of "rank"—figured, and many others would have dearly liked to figure; and one cannot recall this fact, which is a striking feature of our social history, without remembering the incomparable Stendhal's declaration that "Extremely lovely women cause less surprise the second day," and daringly wondering whether this was King Edward's experience.

The "rather vulgar outpourings of the uninformed" attributing the supposed "isolation" of Germany to King Edward led to Lady Warwick's fear lest they should "become an article of faith in Germany and some other countries." Hence, to this fair patriot it seemed to be "a duty to set out the plain truth" about all that balderdash, although one remembers that the falsity of it has been demon-

strated by many scores of writers and speakers. Still, Lady Warwick is fully entitled to have her little say upon it, for she tells us that she "enjoyed the confidence of King Edward before and after he came to the throne" and had "heard from his own lips scores of times his attitude towards Germany and the Germans." Had she only imagined that such statements as she now controverts would ever have been made, "how easy," she says, "it would have been to jot down the purport of conversations with King Edward in which high policy was discussed." What would not such Tironian notes have been worth in 1916! What, viewing the matter sordidly, would they not have "fetched" in argent comptant! Editors, publishers, "literary agents" — Associated Press correspondents — all would have been seen, or heard of, at the feet of this distinguished and undoubtedly exceptionally favoured personage, outbidding one another for these literary pearls of great price. Women have achieved feats in "high policy" in the past. A King of Rome, Numa, was not, according to the fabulists, too proud to receive instruction in legislative matters from the nymph Egeria. But, unlike the second of Rome's sovereigns, Edward VII. imparted instruction to those in whom he felt he could confide, and one such was the English lady who now holds up to our admiration that "very good woman," the Kaiserin.

Although she omitted to "jot down" at the time the "purport" of those conversations with King Edward, "in which high policy was discussed," Lady Warwick, she assures us, "has an excellent memory," and she is conscious that she

writes "with a full sense of responsibility"—to whom precisely she leaves to our imagination. But we are none the less impressed by her frank confession that she is responsible to someone.

Before she comes to the real point, however, she subjects us to the torture of Tantalus:

> So bends tormented Tantalus to drink,
> While from his lips the refluent waters shrink;
> Again the rising stream his bosom laves,
> And thirst consumes him 'mid circumfluent waves.*

We have to listen to, or to skip, accounts of visits paid by little Miss Maynard (a charming child, for certain) to the Empress Augusta at the German Embassy; to note everybody's respect for the aged Emperor and everybody's admiration of the Crown Prince Frederick, and to remember that when the old man and the middle-aged one had passed away Anglophobism "had spread throughout the Court circles," and that William II. "did not treat his mother well—it is hardly too much to say he treated her badly. . . . Relations between the young Kaiser and his uncle were already strained," and Lady Warwick feels compelled to "turn back a little to explain why." One of the explanations is asserted to be the differences between the son and his long-suffering mother, but into these matters we need not follow Lady Warwick—space forbids it, and there are points of more general concern to touch upon.

In the spring of 1914 the most widely circulated and most influential of the Vienna journals, most of which are, I am told, in Jewish hands, was seeking

* Darwin, "Loves of the Plants."

to recruit English contributors with, as it is vulgarly said, "handles to their names"; and the editor had the good fortune to secure the gifted châtelaine of Warwick Castle and the late Lady Seymour. The latter wrote of Queen Victoria's reign, as she was well qualified to do, seeing that her distinguished husband had been an intimate friend of the Prince Consort and Master of the Ceremonies for a long period. Lady Warwick dealt, in her wonted spirited fashion, with our late sovereign and his relations with the cream of Austrian society—"König Eduard und die Österreichische Gesellschaft."

In the "Neue Freie Presse" (31st May 1914, only a couple of months before the war) Lady Warwick wrote: "The Austrians could not understand King Edward's friendship for Baron Hirsch, who was the subject of outspoken criticism in Austria for his business methods in connection with the railways which he constructed in Turkey. . . . I knew Baron Hirsch, and found him dignified, yet unassuming and tactful. His wife was one of the kindest and most charming women I have ever met. Society in London took him to its heart. In addition to this he was the King's friend." *

In an article, "King Edward and the Kaiser," in an English periodical, Lady Warwick writes: "King Edward had great gifts . . . but, as I have said, he was not infallible—he made mistakes. Tranby Croft provided one; his friendship for

* This is the English rendering of the Vienna paper's text as given to me by one who is equally familiar with the German and English languages. I note this fact in case Lady Warwick may cast a doubt upon the fidelity of the translation.

Baron Hirsch provided another, for the Baron, though he may have been a charming man—certainly his wife was a charming woman and a dear friend of mine—was unscrupulous as a financier and had accumulated a vast fortune * by curious and unclean methods of which the full story cannot yet be told. . . . *I cannot help thinking that the Baron put King Edward under certain obligations*, and it was characteristic of him that he never forgot those who had served him." †

This makes curious reading, very unpleasant reading, coming as it does from an English peeress who was honoured with the friendship of our late King from long before he became our sovereign to within three months of his death. To one person it is calculated to give pleasure—the infamous creature who is loathed by the whole civilised world as no cowardly murderer and blasphemous hypocrite was ever loathed before—the Emperor William II. For, as Lady Warwick tells us: "The Kaiser chafed at his uncle's association with a mushroom financier whose record was only too well known." Baron Hirsch may have been a financier with "unclean methods," since Lady Warwick asserts it, on evidence best known to herself; and he may have "accommodated" the King, as her ladyship "cannot help thinking" he did (is it a criminal offence for a rich plebeian to assist an heir to a throne or the Sovereign Ruler of the British Empire? And such a sovereign!); but Hirsch, as compared with the German Tiger, was an angel of light. Even

* The Baron bequeathed much of his wealth to Baron de Forest, a resident in London.

† "Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine." February, 1916.

Lady Warwick, after condemning him for what, in a truly Christian spirit, she stigmatises his "unclean methods" in respect of £ s. d., is compelled to admit that "for all his faults he was not an ignoble man, but in some phases of his complex nature an idealist and philanthropist," and she "knows that King Edward appreciated this aspect of his character, even stressed it." In one breath she proclaims the Baron's methods of money-making to have been "unclean"—in the next she insists that he was not an "ignoble" man. What, in her convenient philosophy, is the precise difference between an "unclean" man and an "ignoble" man? If it be true that the Baron practised "unclean methods" it is equally true that he was "ignoble." Yet Lady Warwick says he was *not* "ignoble"! And she should know, although she could hardly have derived her unenviable knowledge from her "dear friend," the Baroness Hirsch, or from the illustrious Prince and King who honoured her with his intimacy.

By implication blame is cast upon King Edward for his intimate association with the Crœsus whose hoards were obtained by "unclean methods," yet who was not an "ignoble" man; the Countess graciously assures us (as a few hundred others have told us in the course of years) that his Majesty "was a fine judge of men," possessed of a "natural shrewdness almost Semitic in its quality": a pretty and tactful compliment to pay our ever-to-be-mourned Sovereign Lord, for the "unclean" Hirsch was a Semite. The Kaiser's criticism of his august Uncle, we are told, began when "the Marlborough House set came into existence. . . . The Kaiser lacked all

the qualities that the King possessed in such overwhelming abundance. Hard-working and conscientious, he was petulant, exacting and uncertain. The contrast was apparent to all." Are we to understand by this that the King was not equally "hard-working and conscientious"? But there was "another side to the antagonism. The Kaiser was always a very strict-living, sober-minded man. King Edward, largely," one is pleased to be assured, "by force of circumstances, lived a life of gaiety and pleasure, and whatever he did he did thoroughly; as it might not be work, it was play." The King (Lady Warwick says she is here referring to the Prince of Wales), "though shrewd, worldly, and quick-witted, made certain mistakes, and these gave his nephew an opportunity that was quickly taken." (I have already noted these so-called mistakes.) It appears that, besides "chafing" at his uncle's association with Hirsch, William II. "chafed" also when his relative "spent long hours at Homburg with the Empress Frederick," then a widow. And, "oddly enough, when there were family quarrels in Berlin, Queen Victoria always sided with her grandson against the Princess Royal," the Queen's eldest child. "The old Queen was devoted to her grandson"—this we have been told ad nauseam—"and perhaps unwisely would hold him up to her eldest son as an example of what a man should be. . . . William II. reciprocated her affection, and his grief when she passed away was heartfelt." How many thousands of times have we not heard this nauseating foolishness between 1901 and 1916! "The disagreement between uncle and nephew" was, in Lady Warwick's judicial opinion.

"little more than a sort of family quarrel." She has "heard King Edward speak angrily of his nephew, but only because of the way he treated his mother. . . . He said his nephew was suffering from megalomania and had not learned to control a rather unruly tongue." We are assured that when Queen Victoria died "the relations between King Edward and his nephew improved immensely." If so, it is a proof that they must previously have been not only strained, but very strained—as, indeed, they are known to have been, and as I noted in 1912 in the "Fortnightly Review" and in "King Edward in his True Colours."

I now come to a particularly interesting, even an amazing, passage—to two passages, in fact—in Lady Warwick's article, of which, to my great surprise, I saw only one newspaper notice, and that in a Sunday journal; doubtless many other papers had their say about it. Less than three months before the King's death, says Lady Warwick, "He came to tea, and talked of German administration. 'Do you know,' he said, 'that if this country could be controlled in the same way, we should be all the better for it? *If we could be ruled by Germans just long enough to have our house put in order*'—he paused and added with a laugh: 'You know the trouble is that if we once had them we could not get rid of them.'"

> A la cour . . . l'art le plus nécessaire
> N'est pas de bien parler, mais de savoir se taire.*

"King Edward admired the Kaiserin frankly, as all must who know the gracious and kindly lady,"

* Voltaire.

who has "filled her life with good deeds." Lady Warwick's enthusiastic admiration for the spouse of the blood-guilty pariah will hardly find an echo in the countries of the Allies, least of all in England and France. "I confess," says her admiring ladyship, "I was horrified to read in a book * published recently by a writer who is assumed to know all about the Kaiser's private life some statements in lamentable taste about the Kaiserin. He sneered [O the monster!] at the limitations of the Royal wardrobe. If these limitations existed they were not matter for a gentleman's comment, but, as every well-informed person knows, the Kaiserin is not only one of the best-dressed women in Germany, but she has encouraged dressmaking by establishing classes and has improved the standard of woman's dress throughout the country. She is indeed a very good woman, beloved and respected by all." Let me, as the unnamed critic of the Kaiserin, attempt to assuage Milady's wounded feelings:

> I for one venerate a petticoat—
> A garment of a mystical sublimity,
> No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.†

When Queen Elizabeth was sounded concerning her religious opinions, and was brusquely asked, "What is faith?" she replied: "What we do not see." And Lady Warwick concludes her truly thrilling Edwardian revealings with this inspiring example of faithfulness:

* "The Public and Private Life of Kaiser William II." By the author of "King Edward in his True Colours." London: Eveleigh Nash. 1915.

† Byron.

"Far from seeking to bring war about, it is with me an article of faith that had he [King Edward] been living in July, 1914, there would have been no war. The immense personal influence he wielded would have been thrown into the scales on the side of peace. He would have reconciled differences at the eleventh hour, for he was persona gratissima in every Court of Europe, and there is not among the rulers of Europe one who would not have listened when he spoke."

I have most gladly and emphatically accorded our late sovereign all the merits and talents bestowed by a generous Providence upon man, but I cannot include in the long tale of his endowments that of Omnipotence.

To figure in the magic circle, ever-widening, was the laudable ambition of many men and many women. Lord Redesdale is one of the few who never sought his sovereign's personal recognition; yet he obtained it in a larger degree than many men. Another was Sir Allen Young, who passed away at a green old age towards the end of 1915, and found a sympathetic biographer in that distinguished and lovable veteran, Sir Clements Markham, whose end, only a couple of months after Sir Allen's death, was tragic. He wrote: "His late Majesty King Edward found in Sir Allen Young an entertaining companion and a sincere and devoted friend. The late King was a good judge of character. He saw in Young one whom he could entirely trust, and whose reticence and high sense of duty were part of himself. No one ever knew from Allen Young himself that he was an intimate of his Sovereign. His modesty and

dislike of publicity were virtues which are somewhat rare in these days. Allen Young—

> Never knew what envy was, nor hate.
> His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
> And with another thing quite out of date
> Call'd modesty." *

* The late Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., Past President of the Royal Geographical Society, in the "Cornhill Magazine," February, 1916.

## CHAPTER VII

# THE MAN WHO SAVED US FROM THE KAISER

Unflinching hero, watchful to foresee
And face thy country's peril wheresoe'er,
Directing war and peace with equal care,
Till by long toil ennobled thou wert he
Whom England call'd and bade "Set my arm free
To obey my will and save my honour fair"—
What day the foe presumed on her despair
And she herself had trust in none but thee:

Among Herculean deeds the miracle
That mass'd the labour of ten years in one
Shall be thy monument. Thy work is done
Ere we could thank thee; and the high sea swell
Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell
By the lone Orkneys, ere the set of sun.

ROBERT BRIDGES.*

*June* 8, 1916.

LIKE King Edward of glorious memory, Lord Kitchener died at a fitting moment, when he had completed the great work of his life. The Empire mourned Kitchener of Khartoum as it had mourned the Royal Peacemaker six years ago—not more deeply, for that would have been impossible, but with the same unanimity. It was the manner of the great soldier's death that heightened the

* The Poet Laureate's tribute to "K. of K." originally appeared in the "Times." Both the Laureate and the great paper generously allowed it to be copied.

poignancy of a people's grief, and prompted the thought: "Failing a Kitchener, how would the Empire have stood at this moment—how would it have stood at Christmas, 1914, after less than five months of actual warfare?" When the day of our triumph comes, to whom shall we mainly owe it? An eminent Frenchman, M. Millevoie, has answered the question: "It is to Kitchener, that Carnot of the other side of the Channel, that will belong the honour of organising the victory. A great army springs, so to say, out of the heart of the allied nation. It is armed, drilled, trained, and concentrated at the points selected by the English General Staff. This vast effort, which has no precedent except in the history of the French Republic, will be continued tenaciously without interruption until the end of the war. With a brilliant, sportive youthfulness, animated by the purest sentiments of honour and patriotism, faithful to imperishable traditions, docile in view of the ardent cry, 'The country in danger!' the British Army, admirably equipped, conscious of the important part it is called upon to fulfil on the battlefields of independence, awaits the hour of supreme duty."

Early in 1915 a friend of mine was invited to meet Lord Kitchener at lunch, the host being an eminent English financier, of world-wide repute, whose name will be readily guessed. The question of the probable duration of the war was, of course, mooted, and, said my informant, the eminent financier was so cheerily optimistic that he expressed the confident belief that "the summer would see the end of it." This opinion was based upon his intimate and almost unrivalled knowledge of the

exact financial position of the countries engaged in the conflict. It was some time before this conversation—in fact in the winter of 1914—that Lord Kitchener, unless the newspaper reports belied him, was credited with the mot: "I cannot tell you when the war will be *over*; but it will *begin* next May!" At the lunch referred to he hazarded the belief that "December" would "see the end of it." It was not until much later that he made his "three years" prediction.

Lord Kitchener has been generally regarded, and frequently described, as a woman-hater. That was to misrepresent him. What he thought subversive of discipline was the presence of officers' wives with their husbands when the latter were on active service. In the hot season in India, for example, the rule, I am told, had been to send none but married officers to the hills, leaving the single ones to swelter in the plains. It came to Kitchener's knowledge that many a young subaltern of three or four and twenty got married mainly that he might be sent up to the hills. As "K." resented this kind of thing, and to a great extent checked it, he was classed as one of those men who dislike women!

At Cairo (I have it on the authority of an eye-witness) matters were infinitely worse than in India. It was a plague of women, who "carried on" to an extent which greatly upset Kitchener. Many of these fair dames were possessed of considerable influence in official circles at home, and exercised it for the benefit of their protégés. When remonstrated with they bearded "K." to his face; but he was much more than a match for them. He gave instructions that no card of invitation to a

certain function at which "all Cairo" was to be present should be sent to one of the most importunate and domineering of these ladies. Despite this she attended the entertainment and, advancing boldly to "K.," extended her hand. "How do *you* come to be here?" he bluntly asked, regarding her contemptuously. "I gave instructions that you were not to be invited, and I know that no card was sent to you"—then turned on his heel!

Kitchener was engaged in a constant struggle with these women, many of them rich, all sufficiently well off to enable them to have a "good time" in Egypt. Not a few of them did their best to belittle "K." with the authorities in London. They found, however, that they were only beating the air. Where was the minister who would dare to inform the potent Sirdar that Lady This or Mrs That had been complaining of his brusqueness at Cairo? It is easy to trace to their origin the wicked stories which were in circulation to the detriment of "K." until the day of his departure for Russia, and even since. Very few, if any, of the men engaged in Governmental departments ever had a word to say against him. They knew his worth and valued him accordingly. Asquith, Birrell, Balfour, and half-a-dozen others were targets for their shafts; but "K." was immune, and so was Lloyd George.

Strange as it may seem, it was "K." himself who, to a certain extent, made a section of this "monstrous regiment of women" his remorseless enemies. At the outbreak of the war he issued "to every soldier in the Expeditionary Army" a number of "instructions to be kept in his active service pay-book." These included the following: "Keep constantly on

your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in *wine and women*. You must entirely resist both temptations; and while treating all women with perfect courtesy you should avoid any intimacy. Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King."

"No one could be long in Lord Kitchener's company without realising that he was a man who viewed life seriously. I may illustrate this," says the Rev. J. H. Molesworth, late Incumbent of All Saints', Cairo, "from the effect he produced on Society in Cairo when he went there to take up his position as British Agent and Consul-General. Cosmopolitan places, like the capital of Egypt, which are largely the haunts of pleasure, are often given over to a frivolity which is not seen in cities of commerce and business. There is frequently a relaxing of morals beyond what is witnessed elsewhere, and a general air of undiscipline, and it goes without saying that in such places Sunday and Sunday worship are at a discount. It would be foolish to assert that Cairo was free from these vices. But the coming of Lord Kitchener instantaneously wrought a change. He was known to be a man of unswerving devotion to duty, of disciplined life, of resolute purpose. Instinctively we all braced ourselves up, and it was as though a tonic had been administered to the place. So far as his work permitted Lord Kitchener was regular and punctual in his church attendance, and this at once told beneficially upon the Sunday habits of the community." *

* The "Guardian," the influential Church newspaper, 15th June 1916.

Before the fatality, and later, there was not a little petulant criticism of Lord Kitchener in social circles. Much of it was "sound and fury, signifying nothing." His age, many said, was against him; advancing years, it was argued, had somewhat impaired his faculties and warped his judgment, and so on. One of my friends, whose son has greatly distinguished himself on the Western front, said: "I can never forgive Kitchener for giving —— a command. You remember the ghastly mess he made of it." Tennyson confided to his reverend friend, Hawker of Morwenstow that "his chief reliance for bodily force was on wine"; and Hawker's comment was: "I should conceive he yielded to the conqueror of Ariadne ever and anon." Kitchener is known to have been one of the most abstemious of men throughout his whole glorious career. Of his absolute horror of excess in this respect, as in everything else, I have the most positive assurances. But even this giant among men could not escape from the innuendoes of the pigmies, even when the ruthless waves had claimed him as their victim.

Much of the distressing tittle-tattle which floated about London after the 6th of June was traceable to those events at Cairo which have been briefly noted. Ever since then the tongues of the scandal-mongers have been ceaselessly wagging. The flighty fair whose "larkiness" K. of K. had repressed with his heavy hand never forgave him. They characterised as morose, bearish, this man who found feminine frivolity and freakishness intolerable. To the whole sex, they insisted, he was grossly unjust, more unsympathetic even than Cecil Rhodes.

All this was a perversion of the truth; nevertheless evil tongues disseminated it, and many believed it. But—

> When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;
> The truth is great and shall prevail when none
> Cares whether it prevail or not.

Until less than three years before his death Lord Kitchener had no home of his own, either in London or the country. When he was in the Soudan he met Mr Ralli, a prominent member of the Greek colony in London. They had a mutual liking for each other, and thereafter whenever "K." came to England he stayed at the house of his friend. Several papers announced that he was engaged to his host's daughter, who at the time was quite a young girl—an absurd statement which "K." promptly denied. The few who were in his confidence knew that the subject of matrimony never occupied his thoughts, which were all centred, not upon himself, but upon that work to which he was a slave.

His journalistic biographers displayed a great lack of knowledge of the real man—the Kitchener known to only a select few. "He was an insatiable reader; never, when he had an hour or two to himself, without a book in his hand. It is not exaggerating to say that he was one of the best-read men in or out of the Empire. As a result of this predilection for books he could discuss any and every subject, however recondite and apparently 'out of his line' it might be." So one who had known him well for years told me within a week of the "Hampshire" disaster. If anyone surpassed him in this respect it must have been the eminent French author, Emile Faguet, who passed away within a

day or two of the drowning of "K." and over six hundred other gallant souls. It was wittily said of Faguet, one of the most prolific authors of his period, that "he was always reading; it was his sole occupation, his sole ambition, his sole pleasure. It might almost be said of him that he never did anything else. He read with a pen in his hand—voilà tout." Had "K." been an unoccupied man he would have been as inveterate a reader as Faguet. But Providence decreed that he should be a man of action; that, after serving the State magnificently in Egypt, in the Transvaal, and in India, the climax of his career should be the raising of the armies identified with his name and his recognition by history as the saviour of the British Empire, plus France.

While Kitchener was a loyalist to the marrow, a neutral in politics, there was a democratic strain, and, as I will show, a very pronounced one, in his composition. I have indicated his contempt for those gallivanting ladies who in Egypt and India interfered, in his view, with strict military discipline and officers' duties. But judge of the rage of those more or less grandes dames when it came to their amazed ears that the man second in rank only to the Viceroy of India, the martinet and, as they wrongly assumed, misogynist, did not disdain the occasional companionship of young women of inferior status, daughters of subordinate civil officials, sergeants, and the like! It was this very human side of his life which made "K. of K." the idol of the rank and file of the armies which he commanded. Tommy Atkins never tired of talking about it; it gratified him beyond measure. "Kitchener! Ah, there's a man who *is* a gentleman. Takes notice of

all alike. See him talkin' and laughin' with Sergeant 'Opkins's girl, Polly, the other afternoon. We're all the same flesh an' blood to Kitchener. *That's* why we all love and respect him—not because he's C.-in-C."

This story, which has not been related in print hitherto, reached me a few days after the fatality from a relative of the officer who was acting as "K.'s" aide-de-camp at the time and who in the summer of 1916 received the D.S.O. from the hands of the King, who had an unusually long conversation with him. At Pretoria one day "K." was seated in his tent writing a dispatch when a mounted officer dashed past at full gallop, scattering the sand over the General and his papers. "Who the hell was that?" queried Kitchener. "Go after him, like a good chap, and, *if he is not a Duke or an Imperial Yeoman*, bring him back here. I should like to have a word with him!"

Another of Lord Kitchener's friends, who saw a great deal of him at Capetown, gave me, of his personal knowledge, this anecdote, which easily takes first place among the innumerable stories which have been narrated of our departed hero. It tells how he "cleared out" the Mount Nelson Hotel at Capetown during the Boer War, throughout which he displayed superhuman energy. Kitchener, in mufti, was breakfasting one morning when a stranger, an officer, took his seat at the same table, and, in ignorance of the identity of his vis-à-vis, began chatting in desultory fashion. The General courteously and genially entered into conversation. Shortly afterwards they met again at the same hotel, and again the stranger failed to recognise his

superior. "What are you doing down here?" asked Kitchener brusquely, but not unkindly. "Oh," was the reply, "I wanted a little relaxation, for one thing, and in particular I wanted to get away from old Roberts and that terrible Turk." "And who may that be?" "Kitchener, of course—who else?" A day or two later the officer, somewhat to his surprise, received an order to present himself at the quarters of the Provost Marshal, who, without any preliminary talk, said: "I sent for you to say that you have got an hour to clear out of Capetown and get back to your regiment at the front." The amazed officer began to bluster, but, soon cooling down, asked: "If it is not a rude question, who is at the bottom of all this?" "Oh! the 'terrible Turk,' for so I understand you called him to his face the other morning at the hotel without knowing whom you were addressing. Good-morning."

Lord Kitchener's military and administrative life had been so full and active that he had but little time to devote to any save official duties. It is pleasant, however, to record that, in addition to distinction as a soldier and an administrator, he could claim with justice some distinction as a writer, for he had contributed to "Blackwood," and from that magazine it is worth quoting something written about him by "A Staff Officer" after the Egyptian and South African campaigns:

"He is always thinking, not meandering aimlessly through a wilderness of casual imaginings, but thinking up and down and round and through his subject—planning every move, foreseeing every counter-move, forestalling every demand, so that, when he conducts a campaign with that unerring

certainty that seems to recall the onward march of destiny, luck has very little to do with the affair." Part of his wonderful success was ascribed to the "unbending severity" with which he treated all failures. Generous to acknowledge good work well done, "no one was ever more unforgiving of failure, no matter to what cause the failure might be due."

Nor was there any keener judge of men. Appointments upon his Staff were made for reasons of merit alone, and, although besought and cajoled in hundreds of cases to employ this or that person, he showed an inflexible disregard of the pets of Society. He shared the hardships of campaigning with his men, and in consequence enjoyed their unbounded loyalty and affection. Disregarding conventionalities, he often talked freely to his Staff on reforms needed in the War Office and in the Army, many of his ideas being novel, and "all radical." In the field his "office stationery consisted of a sheaf of telegraph forms, which he carried in his helmet, and a pencil, which he carried in his pocket—and that sufficed. Moreover, he seldom read an official letter, and never wrote one." Undaunted courage, perfect simplicity, and absolute sincerity of purpose, were the inspiring principles of his life and work.

One remembers how he seized and burnt the body of the Mahdi to prevent any future veneration of the remains!

When, in 1915, the carpers attempted to make him a scapegoat for the laches of others an M.P. scandalised the "unco' guid" by the perhaps slightly, but pardonably, irreverent comment: "Don't forget, when criticising him, that there are two Lord Kitcheners, one created by the Almighty,

the other by the British public, and that there is little resemblance between them." That was well said.

"K.'s" knowledge of the Bible was far above that ordinarily possessed by those who are not professional theologians. When he was in Palestine for the Exploration Fund in 1874-1878 he surveyed every foot of Galilee and identified many places mentioned in the Bible that had not been recognised by previous explorers. No one knew the plain of Esdraelon, in which the well stands, better than "K." When addressing the British Association he said: "Looking down upon the broad plain of Esdraelon stretched out from our feet it is impossible not to remember that this is the greatest battlefield of the world from the days of Joshua and the defeat of the mighty host of Sisera till, almost in our own days, Napoleon the Great fought the battle of Mount Tabor; and here also is the ancient Megiddo, where the last great battle of Armageddon is to be fought."

"Our men do think of Christ," said the Archbishop of Armagh (June, 1916), "and thousands turn to Him out in France with hearts weary of the noise of battle and eyes dim with the pain of dying."

> Now we remember over here in Flanders
> (It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders),
> This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
> We never thought about You much in England,
> But now that we are far away from England
> We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

M. Botrel, the "petit sergent de Déroulède," described by Mr Gosse * as the "officially-gazetted

* "Inter Arma: being Essays written in time of War." Edmund Gosse. Heinemann. 1916.

poet to the armies of France," wrote in honour of the English on their appearance at La Ferté-Milon :

Dès le premier jour de guerre
La loyale Angleterre
Envoyait aux combats
Ses plus vaillant soldats,
Conduits par French-le-brave,
Toujours correct et grave.
Ah ! qu'ils ont donc bon air,
Les guerriers d'Kitchener !
Voilà les " Kakis,"
Qui nous ont conquis,
Tant ils sont exquis
(Aoh ! Yes ! Very well !)
Lorsque, bravement,
Flegmatiquement,
Ils cogn'nt sur l'All'mand :
Aoh ! Yes ! Very well !

The " Athenæum " (June, 1916) says M. Botrel " realises something of the language appropriate to English war poetry, so much so that we trust he is now making a study of such English regimental songs as :

We are Fred Karno's Army,
Fred Karno's men, you see,
We cannot fight, we cannot shoot,
What blinkin' use are we ?
And when we march into Berlin
The Kaiser 'e will cry,
" Hoch ! Hoch ! Mein Gott !
They're a b——y fine lot,
Fred Karno's Infantry ! "

Lord Kitchener's four London clubs included the Royal Societies, of which he was elected an honorary life member in 1902, when he received from King Edward the Order of Merit. One evening in May, 1916,

shortly before dinner, he looked in at that club, accompanied by an old friend, also a member, whose family, a well-known one, has made many sacrifices for the benefit of the army since the first days of the war. Some time had elapsed since the War Minister had been seen in the club, and the improvements and alterations evoked his approval. Only those of us who were closest to him heard him say : " All very nice and charming," and, laughingly, " no sign of the ' nut ' element *here* ! "

You who with poisoned pen and art malign
So long have striven his power to undermine,
Now that a crafty and relentless foe
Has laid the greatest of our War Lords low,
Have yet the sickening impudence to bewail
The man you clawed with daily, tooth and nail!
Judas despairing died his guilt confessed ;
You live, and with fresh falsehood clean your breast.
But there are Englishmen who hold more vile
Than Hunnish shark, the home-bred crocodile.*

* " Lord Kitchener and his Traducers." " G.," in the " Spectator," 10th June 1916.

## CHAPTER VIII

## PRINCE OF MONACO, KAISER, AND BLACKMAILING GENERALS

Monaco, the smallest Sovereign State in the world, has had for its Ruler since 1889 Prince Albert Charles Honoré I., who married (1) in 1869 Lady Mary Victoria Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of Charles Duke of Hamilton, and (2) in 1889 the widow of the Duc de Richelieu, daughter of a wealthy Hamburg banker, named Heine. The first marriage was dissolved in 1880 by the Pope and the then reigning Prince Charles of Monaco, and the Duke of Hamilton's daughter wedded the Hungarian Count (now Prince) Tassilo Festetics, an intimate friend of King Edward VII. The Prince and his second wife have lived apart for some years. In 1911 the Monégasques elected by universal suffrage and the French scrutin de liste system a National Council. For many years the Prince of Monaco was on the most friendly terms with the Kaiser, who made him a Knight of the Black Eagle, but their friendship ended abruptly shortly after the outbreak of the war. How the rupture was brought about is told in the subjoined correspondence.

In September, 1914, the Duke of Würtemberg and a number of the officers in his company selected for their quarters the Prince of Monaco's French château, Le Marchais, on the Aisne. The Duke had intended to sleep at the château on the

first night of the "occupation," but he was detained elsewhere, and only his officers had the advantage of eating an elaborate dinner at the cost of the owner and drinking some dozens of bottles of champagne. Upon the Duke's arrival the next morning he found the terrace and the drive bestrewn with empty bottles, many of them broken. Sending for the steward, the Duke angrily demanded what he meant by strewing broken bottles around in that fashion. "Don't you know," he clamoured, "that you might have ruined all my cavalry? In fact, that was probably your object; and to show you that we don't mean to stand any nonsense of that sort, I fine you £20,000. If the money is not forthcoming in an hour I will have the place burned down."

The correspondence which ensued as a consequence of the attempted blackmailing of the Prince comprises letters written by the General-in-Chief of the German Army, Von Bülow, General von Krupka, and the Prince of Monaco. If any reply was sent by the Kaiser to the latter it had not been published at the time this chapter was written (August, 1916).

*September* 19, 1914.

QUARTIER-GÉNÉRAL DE L'ARMÉE.—MONSIEUR LE MAIRE, COMMUNE DE SISSONNE,—It has been proved by evidence that the road leading from Sissonne to the next railway station, Montaigu, has been covered with broken glass at intervals of fifty mètres on this 18th of September, which was undoubtedly done to impede the movement of automobiles.

I hold the Commune of Sissonne responsible for this hostile act by its inhabitants, and I punish it with a fine of 500,000f. (£20,000). This sum must be paid before the 15th of October to the Treasury on this post. The Inspector of the Post, now at the village of Montcornet, is charged with the carrying out of this order.—(Signed) GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY, VON BÜLOW.

*October* 5, 1914.

*To the* MAYOR OF SISSONNE.

The result of the Mayors' decision in council to-day to call upon H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco for aid is not possible, because of the conditions due to the war. The fine must be found in the district. I therefore advise you to give me a positive reply not later than October —— at 12 o'clock noon, and to tell me on what date the payment of the entire sum, or of a second instalment, which ought to be at least half of the fine, will take place.—(Signed) VON KRUPKA.

ST QUENTIN, *October* 15, 1914.

MONSIEUR LE MAIRE,—The Commander-in-Chief of the Post allows a delegation of the Commune of Sissonne composed of two persons to go to Monaco with a view to obtaining from H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco the sum required to cover the fine. The delegation must leave on the 16th of the month, will receive a pass, and by automobiles put at its disposal will reach a German railway station, from which it must leave at once by train and proceed through Switzerland without delay.

I am also ordered by his Excellency to tell you that the remaining part of the fine must be paid before November 1. The delegation is instructed to mention this decision to H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco, adding that, if this sum is not paid, besides other acts the Château of the Prince and the Commune of Marchais will be demolished and burnt.—(Signed) VON KRUPKA.

Having received the delegates at Monaco the Prince gave them this letter for Von Bülow :

MONACO, *October* 22, 1914.

MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL,—To avoid for the Commune of Sissonne and for that of Marchais the rigorous fate with which you have threatened them, I on my honour pledge myself to remit to H.M. the Emperor Wilhelm, if the war ends without intentional damage to my residence or to the two communes, the sum necessary to complete the 500,000f., which Sissonne is fined by you.

As a Sovereign Prince I will treat with the Sovereign who during fifteen years called me his friend and made me a Knight

of the Black Eagle. My conscience and my dignity bring me far beyond any feeling of fear and my energy will bring me beyond all regret, but if you destroy the Castle of Marchais, which is a centre of science interesting to the whole world and of charity—if you reserve for this jewel of archæology and history the fate of the Cathedral of Reims without any hostile act against you on its part, the world will judge between you and me. I address to your Excellency the expression of my highest consideration.—(Signed) ALBERT, SOVEREIGN PRINCE OF MONACO.

On the same day the Prince wrote to the Kaiser as follows :

MONACO, *October* 22, 1914.

I forward to your Majesty several documents concerning an affair very grave and urgent.

Général von Bülow has occupied for a month and a half my residence of Marchais, situated five kilomètres from the village of Sissonne. The General has fined the 1500 inhabitants of this poor ruined village 500,000f., of which they are unable to pay more than a fourth part. Moreover, he sent me two delegates, bringing documents in which he threatens to destroy my residence and the village of Marchais, besides that of Sissonne, in case I would not take on my shoulders, and this before the end of October, the aforementioned sum. This is how a Prussian General acts towards a Sovereign Prince who was during forty years the friend of Germany and who has received from every country of the world tokens of respect and gratitude for his work.

I answered the demand of General von Bülow saying that I pledged myself on my honour to complete the said 500,000f., because I wish to prevent a horrible action, coldly accomplished, but as a Sovereign Prince I put this question before the judgment of the Emperor, declaring that the aforesaid sum will be paid when the Château de Marchais shall be freed from the risk of intentional destruction. I am, with great respect, your Majesty, your devoted servant and cousin.—(Signed) ALBERT, SOVEREIGN PRINCE OF MONACO.

It will surprise the reader to learn that the outrageous conduct of the German Generals in 1914 led

in 1916 to a severe snubbing of the Kaiser by King George, Queen Mary, and Queen Alexandra. In the first week of June the Prince of Monaco came to London. To the best of my recollection he had not been on visiting terms with Queen Victoria, King Edward, or King George, but the official Court Circular of the 5th of June announced that "By command of the King Sir Arthur Walsh, Master of the Ceremonies, was at the Victoria Railway Station this evening upon the arrival of the Prince of Monaco." But this was not all. The Court Circular of the 7th of June recorded that on that day "The Prince of Monaco visited the King and Queen and remained to luncheon" (at Buckingham Palace). And on the 8th of June it was officially announced that "The Prince of Monaco visited Queen Alexandra to-day" (at Marlborough House).

Until now the King, and needless to say the Queens, had not deigned to notice the infamous libels upon King Edward which the Kaiser had allowed, and probably encouraged, Colonel Wagner to spread broadcast throughout Germany. King George had also passed over without comment the caricature of himself bearing the title "Judas"—a pictorial monstrosity which could not have been published without the Kaiser's knowledge and (perhaps tacit) permission. These insults to our late sovereign and also to his successor began to appear shortly after the outbreak of the war, and have never ceased. "Germans," said the "Cologne Gazette" (October, 1914), "must remember that this is a war primarily waged against the eldest son of the Father of Lies himself, whose hordes, white as well as multicoloured, are at this

moment arrayed against our men in the field and against our culture at home." This of our King!

This in no wise ruffled the equanimity of King George, who is proof against anything and everything that can be said about him by his treacherous cousin's hirelings and dupes. Similarly, Queen Alexandra has never publicly complained of the insults showered upon her sister, the Empress Marie, when she was passing through Berlin en route from England to Russia at the beginning of August, 1914. The kultured Berliners ran after her carriage, shouting: "There go the Russian pigs!" The Empress Marie resented the abuse by her vigorous declarations to a Danish correspondent whom she received at Petrograd in the autumn of 1914, and who published them in his paper. In England only the "Times" reproduced extracts from the Copenhagen journal, while I was allowed to comment upon them in more than one paper.

In June, as I have noted, our Royalties, in the most delicate manner conceivable, honoured the Prince of Monaco, and by so doing administered an effective snub to the Kaiser, the first he had ever publicly received from his English relatives.

At the end of June, 1916, the Prince of Monaco had the pleasure of reading that General von Bülow had "retired" from the army. The belief prevailed that he had been "shelved," like so many other commanders who have fallen in the Kaiser's estimation when they had not succeeded in accomplishing the impossible. Prince Honoré will have every reason to recollect his visit to London at a

time when evidently "all" was "right with the world," and he may be fairly confident that when peace is signed the Allies will brush aside the Kaiser's claim to that £100,000, with the remark, "Blackmail."

## CHAPTER IX

## LONDON: 1914–1916

HARDLY had the autumn leaves begun to litter the paths in 1914 than London's Face assumed an aspect which defies description. To say that the streets are "picturesque" would be to employ an inadequate phrase. It is a Khaki carnival, a panorama, in which the civilian element is swamped by the military: a carnival not prearranged, but spontaneous, accidental beyond a doubt, and therefore all the more attractive, stimulating and joyous. It is the New Army in being. And what an army! Not the "pick of the basket," not selected specimens of the thew and muscle of an army corps, brought together for parade purposes, but average examples of the battalions awaiting those marching orders which may come at any moment.

Impossible not to feel proud of these defenders of the Empire as they stride along in couples, in groups of four or five, or in masses of hundreds, as if they had unexpectedly and hurriedly received the word to entrain at Waterloo, or Victoria, or Charing Cross. But railway stations are anything rather than their objective. They have had their dinners and are "out" for an afternoon's pleasuring, richly earned by the week's hard work. Every theatre, "variety" house, and cinema "palace" is besieged by them; those who find that neither for love nor money can admission be gained take their disappointment

philosophically and seek other distractions—coffee, or tea, or perhaps something a little stronger, wherewith to moisten the cigarette—the eternal cigarette—cigar, or pipe. We have, not a drinking, but a smoking, army. The brain grows dizzy at the futile attempt to compute the number of "cigs" consumed weekly by "Kitchener's armies" at home and in the field, and the thought rises that the manufacturers of these little luxuries would not ruin themselves if they allowed uniformed men, irrespective of rank, a small rebate on all "smokes" purchased, pipe-tobacco included.

The harmony and the pride of the civilian element—such of it as remains—in the forces which have sprung up in these two wonderful years at the call of duty cannot be exaggerated. The wearer of the uniform is the idol, the hero, of the day; just as the laggard is frowningly regarded with chilling indifference, often mingled with disdain. English women and girls have developed into ebullient, "boiling" patriots, whose value as recruiting agents cannot be overestimated. Two Territorials alight from a "taxi" at a restaurant without heeding the passers-by. "That was Charley," says a pretty girl, all smiles, to her companion; "he didn't see *us*, but I saw *him*; doesn't he look nice?" and they trip on, chatting about "Charley" as if he were the one object in life worthy a thought. There was a time—say thirty years ago—when it was not like this; when a young fellow who took the "Queen's shilling" was considered to have done for himself; when a young woman or girl of the people got talked about if she stopped in the street to speak to a

"common soldier." Happily we shall never see those times again. Invasion has not been seriously talked about since Bonaparte was paralysing the world and trying to terrify us by forming a camp at Boulogne. But now we have had our coasts frequently, and our London once, bombarded, and inoffensive civilians, and babes and sucklings, have been among the hundreds of victims of a merciless foe, and the whole Empire is in arms, and there are no longer any "common soldiers."

The pulse of the dullest and least imaginative "eye-witness" of the street scenes beats quicker as the heroes of to-morrow stride blithely past in never-ending succession. The legendary Marshal's bâton is no longer to be found in the miscellaneous contents of the soldier's knapsack; its absence is more than atoned for by other rewards for exceptional gallantry which are royally distributed to those who have earned them. It is delightful to think that these honourable distinctions will, sooner or later, appear on the breasts of some of those with whom we rub shoulders daily. Certainly, if appearances go for anything, all these wearers of khaki and of navy blue are capable of performing deeds worthy of decorative recognition, and also of the prized commissions which are gazetted with commendable frequency.

What we have now is what we ought to have had ages ago, a real Citizen Army, in which every class is commingled. For the first time in our island story "Duke's son and cook's son" march side by side. Thus it is that we have an invincible host ready to "do or die." The children will play at nothing but soldiers. For these future defenders of

the Empire and for their little sisters (some of whom have broken out in the radiant colours of the Guards !) the toymakers have produced regimental cadres, and the windows of the newspaper and book shops (notably the French magasins) teem with cardboard soldiers and coloured prints of war scenes. "All's well with the world"—of the Allies.

As the "rally" party passed along Piccadilly, the fifes and drums ceased their music, and the hundred or so men began whistling. They started with that once universally popular song, "God Bless the Prince of Wales" (composed by Brinley Richards for the Royal marriage in 1863, the words by "Louisa Gray"), and followed it with an air which has been familiar to us since our childhood. It was composed one hundred and nineteen years ago, and is to be heard at Vienna and at the Austrian front, I suspect, any and every day. Most people know it, but it sounded odd to hear it being whistled in London streets by our troops, for it was the Austrian National Anthem, the great Haydn's "Hymn to (or for) the Emperor." It dates from 1797, when the composer, "the darling of Vienna," was living in the Kaiserstadt. We hear small boys singing it in our streets every day, and used to hear it in our churches.

My erewhile man's leave being up I went to Victoria and saw him off again to the front, where he has been for the greater part of two years. The Censor would not allow me to print his story, which I hurriedly jotted down as he gulped down his coffee and "wolfed" a huge sandwich before entraining. Yet there was nothing in it to hearten the enemy —rather the other way about. It would cheer the

nation, the whole Empire, to read what this gallant lad told me. Everything goes, as most things go, "on wheels." Food? "We live like fighting cocks. Bacon for breakfast, roast beef for dinner. Beer if we want it—poor stuff. Rum for those who want it, as very few do. It's a glorious life—take my word for that. After fifteen months of it I ought to know. The Boches will never, no, *never*, turn us out of the trenches—that's a dead cert."

"Le Chant du Départ," by Méhul, is sung by French Canadians fighting under the flags of France and England. Will not some of our music publishers, composers, "arrangers," or others, take hold of it, and let us hear it played and sung at this supreme hour of our existence? Méhul, for certain, would not object, and would not our cherished Ally be charmed? And Joffre?—

> La République nous appelle;
> Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr;
> Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
> Pour elle un Français doit mourir.

Although so much of their Majesties' time has been, and is being, spent in visiting hospitals and touring the provinces, they have kept their attention fixed upon the needs of individual soldiers who, when on leave, pass through London on the way to their homes in the country. Poor chaps! Few, if any, of them know which way to turn. We have all met and bemoaned their forlorn aspect. By the kindly forethought of the King (acting in gracious concert with that invaluable institution, the Y.M.C.A.) a score of these temporary waifs have been and are still taken in nightly at the Royal

Mews, and start for home next morning fortified for the often long and tiring journey by a good breakfast. And when their friends put the inevitable question, "Where did ye stop overnight, lad?" what pride in the ready answer, "Where? Why, at Buckingham Palace—leastwise the Royal Mews—as the King's guests!"

In two years what changes in our habits and customs! The social fabric has been bouleversé. Nothing is as it was—it never will be. All is new—mostly, one likes to think, for the better. Take your place, if you can find one, in any of the newer restaurants, the reputable ones, of which there are, happily, so many, and you may find yourself next to Miranda and Marguerite of "the chorus," or the ballet, and faced by a fashionable modiste and her attendant nymph, or by a "titled lady" and her husband or son. "Swells" from clubland are not lacking at these resorts, where they find appetising fare at fifty per cent. less than at the more modish places. Comely damsels minister to the "clients'" wants, and are respectful without being servile. Such a change from the old days, those of only a couple of years ago, when Germans and Austrians—yes, very many of the latter—surged betwixt the wind and your nobility, and superciliously watched your exit if you had failed to give them the lavish "tip" which they had been counting upon.

Perhaps the greatest change of all is to be found in the attitude towards each other of the "classes" and the "masses." As the motor bus in which you may happen to be a penny or three-halfpenny rider from Sloane Street to Piccadilly Circus passes one or other of the clubs—Cavalry, Junior Con-

stitutional, or Naval and Military—a gallant officer, a captain or a colonel, "boards" the vehicle and planks down his penny as if to the manner born. Could you, in the early summer of 1914, have imagined Staff officers and others of the military élite composedly seating themselves in a "common bus" side by side with the "vulgar herd," as they used to be called?

What scenes at all the points where the cars stop for a few seconds to "take up" or to "set down"! What frantic struggles at Tottenham Court Road, at Oxford Circus, opposite the "Piccadilly," at the corner of Arlington Street, and at Hyde Park Corner! Would-be passengers fight for places in the vehicles; and it is a fact that the most obstreperous of the strivers are young women and girls! Against them the poor male has not an off-chance. These fair Amazons have been often seen to push unhappy men off the footboard and put them in what they evidently deem their right position—the gutter! As for politesse, it is a minus quantity. One can imagine that the petticoated invaders are imbued with the patriotic feeling that all the opposite sex, octogenarians included, ought to be in khaki, pounding or sniping the Huns in Picardy and Flanders. That is a righteous sentiment up to a point, but there is a limit to it.

When, as often happens, even in war-time, part of Piccadilly is "up," cars going westwards stop almost opposite Dover Street, known in "high society" as Petticoat Lane; and thus it happens that the destitute (so to call them) find a refuge under the colonnade of the stately "Ritz" until the moment arrives for the attempted boarding of

"No. 19," or, as the famous medico ("Gladstone's doctor") phrased it oracularly, "its equivalent." Staid clubmen, in irreproachable garb, are seen by the errant chronicler on the kerb of one or other of the arches of the colonnade, waifs and strays in the midst of the clusters of impatient waiters—"shop ladies," milliners' and dressmakers' and tea-room girls, Kitchener's men in plenty, and nondescripts in abundance.

If your aim is walking in Oxford Street you had best "foot it" in the street itself—the pavements are impossible, when daylight has gone, except for the legions of struggle-for-lifers upon whom no jostling or hustling or "shoving" has any perceptible effect. It is practically a case of "lights out" all along that anything but primrosy path, that throbbing artery of West End business life, that ever-changing panorama of humans such as not even the realistic brush of a Raffet could transfer to a yard of canvas. The very shops, their blinds half down, look as if in mourning, and intensify the pervading gloom. Yet two or three bazaars are ablaze with light—odd places, where you can buy a variety of "goods" or practise rifle-shooting. They are always full; a "roaring" trade is done. As with the "elevated" classes, these others have seemingly a plethora of pounds, shillings, and pence, burning to leap out of pockets, "vanity" bags, and the démodé reticule. And it is war-time. A strange race, we Anglo-Saxons!

There is scarcely one article of food and drink that has not been more than once raised in price at the tea-shops, which were originally, and ostensibly,

started " for the convenience of the public," and this in times when people even of the scantiest means, earned by drudgery, are urgently being almost ordered to " practise economy " ! If the members of this Government really desired to do something practical, and so enable hundreds of thousands of humble toilers, mostly females, to get their frugal meals at nothing less than former prices, they would be doing a humane work and preventing the various " sweaters " from still further enriching themselves at the expense of the hard-working indigent.

At a very decent place of " light refreshment " close to one of the entrances to Buckingham Palace I stopped to read a long list of the charges. Those for tea, cocoa, coffee, etc., were all about fifty per cent. lower than at the " recognised " tea-shops all over London. New-laid eggs were marked 2d. ; at the other places they are 3½d. ! Tea 1d. a cup—elsewhere 2½d. At the lordly tea-shops, were you meekly to mention this disparity of charges, the curt answer would probably be : " If you object to our tariff you had better go to Buckingham Palace Road." That advice would be taken by many, and, were it adopted by all, would be the means of bringing about a sensible reduction all round.

The first duty self-imposed upon us one autumn day was a visit to the Horse Guards Parade, where, in the great area facing St James's Park, the captured cannon were viewed gratefully and curiously. Much of the comment was jejune, and not a little of it critical. These long, slender tubes on their carriages were neatly ranged pointing towards the Park. The bed of the lake is destitute of water, but there are sand heaps for the behoof of the toddlers.

These German field guns are not much like those I saw the day before the first combat of the war of 1870 a mile outside of that town of Saarbrücken which has been more than once heavily shelled by our Ally's airmen in the course of the year 1916. But they are capable of more deadly work, at much longer ranges, than those of the old pattern, which were mostly six-pounders.

Fine dames, mostly quietly garbed, rubbed elbows with their humbler sisters from the back streets, and gazed pathetically at the trophies. They said little, but thought much, Some of these guns, so silent now, may have robbed them of their best-loved. We all know what they *can* do, and have done, " over there," and how much precious British blood was spilt over quieting and capturing them. Was there not here a " subject " for Lady Butler and many other painters of military scenes ?

When have we in London had under our eyes such a picture ? How stirring the sight of it under a leaden sky, amid the perfume of the drooping leaves, beautiful even in their decay ! Not to be envied are those who can look upon these trophies unmoved, or pass them with a laugh or a grim jest. Yet all the world over there are some who " see nothing " in these murderous tubes. Such as those have no understanding either of life or of death.

But we have not seen on the Parade ground all that we came out for to see. Here are the recruits ! A square, a sort of a square, has been roped off, and round three sides of it is as curious an assemblage as London town, or any other, can produce—not altogether a novel gathering at Whitehall, for since the tocsin first sounded, since the first shout, " Join

the Colours! We want you!" went up, tens, even hundreds, of thousands of the best examples of our youth and manhood have traversed the Parade without perhaps a thought of the famous footsteps imprinted thereon through the centuries.

So impressed am I, as is every other thinking unit of the population, by the tense situation that I breathe freely only when I am rubbing shoulders with the "boys" as they "come up" to present their willing bodies—it might justly be said of many, "and their souls"—to the recruiting officers, a jovial, hearty set, full of the milk of human kindness and extending a warm welcome to every one of them.

Such scenes at Whitehall—such thrilling pictures on the great Parade ground, where we have all forgathered at least once annually through an infinite number of years to see what used to be almost our only outdoor military spectacle, the trooping of the "colour"! That "colour"! We swore by it, as all have been swearing by it these long months, with their full measure of triumphs on land and ocean and their very few "regrettable incidents."

Alongside the roped-in quadrangle occupied by the Huns' cannons, to capture which our good English blood has flowed like water in the running stream, were autos and broughams, which had brought fair women in their furs to gloat over the spoil. A few paces brought us to an even more stimulating display. We saw the first step in the making of a soldier. And this was what we had all, gentle and simple, come out to see.

There they stood, in front of the recruiting shed; all more or less jovial, with here and there a Mark Tapley uttering his quips and cranks, his facial

contortions modelled on those of the comiques of the "halls." No boisterous merriment, but lots of quiet fun and verbal pleasantries. The presiding official, in his serge suit and black "bowler," was the good genius of the occasion. Now and again a burst of merriment would follow one of his sallies, we spectators joining in perforce, although not catching all his words.

The final act in this drama of militarism showed us every man being called up by name to receive his "paper" of instructions. He was to go to Waterloo or to some other station, whence the train would take him and the rest to a particular depôt, where the active training would begin next morning. Most of them were of good physique and good bearing—fine material for the drill ground.

Many of the "boys" were really quite young lads; but to think them too young would be a mistake. Some were quite smartly dressed—others the reverse. The time has passed for overmuch picking and choosing. We wanted the men; we've got them, and thousands of greybeards would "join up" if wanted.

The old song, "The Young Recruit," came into the memory as they formed up and marched off to the L. & S.W. station on "the other side."

> We march away to-morrow,
> At the breaking of the day, at the breaking of the day,
> And the trumpets will be sounding,
> And the merry, merry cymbals play!

Strolling through Victoria Station between nine and ten o'clock on a Sunday morning you might find perhaps a dozen officers and men in khaki (with

among them a Belgian and a "black" or two) and a few "civils" of both sexes hurrying to the Sunday League train which was to take them to Brighton or elsewhere. Not a particularly cheerful scene on a cold, foggy Sabbath morning. Yet during ten weeks up to November, 1915, there were fed (following the official figures) some three hundred and fifty thousand wearers of the all-pervading khaki at the buffet of this same "Victoria"—an average of thirty-five thousand a week!

Thus it comes about that the weekday "picture" at this great terminus hard by the Palace fascinates the eyes and gives pleasure to the mind. There are people who have gone there every day to gaze at scenes which bring home to them as nothing else can the realities of war. Here you see "Tommy" at his best. He has just arrived from the fighting fields on our Western front. He has had a long and not too comfortable journey of not far short, I suspect, of a day. He wants to be fêted, and they fête him. Everything in reason is his to command —steaming hot tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, and appetising "grub" in profusion, all dispensed in the kindliest fashion, even pressed upon him if he should be, as sometimes happens, "backward in coming forward."

Five thousand khaki-clad, hungry, thirsty, weary (and many muddied) soldiers of the King "dumped" down at this London terminus every day! There is a subject for any artist endowed with something akin to the genius of a Frith and wishful to gain a tithe of the fame that was his, the man who gave us the "Derby Day" and the "Railway Station." His forte was the painting of huge groups. Have

we none to emulate him in this direction at Victoria or at Waterloo ?

Of pictures of battles on land and at sea, of conflicts in the air, of flights of millions of starving, homeless wanderers through Russia and of tens of thousands through Serbia, we have had hundreds, yet not a superfluity ; but what we can " do with " are more sketches of soldier scenes within our gates, in the streets, in the parks, and around the barracks. There has been for months, there is to-day, and there will be for many to-morrows material for such illustrations all over London. Every morning there is, there was yesterday and to-day, and there will be every day, perchance for many a long month to come, scenes on the pavement facing the Green Park and in the courtyard of Devonshire House so full of life and movement and colour that it would be a joy for any wielder of crayons or brushes to transfer them to his notebook and from thence to the enduring canvas.

While London was breakfasting I sometimes found myself at Waterloo watching the " leavers " arriving from the front. I heard from many of them the same story. They had had a long train ride to the sea, then crossed the Channel, and then journeyed to town without time to wash, much less shave, and were unkempt and muddied with French clay up to the knees. But they were all jolly, brimful of fun, in the highest spirits, and ravenous for breakfast. A stirring episode, worthy a chapter in some war-book.

A gallant officer whom I often meet when he is on leave secured great fame, years before he donned khaki, by his leadership of the Jackson-Harmsworth

Franz Joseph Land Expedition (1874 – 1894). Frederick George Jackson, who has gone through much heavy fighting on our Western front, is a major in the 4th Battalion of the East Surrey, and at various times, and notably of late, has rendered invaluable service in recruiting. Had all engaged in the work of rousing the country been gifted with the Major's persuasiveness and doggedness things would have been very different from what they were before the issue of the King's Appeal. He is a Knight (first class) of the Norwegian Order of St Olaf, and has the gold medal of the French Geographical Society, of which Prince Roland Bonaparte is President. He found Lord Bryce's "outrages" pamphlet of the greatest service in his recruiting work. Women made a rush for it, and after reading it with flushed cheeks opened their hearts to slackers and conscientious objectors. "Read it," they said, "and then tell us why *you* have not attested."

The Horse Guards' Parade was thronged alike by the "classes" and by the unfortunates who are generally labelled "no class," for the captured guns were on view and recruits were arriving and departing, "seen off" by their friends. Of the hundreds who passed up and down the Duke of York's Steps only one stopped at a little door and gathered the stale information that the business of what had been of yore the German Embassy is now transacted by the American Embassy. The perpetrator of this overt act of espionage bethought himself that he had just read how a certain Metternich, a count, aforetime Imperial German Ambassador to our model Court of St James, had been provided with a new post in the capital of the deluded Turk.

Every day for the last two years early-rising men and women have found it a delight to watch the new cavalry taking their riding lessons. As one of the few civilians who went through the mill at the Albany Street barracks and was schooled by Corporal Shaw until I was accounted "not such a bad rider," I am a keen sympathiser with and admirer of the plucky boys who are daily being taught how to "stick on like wax." They soon learn the trick, but much depends upon a natural aptitude for the saddle and upon how one is built.

But our recruits taught by *riding-mistresses* how to keep in their saddles with stirrups "up" or "down," how to take obstacles on barebacked chargers, and how to mount without stirrups!—what would my mentor of the Life Guards have said to all this? He would certainly not have believed in the possibility of such an innovation. Yet it is in force at a certain number of our cavalry depôts, and is another example of that new predominance of "the sex." Have we not all seen in our "Row" many of the most accomplished and fearless horsewomen the world could show—some rivalling that poor Austrian Empress whose greatest woman-friend was a talented "star" of the circus? . . . Yes, Rotten Row, in the early morning, when our smart youngsters are going through their mounted drill, is one of the many brave sights of London Town.

He was a proud man, for the morning's post brought him a grey card, with the pleasing dedication: "This is to certify that (*a*) So-and-so, (*b*) Author" [of a place well-beknown] "has registered under the National Registration Act, 1915" [in

capital letters]. "God save the King" [also very properly in "caps."]. He was proud, because, like probably a few thousand others, he had filled up the Registration Form when, from circumstances over which he had absolutely no control, he need not have done so. He said he offered his services wholeheartedly to his Majesty's Government of All the Talents, and was ready to do the Asquithian or Kitchenerian bidding at call. He would "bring firing at requiring, scrape trencher, or wash dish" just as his Majesty's advisers listed. "No necessity to fetch me—I'll come," he added. But nothing came of it.

The scandalmongering which was an unpleasant feature of the autumn and winter of 1915 was squelched by some of the men who "dare not lie." It broke out in the previous winter, when a few misguided, malevolent people went about spreading the news of "exciting week-ends at the front" for some of our women friends, the grandes dames of the paper writers, of how their fabled "junketings" had been "stopped by Joffre," and of how one of the French Generalissimo's "aides" had "turned back a Cabinet Minister's wife in her auto"! Nobody could improve upon that. When the question was discussed in the Upper House, Lord St Davids did not precisely "score."

We have all, at one time or other, wandered through the old city and revelled in its moyen âge beauties, and bemoaned the day when, after the Strasburgers had made a glorious defence, the hated Boches entered it, after many weeks' fierce bombardment. Englishmen witnessed the siege operations —our regretted old friend Sir Henry Drummond-

Wolff among them, and with him, if memory serves, Lord James of Hereford, the "Henry James" of the 1870 war period. What has happened to make one recall the place where the paté de foie gras comes from? Why, that the German Secretary of State has had (1916) the bad taste to "invite" the Bishop of Metz to warn the Catholic clergy of all fair Lorraine, sister of Alsace (not "Elsass"—*that* we will never call it), that, when the news of more German victories reaches them they must hang out flags on the churches and in the presbyteries. Our knowledge of the Lorraine (never "Lothringen" for *us*) priests tells us that many of them will refuse to so desecrate the Houses of God. And then they will be sent to prison—perhaps shot—singing:

> O Strasburg, O Strasburg, du Wunderschöne Stadt!
> Darinnen liegt begraben so manicher Soldat!

Could the sums spent at their clubs by individual members since the outbreak of war be ascertained (which is, of course, impossible), it would probably be found that the amounts are about half what they were in peace times. Of the tens of thousands of members of our one hundred and fifty "recognised" clubs, it may be taken as a fact that every one is worse off than he was before August, 1914. Those who depend solely on their professional earnings, as the larger number do, are, perhaps, the greatest sufferers; but landed proprietors and others whose incomes are derived from investments have been also heavily hit. Hence their "economies" both in and out of the club. It is by these that the higher income-tax charges are most felt, making most of them look twice at half-a-sovereign before spending

it even upon necessaries, while their former little luxuries have all gone by the board.

Lord Cheylesmore is an Eaton, of Lady Godiva's town, which justly prides itself upon being a "city"; and Coventry's worthy citizens are flattered if you will bring the renowned "Eatons" into your talks with them. This gallant peer (he was colonel commanding the Grenadier Guards, as all at his five clubs remember) is the third Baron; the first was that long-time M.P., Mr Henry William Eaton, the Brummell of the West End and the "House," and proprietor of one of the most famous clubs in St James's Street—"White's."

His frock-coat, always tightly buttoned; his invariable white carnation, his well-fitting trousers, spats, and glossy hat (not surpassed even by "Hardwicke's," which was a picture)—all these were the envy of his fellow-legislators and brother clubmen. To all these glories he added the distinction of being a "good sort." To that "sort" belongs also our noble Major-General, who became a Volunteer half-a-century ago, has had a most distinguished military career, and was innocently asked by one of the members of a recruiting party in Trafalgar Square: "*Why are you not serving in Kitchener's Army, sir?*"

In August, 1914, the now nearly two thousand members of the Empress Ladies' Club were addressed, on behalf of the general committee, by the chairman, Mr C. Williamson Milne (a name well and honourably known in the City), and fully informed of what was afoot for the benefit of our splendid fellows in France. All responded to the appeal con amore, and the result has been that ever since the British

soldiers in the field have been receiving from Dover Street a regular and lavish supply of all manner of comforts and articles of which they were at the outset of the campaign in the direst need. Imagine the yell of delight of the King's men when they saw the baths, towels and (O bliss incomparable !) boilers for producing hot water arriving ! They were in Paradise. Upon the receipt by the 10th Royal Hussars, then "somewhere in France," of five metal baths, and a boiler, one of them, Richards by name, comic artist by nature, and corporal by professional rank (perhaps he is a lieutenant by now—who knows ?), made, and sent home to the ladies, a lively sketch of his comrades "tubbing." "You forget, Jim, we are not in the trenches, *now* ; we are in the Empress Club." Thus ran one of the "legends" on this diverting croquis. Another : "Keep down ! [under water]. You'll get sniped." A third : "It's glorious ! " And a fourth : "What do you think of *this*, Bill ? " What he thought it might have been indiscreet to record ; we must guess it. In May, 1916, these patriotic "Empress" ladies, by means of a café chantant at Princes Rooms, Piccadilly, raised not far short of £1000, which enabled them to send out an extra number of tubs and other comforts for our "Tommies."

The Kaiser would be paralysed did he know a tithe of what Englishwomen have done on behalf of our heroic defenders. In this work the ladies referred to have been foremost. Within a week of the declaration of war they formed an Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee, and have continued their efforts to brighten the lives of our men in the field and on the seas. To supply tubs for "Tommies"

was the happiest of inspirations. Besides these blessings the ladies have sent from their palatial home in Dover Street germ destroyers and every kind of hospital requisite and comfort for our sick and wounded, as well as a variety of good things for our "fit" soldiers and seamen. Between February, 1915, and June, 1916, they dispatched to the various fronts nearly 3000 tubs and 600 heaters, or boilers, and since August they have been responding to urgent demands for 2000 more tubs and 400 extra heaters. Invaluable, too, have been the disinfectors, by which thirty uniforms can be simultaneously dealt with, dried, and cleaned in an hour and a quarter, ready to put on and in no way damaged by the cleaning process, which destroys all unwelcome life in the shape of verminous pests. We cannot expect a cessation of the conflict for many months after these pages are in the hands of their readers. As, to my knowledge, the funds of the committee ladies are naturally always in need of replenishing, I earnestly hope that these appealing lines will result in the sending of innumerable cheques, drawn in favour of J. W. Howe, Honorary Secretary, Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee, Empress Club, Dover Street, London W.

As one of Queen Victoria's Ladies of the Bedchamber from 1874 until 1885, Lady Abercromby, who died in 1915, and who was married in 1858, must have heard much of her Majesty's activities as a war worker during the long Crimean campaign. What the ladies of the Royal family are doing to-day Victoria I. did in her time, while she was still a happy wife and mother. She visited the wounded at Fort Pitt, Chatham, and the other military hospitals, went

on board the transport vessels, received many of the sufferers at Buckingham Palace, and took a large part in the establishment of permanent means of relief for them and their families. One of her letters, which accidentally got into the papers, showed her subjects how constant she was in her solicitude for her maimed soldiers. While the war was raging there was an immense gathering on the Horse Guards Parade. The Queen presented medals, hastily struck, to a number of invalided officers, "non-com.'s," and men; and on handing one to Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had lost both feet at Inkermann, she made him one of her aides-de-camp on the spot—a charming act which aroused the enthusiasm of the crowd as it gradually became known. Never had she been so cheered as when she drove slowly back to the Palace. People forgot all this when, six years later (December, 1861), her Consort's death caused her to enter upon that long period of seclusion which provoked the "Times" and other daily papers to remonstrate with her upon her continued absence from public life. The "Saturday Review," in bitterly ironical terms, suggested that she should entrust some of her duties to the Prince of Wales.

Meeting at the club, in the winter of 1915, a well-known railway director from the north, I asked him what was doing in his part of the world. "Trains crowded, trams crowded, roads crowded, autos flying about in country and town alike. Getting ready—always getting ready. People in high fettle. King's noble appeal has 'fetched' everybody. Magnificent response, but only just beginning. By the end of the week we shall be all jubilating. Couldn't have believed that those few simple, but well chosen,

words would have been so startlingly effective in less than two days." "What of that new camp you mentioned in one of your letters? I want to know all about it. Suppose it means work for just a few, and spending a bit of money?" "Just so. You can't provide huts and tents, etc., for eighty thousand men, and give them a branch railway into the bargain, linking them with the North-Eastern main line, without 'shelling out.' You know, or perhaps you don't know, what drainage costs, and that is a very big item indeed in this case. But it's all for the good of the country—and a precaution to keep the beastly Boches from placing their unholy hoofs upon our chalk cliffs and green sward, to say nothing of our necks. Should any idiot tell you the Government is not on the qui vive, don't believe him, but advise him to spend a fortnight training in it and see for himself. Warn everybody from belittling the Coalitionists; they're doing their level best under unparalleled difficulties."

"What an outcry about huge war profits! Do you believe all you hear and read?" "Not all, but part of it. What did 'Sam Slick' (a judge) say when, in the Civil War time, someone quoted 'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori'? Sam replied: 'This is how I turn Horace's words into Americanese: Mori—the more I get; pro patriâ—by the country; dulce est—the sweeter it is!' Seems to me very much some people's view of patriotism."

I saw nothing in the papers about this mammoth camp except some brief references to it written by myself, a few of which are noted above. The land, part of the Aske estate, was purchased by the

Government from the Marquis of Zetland, one of the few highly successful Viceroys in Irish history. The cost of draining the land was estimated at a figure approaching £1,000,000. For considerably more than a year troops have been quartered at the camp under the pleasantest conditions. The camp is near the Catterick Bridge station of the Darlington and Richmond branch of the North Eastern Railway.

The Marquis, whose name will be ever associated with this Northern camp of military training and exercise, now humming, is still well remembered in Army circles and clubs as having aforetime been a highly popular officer in the famous "Blues" and also a member of the Royal Household. During his Viceroyalty in Ireland, as the follower of "Londonderry" and the predecessor of the "Houghton" who is now "Crewe," and who is "in the bills" daily, Lord Zetland did many notable things, and to a great extent paved the way for his very able successor.

One morning in December, 1915, before the recruits had arrived in Rotten Row, I was almost the solitary witness of an incident which was unique in the modern history of the so-called Route du Roi. A well-mounted French officer, in uniform, entered the Park at Albert Gate (the home of his Embassy) and so reached the Row. His horse began "buck-jumping." I saw that the rider was in difficulties and had lost his stirrups. The next moment he was flying over his mount's head and was on the soft earth. It would not have been surprising had he broken his neck; but he scrambled to his feet and ran after the animal, which was galloping full tilt towards the "Corner." "I was within an inch of

stopping him," said the tall, athletic policeman at his "point" near the Duke of Wellington's, "but he swerved and dashed on towards the Marble Arch," the officer in the blue tunic and red breeches following him.

No army can make long marches unless those composing it are well and comfortably shod, and keeping this truism in mind I am always careful to note the boots of our land forces. In August, 1870, a scorching month, I saw hundreds of Bavarians not only taking off their boots but throwing them away. They found it impossible to keep them on after nearly a whole day's march. As a consequence, at and around Beaumont, the scene of General de Failly's "surprise" and rout, there were to be seen many barefooted men who fought all the better because of the absence of their heavy, clumsy boots. In 1915 a well-known chiropodist, Mr Alexander, formerly of Bond Street, who had often operated upon me, paid a visit to the Queen's Westminsters (he was one of the original members of the corps in the old Volunteer days of the sixties and later), examined the feet of several who were daily expecting to go to our Western front, and showed them a remedy which he had devised for their use when troubled with either foot or hand sores caused by long marches, severe cold, mud, or, what is perhaps even worse, thick muddy water.

One of several remedies for the soldiers' feet trouble is, according to this old "Westminster," carbolic soap, mixed with a little petrol into a species of ointment, with which the feet should be well lathered, and so remain; while socks should be worn "inside out." The ointment which he took to the

Queen's Westminsters is not that above described, but one having a basis of yellow soap; some specimens of this were distributed, with the remark that it may be used for rubbing on the hands as well as the feet. It is curious to find, in a novel entitled "Alice Lorraine," which seems to have had its day of popularity in a bygone age, a passage describing the anxiety with which our troops at Badajoz awaited the arrival of supplies of this same yellow soap, which they are said to have used as a valuable and always efficacious lather for their feet. The Russian soldiers find tallow, well smeared over hands and feet, an infallible protection in wintry weather, and in the Arctic regions explorers deem it necessary to apply fat of any kind to their lips in order to prevent them from "chapping."

Of course much of the foot trouble experienced by civilians as well as by our gallant defenders on land and at sea is the result of wearing tight or clumsily made boots.

There have been since August, 1914, numerous opportunities of glancing at the "foot-wear" of the thousands of khaki-clad men of all ranks who have enlivened our streets and parks, and close observers have noticed the vast difference in the cut and make of the boots. Many of them resemble those worn by the police, and these are not always objects of envy. Perhaps one of these days some maker of an inventive mind will see his way to producing a soldier's boot having the minimum of ugliness and the maximum of comfort.

## CHAPTER X

# FOUR DECADES OF GERMAN DUPERY

Following the war of 1870 and what the French considered the further humiliation resulting from the Frankfort Treaty of Peace in 1871 came a prolonged, and frequently an acrimonious, discussion by the European Press of the diplomatic relations of France with Russia and England. Those journals favouring what was known by the grimly humorous title the "Alliance of Peace" seriously, and with malign intention, wholly misrepresented the nature of those two countries, now our valued allies, and a section of the British Press made mischief by reproducing, which was tantamount to adopting, Continental views hostile to France, Russia and Great Britain, and favourable to the then newly-created German Empire, at that time, and for many subsequent years, dominated by the skilful craftiness of Bismarck.

In the diplomatic history of the period under review—1871 onwards—England figured largely, and, according to the printed evidence contained in the archives of the chancelleries (evidence which not even a Bethmann-Hollweg could challenge), the Government of this country, then Conservative, played not only a very dignified, but a very noble, part, as proved by the excerpts from dispatches and conversations, conversations of Lord Derby with M. Gavard (French Chargé d'Affaires) and the

German Ambassador, etc., now again recorded after an interval of more than a quarter of a century. A perusal of these documents and conversations, these authenticated pieces of imperishable evidence, reveals the perfidious policy pursued at the Wilhelmstrasse ever since the humiliations imposed on France by German statesmen and militarists in 1870–1871. All this testimony, so illuminating and vivid to-day, is a connecting link with the White, Yellow and Green Books which have been showered upon us since the end of 1914; and its importance cannot be overestimated. The net result of its publication at the moment will be a tonic to our French Allies, while it will remove from the minds of doubters—happily very few in number—any mistaken impression which may exist as to the value of the support given to France by Great Britain during her frequent periods of crisis and danger since her disasters of 1870.

No trace of bad feeling between Russia and France was left by the Crimean War, in which our forces fought side by side with those of France and Turkey; but unfortunately in 1863 Napoleon III. interfered on behalf of the Poles, a policy naturally resented by Russia. This (and it is a distinguished Frenchman, M. Flourens,* Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1888, who makes the avowal) was a principal cause of the disasters which overwhelmed the Napoleonic régime in 1870; and it is significant that upon this point the late M. Emile Ollivier, in the final volume, the seventeenth, of his compre-

* In this summary I have relied mainly upon this eminent statesman's presentation of the French case, part of which was Englished some twenty years ago.

hensive life work, "L'Empire Libéral," maintains a rigid silence. Russia, to its great and lasting honour be it said, was most conciliatory in its advice to the last of the French Emperors; but the Nephew remained recalcitrant, despite, as we may fairly assume, the reports of his own Ambassador to the Court of the great Northern Power. What was the dire result of the rashness of Napoleon III.? It was, M. Flourens asserts, that "the Ministry at Berlin assumed the position at the Court of St Petersburg which was deserted by the French Government." The Emperor Napoleon thus played into the hands of King William only a few months before that war which for a time crushed France; and thus began Prussian paramountcy at the St Petersburg Court, not, perhaps, altogether unwelcome to Alexander II., the present Tsar's grandfather. Terrible were the results of the French Emperor's blunder. Alexander II., nephew of King William (the first Kaiser), developed his nascent Prussianism, thought the Teutonic army, even in 1869, the finest in the world, and, immediately upon the declaration by France of war with Prussia, wrote privately to King William ranging himself on that sovereign's side. "We may now," wrote the French Minister previously cited, "speaking dispassionately, assert that the attitude maintained by Russia throughout the war of 1870–1871 rendered possible the crushing triumph of the German army. By paralysing Austria, by discouraging the inclinations of Italy, and by guaranteeing to Germany the security both of her southern and eastern frontiers, Russia permitted Prussia to strip her Eastern Provinces of troops, to overwhelm France." Readers

of Ollivier's final volume, so remarkable for its brilliant special pleading, cannot afford to overlook this fact, accounting, as it does, for so much, if not for everything, in the history of our French Ally.

The Emperor of Russia, then, as we have seen, favoured—it is not going too far to say supported—Prussia as against France in 1870. But the Tsar's subjects were, so to speak, on the side of France, formed committees of relief for the French wounded, and, particularly at Moscow, showed their deep sympathy with the victims of Prussia. Such is the testimony of M. de Gabriac, French Chargé d'Affaires at St Petersburg in 1871. The policy of Alexander II. towards France changed in his latter years, and we know the sympathetic attitude of Alexander III., fostered by his consort, now the Dowager Empress Marie, one of the two cherished sisters of Queen Alexandra.

In 1872 and again in 1873 Unified Germany, while loudly proclaiming her peaceful intentions towards France and the world generally, was again intriguing with Alexander II., and begging Russia to "guarantee" her possession of Alsace and Lorraine. Despite the friendship between Tsar and Kaiser the Teutons were unsuccessful. The former, however, had no idea of breaking with the Berlin Court. Either the German Ambassador or one of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp was always at Alexander's heels; but the Tsar simultaneously showed the high esteem in which he held the French Ambassador, General Le Flô, whose dispatches were later made public by M. de Kératry. The character of Alexander II. was a complex one, offering a strong contrast with that of his son and successor, who took no pains to

conceal his anti-German tendencies. The attitude of Alexander II. greatly perplexed the French Government, and the Duc Decazes (whom Blöwitz found so useful in 1875, at the time of the great "scare") took a strong step. By his instructions General Le Flô sought and obtained an audience of Alexander II. (this was within his Ambassadorial rights). Le Flô (16th April 1874) opened his heart to the Tsar, pointing out the movements of German troops on the French frontiers, and expressing his fear that his country was again about to be attacked. "Set your Government at rest upon this point," said the Tsar emphatically. . . . France will be allowed to recover in peace. *There will be no war.*" The Tsar's visit to Berlin a few days later had the happiest effect. France breathed again. Napoleon III. had passed away in January, 1873, and was already forgotten. There was no chance for another Emperor. France went placidly on recovering herself under the ægis of the Tsar. No clouds appeared on the horizon until 1875. In the spring Bismarck's Reptile Press thundered inspired articles against France, the alleged grievance on this occasion being her formation of the famous "fourth battalions." Radowitz was dispatched by Bismarck on a mission to St Petersburg. This diplomatist was instructed "to ascertain the intentions of Russia in case Germany decided to declare war against France. He was to intimate what concessions Germany was prepared to make in the East, in return for the facilities accorded at St Petersburg."

Only three and a half years had elapsed since the ratification of the Treaty of Peace at Frankfort; yet here were the War Lords of Berlin bent upon

once more waging war upon their neighbour and again attempting to cajole Russia into promising to support them in their sinister design, and all because France had had the audacity to form fourth battalions! "It was one of the most critical times we have experienced," says our French authority.

General Le Flô gives this succinct account of what had been done by Radowitz (21st April 1879): "I am certain that overtures have been made in this direction, and the insidious question has been posed with a trivial air, in course of conversation, as if it was without importance: 'What do you [Russia] wish for? What claim do you make upon Turkey?' The answer was given: 'We do not wish to add to our possessions. We wish to maintain the present state of things in the East, together with the peace, which is as necessary to the unfortunate Christian inhabitants of Turkey as to their Western brethren.'"

The Tsar turned a deaf ear to the voice of the tempter. But "the honour of this success" was not "given exclusively to Russia" by the French. That "would be ungrateful" on their part. "England took a noble share in the triumph of justice which saved Europe from the great danger which threatened her independence."

The terror evoked in France by the manœuvres of the old Kaiser's Chancellor, who dreamt of repeating the Ems telegram trick, was very real—so real that all the French diplomatic representatives abroad were instructed by the Foreign Minister (the Duc Decazes) to invoke the aid of the Great Powers in this new time of trouble. The Chargé d'Affaires then at Albert Gate was M. Gavard, still gratefully

remembered in London for his many good qualities, high-mindedness, and unfailing friendship for this country. On 6th May 1875 M. Gavard called upon our Foreign Secretary, according to the instructions which he had received from the Duc Decazes. The ordinary reference books are silent as to the momentous conversations between our then Foreign Secretary and the Chargé d'Affaires, but the flair and industry of M. Flourens happily enable us to bridge the chasm :

"Lord Derby told M. Gavard that he was not at the time possessed of information which would enable him to decide with certainty whether the Berlin Government really wished for war, or only desired to create the impression that this was their wish. The English minister was, however, quite ready to admit that the secret intentions of the Chancellor, whose will was uncontrolled, were a source of great perplexity, and that Europe had reverted to the state in which she was at the time when her fate was in the hands of the First Napoleon." M. Gavard pointed out that France might be attacked. Lord Derby's answer was that "such an aggression would excite general indignation, and that the feeling would nowhere be stronger than in England. Germany would not dare to brave such an expression of opinion." These heartening words were followed by even more encouraging ones, which will assuredly not be lost upon the new generation of our Allies of to-day.

"At any rate," said Lord Derby, "*you may depend upon us*, and be sure that the English Government will not fail in its duty. On this point I can give you all the assurances which can be given

by the minister of a constitutional sovereign." "But, my lord," interposed M. Gavard, "there are events which may be prevented by foreseeing them, and I hope England will lose no time in expressing her sentiments." The Queen's minister acquiesced: "You are right, and I have already spoken to the German Ambassador in London. I have told him that we do not imagine that the alarm expressed in Berlin with respect to the armament of France is to be taken seriously, since it is well known that France makes no complaint against his Government, so that the loud complaints on the part of Germany appear to be a pretext. I did not conceal from the Ambassador that I was unable to understand what interest his Government had in keeping Europe in a state of uneasiness."

Three days later (9th May) Lord Derby informed M. Gavard that "he had received a telegram from Lord Odo Russell [afterwards Lord Ampthill], H.B.M. Ambassador at Berlin, from which he confidently hoped that all danger was at an end. He had, however, replied to this telegram requesting Lord Odo Russell to unite his efforts with those of the Emperor of Russia for the maintenance of peace"; and he concluded with these significant words: "I know that the action of Russia may be more powerful than our own in this crisis, since she is in a position to support her representations by arms, and the Emperor Alexander is resolved to speak with energy."

M. Gavard's mission was succeeding beyond his most sanguine expectations, and when he was invited to call upon Lord Derby on the following day he had the gratification of hearing read a telegram,

just received at our F.O. from the German Chancellor himself, who gave a positive assurance that "the German Government would do nothing to disturb the peace of Europe." Our Foreign Minister's comment upon this was: "The matter is at an end. I only regret that we were unable to obtain the concurrence of Austria. This shows that she is full of lively apprehension for herself. [Then, smilingly:] You know that everyone in Berlin denies that war was thought of. Prince Bismarck, indeed, puts the blame on Marshal Moltke. As for himself [Bismarck], he has never thought of it; but he has, at any rate, talked a good deal about it."

The French Government fully appreciated England's action in thus curbing the manifest intentions of Germany, and the Duc Decazes wrote to M. Gavard (19th May):

I beg that you will express to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs all the gratitude we feel for the opportune intervention of Her Britannic Majesty's Government in a crisis of the most threatening character, which has been in great measure settled by its good offices. There can be no doubt that a great service has been rendered, not only to our own country but to all Europe by the association of England with Russia in giving counsels of moderation to Germany and in inviting the other Powers to take the same step. The loud protestations of peace which have now been uttered by the Chancellor at Berlin, the remarkable change of tone and language which may be observed in the official or officious organs of the Berlin Cabinet, the feelings of tranquillity which have ensued from it are the valuable results of the action exerted by the Governments which are friends of peace at the moment when there were the gravest signs of its being broken to our disadvantage.

In expressing to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs our gratitude for the decision and energy displayed by him in

these critical circumstances I am anxious to think that the lesson to be derived from these incidents will not be lost in the future. Europe is now not only aware of the dangers which may arise from one moment to another, from the uneasy passions which have prevailed on the further side of the Rhine since the last war; she also knows that henceforward the way is open for a common understanding between those countries which sincerely desire to retain for the world the benefits of peace, and that such an agreement is enough to cause the most formidable military Power to disavow its aggressive schemes. . . .

A fortnight later the Queen's Government informed Parliament that peace had been imperilled —that Europe had been in a state of anxiety for some weeks, and that there had been good reasons for that anxiety, caused by "the language of persons of the highest position and authority." Upon being congratulated by M. Gavard upon the deep impression made by his speech in Parliament Lord Derby replied :

I really believe that the English intervention contributed to the maintenance of peace, and also, whatever may be said to the contrary, that the danger was great. *The Chancellor at Berlin wished for war,* or wished people to believe that he did. Overtures had been made to Russia through Count Radowitz, and *everything was prepared for the explosion.* But Germany could attempt nothing without obtaining at any rate the promise that Russia would be neutral. The first object of your Government should be to secure the friendliness of the latter Power.

"The result," replied M. Gavard, "would be still more important if France were able to contribute to the union of England and Russia in the interests of the peace of Europe."

M. Gavard, in his dispatch to the Duc Decazes of 19th June, narrated a piquant incident. As he

left Downing Street, after his interview with Lord Derby, he met the German Ambassador, Count Münster, "who kept him at the door to express his friendly sentiments," and the French Chargé d'Affaires went on to relate that the Ambassador congratulated him on the general pacification of feeling which had resulted from the last incident [Berlin's trumped-up grievance over the formation of the fourth battalions], "and which, as he believed, had the great advantage of showing that no one wished for war. The Ambassador added, by way of cordial advice: 'Believe me, you should not listen too much to your military authorities, and press on your armaments unnecessarily.' After dwelling on this theme the Ambassador concluded by saying: 'Do not collect your troops on the frontier. You need no frontier on the German side, since you know very well that *we shall never attack you.*'"

Of what avail are the words of *any* German Ambassador? The answer is supplied by the events of August, 1914. A grim smile must have illumined the face of the Duc Decazes as he read M. Gavard's dispatch. He had not forgotten the article published by the semi-official "Berlin Post" in April, 1875, "Is War in Prospect?" nor the veiled threats of other German journals. Nor had he forgotten the revelations he had made to M. Blöwitz, and which were given to the world by that eminent publicist on the 6th of May—revelations which threw Europe into a state of disgusted consternation and were the direct means of driving the would-be war-makers back, snarling and baffled, into their kennels at Berlin. And this had been accomplished

by means of that "printers' ink" which Bismarck pretended to regard with contempt, although he had not disdained to employ it for his nefarious ends in the summer of 1870.

During the subsequent years (1879–1886) "The War Department in Germany never ceased to strengthen the defences of the Western frontier, to establish cantonments, to reinforce the army with effective men, and to mass troops, so that they might be ready to cross the frontier and invade French territory on the receipt of a telegram from Berlin." In 1886–1887 the French War Department built, near the frontier towns, some wooden barracks for troops, with the result that there ensued "a fresh outbreak of invectives from the other side of the Vosges" and the sudden calling out of seventy-two thousand men in the German reserve, to be followed by an additional twenty-five thousand. France again became uneasy and Europe believed war was imminent. The relations of France and Russia were now less cordial. The Tsar Alexander II. had believed Paris to be the centre of the Nihilists' outrages in Russia; and the Emperor's assassination in 1881 caused Alexander III. to share for some years his father's coolness to France, which then unfortunately "awoke the susceptibilities of England by inconsequent and worthless rivalry," thus acting in a manner which no one could have anticipated after the events of 1879 previously detailed. The French Ambassador was recalled from St Petersburg, "although his only fault was that, by his marriage with a Danish lady [presumably a protégée of the Danish-born Tsaritsa], he had secured with Alexander III. a position analogous to that

occupied by General Le Flô with Alexander II." * The father of Nicholas II., however, showed that he inherited his sire's sentiments for France.

In the third volume of his "Contemporary France," † comprising many of the prominent events which affected his country between 1874 and 1877, M. Gabriel Hanotaux gives this extract from a letter written to a relative by the then French Minister for Foreign Affairs, the above-mentioned Duc Decazes, whom Prince Bismarck found one of his most redoubtable antagonists :

The Berlin "Post" of last night [April, 1875] began one of its articles in these words : "Is a war in sight ?" and the telegram adds that, in effect, war would be certain if Count Andrassy [Austrian Prime Minister] were to retire, and if an alliance should be formed between Austria, Italy and France. . . . Here are many symptoms of discontent of which we cannot very well appreciate the bearing, but which we must take into account. . . . On the other hand it is said that military preparations are taking place in Germany. It is announced from Frankfort that army contractors have been ordered to make enormous provisions in view of possible events. [The "Cologne Gazette" had announced that France had just bought ten thousand horses in Germany, and Bismarck, as if to give authenticity to that disputed piece of news, had issued a decree forbidding the exportation of horses, a measure which was looked upon as being aimed at France.] From Germany, it is true [the Duc Decazes proceeded], I have received no recriminations or exhortations. . . . But when the great Frederick thought the hour had come he invaded Silesia without warning Maria Theresa, and in 1792 the Prussian declaration of war came a fortnight after the attack. I conclude that, if it please Prince Bismarck to invade us, he will

* M. Flourens, quoting M. Gavard, French Chargé d'Affaires in London, whose dispatches were all published and frequently referred to in Parliament and the Press.

† London : Archibald Constable & Co. Ltd. 1907.

not trouble to get up a quarrel, and he will face the moral disapprobation of Russia and the epistolary reproaches of Queen Victoria by an accomplished fact.

Although it was the article in the Berlin "Post" which was the primary cause of the "scare" exposed by M. Blöwitz in the "Times" on the 6th of May 1875, the first spark had come from the anvil of the "Cologne Gazette" in the shape of a letter from its Vienna correspondent. In that communication it was pointed out, among a farrago of other absurdities, that "France was preparing a war of revenge; the hasty vote of the Constitution, through an understanding between the Orleanists and the Republicans, had no other object; the Orleans Princes thought thus to conquer the throne again; it was believed that an alliance with Austria might be counted upon, Count Andrassy being alone in supporting a German alliance; and France was pressing the reorganisation of her army in view of that near possibility."

All this was very ridiculous. Why did a professedly serious paper like the "Cologne Gazette" print it? Probably for two reasons: (1) because it was playing the Bismarckian game, and (2) because it was well aware that it would be greedily swallowed by thousands of its readers at home and abroad. In 1875 the Cologne paper continued its campaign of calumnies against France for only a few weeks, for not more than a month, at the end of which it hid its diminished head, having covered itself with ridicule. From August, 1914, onward it has pursued the same slanderous line towards England, with even greater virulence and a greater economising of the truth. Every day a foul libel, every day a

lie, every day a misdescription of the effect of the war upon the peoples of the British Empire, every day a vilifying of the officers and men of the Allied forces.

The papers which are still (1916) pouring their venom on England are those which in 1875 were urging Germany to engage in a second war with France—the "Cologne Gazette," the Berlin "Post," and the semi-official (actually the official) "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," supplemented to-day, in regard to ourselves, by the "Hamburger Nachrichten." Their instigator in 1875 was Bismarck—to-day it is the equally unscrupulous Bethmann-Hollweg. "The effect of this three-part song," wrote M. Hanotaux seven years ago, "was what might have been expected: general opinion was alarmed, diplomatic circles became excited, and stocks went down."

The Duc Decazes' reference to Queen Victoria's "epistolary reproaches" requires some elucidation. This, in a measure, is supplied by Prince Bismarck himself.

On the 13th August 1875, Bismarck wrote from Varzin to the Emperor William the subjoined letter,* which, he says in his "Reflections and Reminiscences" (issued in English by Messrs Smith & Elder in 1898), makes "the wide ramifications of the Gontaut-Gortchakoff intrigue evident":

I received with respectful gratitude your Majesty's gracious letter from Gastein of the 8th inst., and was especially rejoiced to find that your Majesty was the better for the waters, in spite of the bad weather in the Alps. I have the honour of returning

* "Bismarck-Jahrbuch," IV., 35 *et seq.*

herewith Queen Victoria's letter. It would have been very interesting if her Majesty had expressed herself in further detail as to the origin of the war rumours at that time. The sources must, however, have seemed to her very sure, else her Majesty would not have referred to them afresh, and the English Government would not have been induced by them to take such important steps, so unfriendly towards us. I do not know whether your Majesty would consider it feasible to take Queen Victoria at her word when she assures your Majesty that she would find it "easy to prove that her fears were not exaggerated." Otherwise it would certainly be of importance to discover from what quarter such "serious errors" could have been conveyed to Windsor.

The hint about persons who must be regarded as "representatives" of your Majesty's Government is apparently aimed at Count Münster [German Ambassador to England]. It is quite possible that both he and Count Moltke may have spoken theoretically of the utility of a timely attack on France, although I am not aware of it, and he never received such instructions. It may indeed be said that it is not conducive to peace for France to feel secure that she will not be attacked under any circumstances, whatever she may do. At this day, as in 1867 in the Luxemburg question, I should never advise your Majesty to begin a war at once, on the score of a likelihood that our enemy would afterwards begin it better prepared. For this we can never sufficiently predict the ways of divine Providence. But, on the other hand, it is not advantageous to give our enemy the assurance that we shall in any case await his attack. Therefore I should not be inclined to blame Münster if he had let fall an occasional remark to that effect; and this would by no means give the English Government the right to base official action upon the unofficial speeches of an Ambassador, and sans nous dire gare call upon the other Powers to bring pressure to bear on us. A step so serious and so unfriendly leads us to suppose that Queen Victoria must have had some other reasons for believing in our warlike intentions, besides occasional remarks of Count Münster's, in which I do not believe. Lord [Odo] Russell [British Ambassador to Germany] assured me that he always reported his firm belief in our peaceful intentions.

On the other hand, all the Ultramontanes and their friends have attacked us both secretly and openly in the press, accusing us of wanting to begin war very shortly, and the French Ambassador,

who lives in these circles, has passed on their lies to Paris as certain information. But even that would not be really sufficient to give Queen Victoria that assured confidence in the untruths to which your Majesty yourself gave a denial which she again expresses in her letter of June 20. I am too little acquainted with the Queen's character to have any opinion as to the possibility of her using the expression "it would be easy to prove" in order to cover an act of precipitation which has already been committed, instead of openly acknowledging it.

While her Government, with Lord Derby as its official spokesman, was assuring the French Chargé d'Affaires discreetly, yet firmly, of England's determination not to allow the German heel to be again placed on the neck of France, Queen Victoria was writing to the Emperor William I. to the same effect, but in plainer and bolder language than Lord Derby considered it discreet to employ in his conversations with M. Gavard, and Lord Odo Russell was displaying equal caution in his talks with Bismarck on his covey of slaves and toadies in the Wilhelmstrasse. The Chancellor took no trouble to conceal his vexation with what he evidently regarded as Queen Victoria's meddlesomeness, originating, as he chose to believe, in Count Münster's tittle-tattle, but which really had a very different basis. Exasperated also was Bismarck with the attitude towards him of our Queen's daughter, the Crown Princess Victoria, who, the rusé and irritable Chancellor chose to believe, exercised a malign influence over her straightforward husband, himself averse to the Bismarckian worrying of France. Of the Royal pair the Chancellor writes in the "Recollections and Reminiscences":

When the state of William I.'s health in 1885 [two years before his son's fatal malady began to seriously reveal itself] gave

occasion to (sic) serious anxiety, the Crown Prince summoned me to Potsdam, and asked whether, in case of a change on the throne, I would remain in office. I declared that I was ready to do so under two conditions: no Parliamentary government and no foreign influence in politics [*i.e.* no interference with him by the "Englishwoman" at Berlin and the "Englishwoman" at Windsor]. The Crown Prince, with a corresponding gesture, answered, "Not a thought of that."

I could not assume that his wife had the same kindly feeling for me. Her natural innate sympathy for her home had from the beginning shown itself in the attempt to turn the weight of Prusso-German influence in the groupings of European Power into the scale of her native land; and she never ceased to regard England as her country. In the differences of interests between the two Asiatic Powers, England and Russia, she wished to see the German Power applied in the interests of England if it came to a breach. This difference of opinion, which rested on the difference of nationality, caused many a discussion between her Royal Highness and me on the Eastern question, including the Battenberg question [relating to the proposed marriage of a daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess with Prince Alexander of Battenberg, for some years Sovereign-Prince of Bulgaria]. Her influence on her husband was at all times great, and it increased with years to culminate at the time when he was Emperor.

The chapter in the "Recollections" containing this letter has also a reference to the present Kaiser which may be appropriately noted here.

Prince Bismarck wrote:

As the story that in 1887, after his return from Ems, the Crown Prince signed a document in which, in the event of his surviving his father, he renounced his succession to the throne in favour of Prince William, has found its way into an English work on the Emperor William II., I will state that there is not a shadow of truth in the story. It is also a fable that, as in 1887 was maintained in many circles and believed in others, an heir to the throne who suffers from an incurable physical complaint is by the family laws of the Hohenzollerns excluded from the succession. The

family laws contain no provision on the matter any more than does the text of the Constitution.

German dupery! Is it not again completely exposed by Baron Beyens?* I approached the Belgian diplomatist's work (and gave this, the first, English review of it in the "Pall Mall Gazette") with the advantage of a foreknowledge of his Excellency's contributions to this particular part of the world's history, and I remembered the many pages of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" which he had filled as recently as June, 1915, with portions of his engrossing and vivacious narrative of the "semaine tragique" and "la Neutralité Belge et l'invasion de la Belgique." The "tragic week" should be closely, even minutely, studied by those who would have a mastery of the subsequent unparalleled events—the abrupt declaration by Austria of war upon inoffensive, humble little Serbia, succeeded by Armageddon, with nation after nation mingled in the fray. Baron Beyens displays a marvellous skill in unravelling the tangled skein of international politics and policies which, as is evidenced in this chapter, the world has had before it these many years. Russia, Germany, Austria, England, France, Belgium, Italy, the Near East, and the inevitable Balkan States—we hear, to a greater or a lesser extent, of the parts played by all, more especially during the years immediately following the untimely passing of our own Royal Pacificator. It was not within the province of the erudite Belgian diplomatist to note the Emperor of Austria's and

* "L'Allemagne avant la Guerre: Les Causes et les Responsabilités." Brussels and Paris: G. Van Oest. 1915.

Count Aehrenthal's treachery towards the former's lifelong friend, Edward VII., in 1908 ; that has been left to Lord Redesdale to narrate, and very spiritedly he does it.

As a concession to the voracious appetite of that mysterious entity the general reader for personalities, Baron Beyens has deigned to give us a few "portraits," which we glance at with disrespectful admiration, with such ability and finesse they are painted in. Many would have welcomed a few more of them from so skilful a pencil. Well, then, our diplomatist-author-portraitist enlivens his more sedate, but never dull, pages with a pastel of the personage whom the world has agreed to dub Attila, while to one of his own Bavarian subjects he is the incarnation of Caligula. Either name is appropriate. The Baron found the Kaiser's voice "exceedingly guttural" (so did we in England), "almost hoarse, and not pleasant. His expression derives its animation and fire from his magnificent eyes."

Here I venture, respectfully, to differ from the Baron. To the close observer William II., during his visits to England in 1907 and since, presented a sleepy gaze, with neither animation nor fire; yet Baron Beyens finds "scintillations in them like the glint of steel." But whenever have different observers agreed upon the knotty point of facial expression ? "His nervousness increased in recent years; his growing irritability rendered his service more difficult . . . but his plans were prepared in perfect tranquillity of mind. . . . 'I have often held out my hand to France; she has only replied with kicks.'"

This he confided to one of the Baron's friends, and I quote it as another proof of his total inability to speak the truth. His wilful exaggerations were underlain with the ready lie. What the Empress told Herr Kiderlen about "French impertinences" was the ungrateful silliness of a woman who depended upon Paris for her dresses and a deceptive lotion for changing her white hair to its normal brown. Despite the Baron's assertion that the Kaiserin's influence was "in the background" when he was meditating the attack upon peaceful France, I again respectfully disagree. The Empress has never been more than a nonentity in State affairs, and had no pretensions to knowledge of any but household matters.

Few, I think, will agree with the amiable Baron's opinion that the Crown Prince was a nullity—before the war. He and his aspiring wife were mischief-makers and aroused even the Kaiser's resentment, often expressed in vulgar and brutal terms, as beseemed the Fregolian tyrant. But I may be excused for remarking that what the Baron says of Prince Henry of Prussia I have said of the Emperor—and it is founded on knowledge. "Prince Henry's relationship with the British Royal family supplied him with a pretext for frequent visits to the neighbouring island. There he learnt the strong and weak points of the British Navy, which he was preparing to fight one day. He was fond of calling himself the comrade and adviser of the British seamen. And all the time he was seeking the opportunity of torpedoing their ships and destroying their naval supremacy. All his efforts were directed towards the preparations for a war" (with England)

" which he himself regarded as very near at hand." That is gospel truth, and what is true of this odious Prince-spy is equally true of his brother, the blackmailing Kaiser. Baron Beyens may now be informed that Henry of Prussia was carrying out his nefarious espionage in England without let or hindrance or even suspicion (such was our fatal blindness !), at the very moment his brother at Potsdam was telling his co-conspirators that it should be war with England, with France, with Belgium, and with Russia, unless we agreed to " stand out."

## CHAPTER XI

## THE HYRCANEAN TIGER

THE First of September is a "date" of transcendent import, for the conflict on the grassy plains and wooded knolls around Sedan was the causal nexus between 1870 and 1914-1916. Had there been no Sedan there would have been no Kaiserism as we know it to-day, and no Armageddon, and the Hyrcanean Tiger would perforce have contented himself with the rôle of Imperial Jack-Pudding and finicking dabbler in the arts which he enacted for so many years to his own complete satisfaction and the amusement of the crowd in the market-place and beer-hall. Sedan was the link between the Past and the Present, because it was the prelude to that unification of the Teutonic States which was no King's work but Bismarck's, the man with the brains, with the hand strong enough to wield a sledge-hammer, and the mind sufficiently cunning to enable him to metamorphose his Royal master's innocent telegraphic memorandum into a "paper" which, as he had calculated, drove the neighbour across the Rhine into a paroxysm of frenzy and made war inevitable.

Sedan again formed the connecting link between the two periods because one of its wholly unanticipated results was to raise the New Germany to a pitch of material prosperity which went on increasing for upwards of four decades. But how

right was Bismarck when he assured his blatant compatriots that the Five Milliards, the £200,000,000 sterling, extorted from France as one condition of peace, would "never do Germany any good" (textual)! What prescience! And how ill they took it!

Only now is the moral retrogression of Germany, of Berlin in particular, under the twenty-eight years' rule of William II., being grasped by this country; and perhaps not until the splendours of victory have crowned our united efforts will England fully realise that in this contest of Right with Might it is mainly the spiritual influence ingrained in our protectors which will enable us to secure the final triumph. This point, which I have continuously striven to enforce, has been impressed upon the Empire by Lord Cromer in his pamphlet, "Germania contra Mundum." "The complete collapse of all the moral forces in Germany during the last forty or fifty years" he ascribes mainly to the perpetual glorification of force by her leading philosophers, historians, and statesmen, "which ended in the absolute perversion of public morals," issuing above all in Kaiserism, "the accursed thing of modern times, which threatens to corrupt the whole world."

This pronouncement, worthy of its eminent author, may here be fittingly illustrated, not by the enunciation of theories, but by facts which cannot be too often repeated.

When the Emperor William and his consort visited King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the autumn of 1907 the former remained for a considerable period at Highcliffe, by Bournemouth, ostensibly for the benefit of his health, but really to escape for a while from the poisonous atmosphere

of Berlin engendered by the revelations in a notorious case.

The gravity of the affair will be understood when it is stated that it came before the Reichstag in the same year (28th November 1907). The Deputy Spahn, in bringing it forward, said "the revelations made in the Moltke-Harden case *recalled the morals of old Pagan Rome.*" The Imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, made a long speech in reply, in the course of which he said: "The moral delinquencies of a number of individuals, as proved by the evidence given at the Moltke-Harden trial, have *filled me with disgust and shame*, and I do not for a moment doubt that our military administration will do everything possible to *extirpate these abominations with fire and iron.* Have not I myself been the object of unworthy suspicions and absurd calumnies? When the Emperor first spoke to me about this affair I told him he must not look either to the left or to the right. He must think only how to maintain in all its purity the escutcheon of his own House and of the army."

After the Chancellor came the Minister for War, General von Einem, who told the members of the Reichstag that General von Moltke and General von Hohenau had been "retired," with a pension, "with the idea of reinstating them if they could prove their innocence." He amazed the Reichstag by announcing that, as a result of the prosecutions, the cuirassiers had been prohibited from leaving their barracks after nightfall while wearing their high boots and white breeches! "For a long time regiments have had to combat this evil. *I desire to see 'all that' cleaned up with an iron broom.*"

What confessions and admissions for a German Chancellor and a German War Minister to be driven to make in the Reichstag only six and a half years before the Huns were burning, murdering and violating Belgian women of all ages, married and single, and even little female children! Lord Bryce's Report, which has been circulated by millions everywhere, tells of these horrors in unusually plain language, and (so a well-known recruiting officer assured me) brought in a very large number of recruits. "Women," he said, "are reading it with horrified avidity. They clamour for more copies than I have been able to supply." (See final chapter.)

The atrocious crimes of the Huns are less amazing than they would otherwise be to those who recall a step taken by the Kaiser rather more than three years after his accession. In a remarkable rescript issued by him on 27th October 1891, he said: "The Heinze trial has proved in a terrifying manner that the number of degraded men who live with and are supported by prostitutes in the large towns in my empire, *but more especially in Berlin*, has become a danger to the State and society. With a view to stamp out this plague the first consideration will be as to how far the existing laws can be employed for the *extirpation of these degraded wretches*. It will be the duty of the police to proceed without mercy against *the excesses of this hideous class*."

Sixteen years later the Kaiser learnt, I believe from his son, the Crown Prince, that some of his father's most cherished friends and companions were among those "degraded wretches," that "hideous class"!

General Count Hohenau, who had been one of the Kaiser's aides-de-camps, and Count Lynar, a former officer of the Guards regiment, were tried, in 1908, by a court-martial for committing shocking offences. Hohenau was acquitted for lack of evidence, and Lynar was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. Lynar I remember in Paris and London, and in both capitals he was regarded as a mauvais sujet with whom no gentleman would knowingly associate. His conviction by a military tribunal composed of those who had been his brother officers completed his social ostracism.

Even Armageddon has not lessened the immorality which, since 1870, has made the German capital the moral cesspool of Europe. In the early days of the war a gentleman who had arrived in London from the centre of German Kultur writes: "What is known as the 'night life' of Berlin continues. For years past the fast element in Berlin has been one of its most notorious features. This accompaniment of the prosperity of the capital since the war of 1870 has struck with surprise many observers of German life accustomed to the idea of German simplicity and purity of morals, rendered classical by Tacitus and exemplified by many representatives of German national life in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when Germany was rallying from the blows inflicted by Napoleon. All that need be said upon this head is that, as far as report can be accepted as evidence, vice is the only commodity which has become less expensive since the war began." *

In an instructive, outspoken work by Mr Charles

* The "Times," 17th October 1914.

Tower * I find this passage : " If the history of the growth of vice in its most flagrant forms in the cities of Germany in the last ten years teaches anything, it teaches that that which is learned in peace-time will be practised in war."

Supplementary to this we had M. Pichon, late French Minister for Foreign Affairs, declaring : " The Germans believe themselves to be vastly superior to us, and so they are in certain respects—as, for example . . . in contempt for all human conventions and in the shameless exultation of the vilest bestiality."

In a letter to the " Saturday Review " (September, 1914) Lieutenant-Colonel (retired) H. Golding, Royal Albert Yacht Club, Southsea, wrote : " The enclosed ' gem,' which I have translated from a little French paper published in London, has, I think, a direct bearing on the article ' Germany and England,' by Professor Cramb, reviewed in your present number. This precious effusion, coming from a person holding a responsible position in journalism, is, I think, a valuable illustration of the modes of thought in vogue in the ' glorious Fatherland.' "

[*Translation*]

GERMAN PRESS BUREAU,
LONDON, W. This *8th September.*

MR EDITOR,—You are warned that all you publish in your dirty sort of pamphlet of lies is noted. Every scrap of paper published in French is extracted by order of our " Sovereign Master the Kaiser " ! All the articles which speak evil of our noble Fatherland are inscribed upon a list. You figure in this already ! When the splendid German army is in London, about the middle of next month, you will be instantly arrested and shot like dogs, dirty

* " Changing Germany." London : T. Fisher Unwin. 1915.

curs that you are. We shall not forget you. It is even possible that we pick you out beforehand—it is very possible.—Therefore look out! We shall be the conquerors, and *your females will be treated as we know how to treat them, by order of our Sovereign Master the Kaiser,* with the greatest severity.

This letter was addressed to and published by the editor of the "Cri de Londres." It confirmed a statement made to me in the previous August by a German barber, who, in his own phrase, had "waited on me" for twenty years. He was a wholehearted admirer of and sympathiser with England; nevertheless he was interned—there was no help for it.

At inquests which were held in England and Ireland in 1915 the juries found that the victims of certain raids on our coasts were "murdered by the Kaiser." He could have prevented the crimes by saying the one word: "No!" But the ferocity of the Hyrcanean Tiger was in him, and he would not say the word. He regarded the findings of these English and Irish jurors with contempt, not deeming them worthy of denial. He treated me differently, for reasons best known to himself. Until the 21st of August 1915, he had never troubled to deny anything that an Englishman had written about him. On that day he caused the Berlin semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" to deny "the assertion, reproduced in the British Press from a book by Mr Edward Legge, to the effect that the Kaiser advised an English acquaintance not to allow his son to travel by the 'Lusitania.'" So ran the telegram published in several London and provincial papers on 22nd and 23rd August. As we *know* that the tragedy could not possibly

have been enacted without the Kaiser's full knowledge and acquiescence, it is relatively a matter of small importance whether he gave the advice referred to or not. If the semi-official denial was true, the Kaiser has been undeservedly credited with doing a kindly act! A propos, it would be interesting to know what he thought of the statement made by his henchman, Count Reventlow, published in New York and London in August, 1915, after the torpedoing of the "Arabic": "We have always endeavoured to warn neutrals before embarking on ships destined to cross the war zone, and we have always been regretful that the United States should have disregarded our warnings." Will the Kaiser dare assert that he was unaware that his Ambassador at Washington publicly warned "all Americans" not to take passage on board the "Lusitania"—a fact recorded by the United States press at the time? Of what avail, then, is his denial of my statement? *

The crimes of the Hyrcanean Tiger culminated, for the moment, with the execution of Captain Fryatt towards the end of July, 1916. It was an inexcusable and unpardonable act of savagery, warranting reprisals upon the Imperial murderer himself when the opportunity arrives.

It so happened that on the day (29th July) our Press was denouncing the cold-blooded executioner of the martyred captain of the "Brussels" we read of William II. in the new character of that pest of society, the blackmailer! In July, 1916, there was

* As recently as August, 1916, the Kaiser conferred upon the commander of the submarine which torpedoed the "Lusitania" one of the most coveted of all the German Orders.

published in Madrid a remarkable document, entitled "An Address by Spanish Catholics to Belgium," containing examples of those crimes which began when the Huns invaded King Albert's country in the first week of August, 1914, and have continued ever since. The appearance of this condemnatory manifesto caused a panic at the German Embassy at Madrid and aroused the Kaiser to frenzy. The only English journal which got wind of the document was the "Times," which published two articles on it (22nd and 29th July, 1916) from its active Madrid correspondent. The second article was appropriately headed, in large black type: "German Emperor as Blackmailer," and from it I take these striking passages:

Well-known members of the Spanish aristocracy, whose family possess a fine estate in Belgium, received a special intimation from the Emperor William, through a channel which could not be ignored [meaning, I assume, King Alfonso], that, unless they withdrew their signatures to this address, the old trees in their park would be cut down, while in their mansion would be billeted the "roughest soldiers in the German army," who would "defile and destroy the furniture." They were further warned that reprisals would be taken against the Spaniards resident in Belgium. The threat was not an empty one, for, in the early days of the war, the agent of this very estate had been taken as a hostage by the Germans and shot. The signatures in question were withdrawn accordingly, not without much searching of heart, for the signatories belong to one of the oldest and proudest of Spanish families. In the same way Señor Ramon y Cajal, the famous scientist, was prevented from signing by his fear of a German boycott. . . . Apart from these cases of successful blackmail, German efforts to discredit the movement seem to have failed. For to-day (July 22) is published to the world a restrained, dignified, and weighty document, of unimpeachable neutrality, subscribed by over 400 of the most distinguished figures in the Spanish Catholic world.

Madame de Staël has told us that "It is the great illusion of forgetfulness which makes the world go round, and it is sometimes the only consolation of Kings." The Kaiser will not have even this poor consolation, for there can never be any forgetfulness of his crimes. There can be no future for him.

William II. has been in his time a great traveller. By sea and by land he journeyed to all European countries save France and to some Eastern lands. Whither can he betake himself in the future—when the war-drums have ceased to throb and "all is over and done"? Not to any part of the British Empire, not to the United States, not to Russia, Italy, Belgium, France, Japan, Serbia, Montenegro or Portugal—perhaps not even to Rumania, Spain, Norway, Denmark, Sweden or (shall we say?) Greece. Only Bulgaria remains as a possible refuge, and possibly events in 1917 will so shape themselves as to make even Ferdinand prefer his present ally's absence to his company.*

* With the entry of Rumania into the war at the end of August, 1916, that country will be closed to the Kaiser, as well, in all likelihood, as Bulgaria and Greece, while even Turkey may be possessed by Russia. (September, 1916.)

## CHAPTER XII

## THE KAISER'S EMPRESS-HOSTAGE

The first Kaiser William held the Emperor of the French in captivity from the 2nd of September, 1870 (when Napoleon III. surrendered himself and 90,000 men), until the third week in March, 1871. The second Kaiser William has held the Empress of Mexico as a hostage since August, 1914. She is the Austrian Kaiser's sister-in-law, widow of the Archduke Maximilian Ferdinand Joseph, Emperor of Mexico, or she might have shared the fate of Nurse Cavell and thousands of Belgian women, girls and babies. This is a war episode which has been only casually referred to in our Press; and to many the existence of this Belgian Princess, a prisoner of the murderers of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, is unknown.

Princess Charlotte, aunt of King Albert of Belgium, was only seventeen when she married, at Brussels, in 1857, the Archduke Maximilian Ferdinand Joseph, the ill-fated brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The wedding ceremony was performed at the Belgian Royal Palace. In course of time Napoleon III. laid before the Archduke the tempting offer of the sovereignty of Mexico. Maximilian's Emperor-brother called him to Vienna and counselled him to refuse it. But the temptation was too great, and very soon the young couple were on their way to Mexico, Maxi-

milian glorying in the belief that it was his destiny to found a great South American Republic under the ægis of France. At the outset everything went swimmingly. The Emperor was supported by a fairly strong force of French troops, under the command of Bazaine. But the rebellion against the young Emperor soon assumed alarming proportions. The assistance which he sought from France was not forthcoming. Belgium did its best for the sake of the Empress, and sent her consort 1600 (!) men. The Empress set out for France and Paris to beg Napoleon's help. During her absence, in 1867, Maximilian was seized by the revolutionaries and shot. To this day she is in happy ignorance of his fate. When the Empress at last drove from Paris to see Napoleon at St Cloud the Comtesse del Bario and one or two other ladies accompanied her. Anger and mortification at her treatment had already had a deplorable effect upon her. More than once it seemed as if she would have thrown herself out of the carriage.

Napoleon III. awaited her in a salon, his Empress and their son with him. After the exchange of greetings the Emperor and the two Empresses retired into his Majesty's study. Very soon Charlotte's ladies, who were in an adjoining room, heard high words. Above all rose Charlotte's voice: "How can I ever have forgotten who I am and who you are! I ought to have remembered that the blood of the Bourbons flows through my veins, and not have disgraced my race by humiliating myself before a Bonaparte and negotiating with an adventurer!" Napoleon, deathly pale, entered the little ante-room, saying in an agitated tone to

the Comtesse del Bario: "Comtesse, come in, I beseech you!" Charlotte was lying on a couch, Eugénie by her side in tears. She had taken off Charlotte's stockings and was rubbing her feet with eau-de-Cologne. "Manuela, don't leave me!" said Maximilian's wife to her friend. The Empress of the French told the Comtesse what had happened. The Emperor had refused to grant Charlotte's request to send help to Mexico, and, when Eugénie had pressed the overwrought woman to drink a glass of sugared water she refused it with the frenzied exclamation: "Assassins! Go away, and take your poisoned drink with you!"

Charlotte was taken away. She was insane, and so she has remained ever since—forty-nine years. From Paris she insisted upon going to Rome, where she had an audience with the Pope, entreating him to help Maximilian. She told a Cardinal that she intended to reside at the Vatican! As soon as possible, the Empress Charlotte was taken to Belgium. For a time she resided at the château of Tervueren, and remained there until it was partly destroyed by fire, caused, so it was said, by the Empress herself. While there she begged for, and was given, a life-size lay figure, which she dressed in imperial robes. To her this mannequin was her husband, and it was never allowed to go out of her sight. When the château was in flames she refused to leave without it! She was then removed to what has been her home ever since, the Château Bouchout, near the Royal Palace of Laeken.

## CHAPTER XIII

## THE BISMARCK I SAW AT SEDAN

I AM, I have been told, the only surviving Englishman who saw Bismarck on the battlefield of Sedan on 1st September 1870. It was not for the first time. Several times I had rubbed shoulders with him on the march to, as it proved, the scene of the débâcle. Victor Silberer (now one of the wealthiest newspaper proprietors at Vienna) and I had escaped from Saarbrücken, then in a state of siege, and were following in the footsteps of the King of Prussia, and at Pont-à-Mousson, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy and Clermont we saw Count Bismarck daily, generally strolling about or chatting to his sovereign, then seventy-three, yet looking thoroughly "fit." At Clermont we were buying provisions in the one shop which was open (kept by a German !) when an old man and a younger one entered, both in uniform. They were Bismarck and Moltke, both on the same quest as ourselves. They left the shop with as much food—huge sausages, ham, and sweet biscuits —as they could carry. Moltke scarcely spoke, except to say what he wanted, and to ask: "How much ?" His companion, then only fifty-five, and rapidly putting on flesh, was all chatter, "chaff" and merriment. We were likewise in good feather, for we had just cajoled von Podbielski, the King's adjutant, and no friend of Bismarck's, into giving us a "legitimation" (a permit, passing us everywhere

and enjoining everybody to assist us when necessary).

Early in the morning of 1st September we found ourselves on a battlefield, but were unaware that it was to be known as that of Sedan. Not even the name of the little town had been whispered to us or to poor Sutherland Edwards, of the "Times," who had picked us up on the road, which was thick with troops. I missed Silberer, and while I was looking about for him a Saxon sergeant in charge of ammunition wagons gave me a seat on one of them, took me to his battery (then in action), and introduced me to the captain (Richter), who, without ado, attached me to the battery. To our right, not far off, was a group, among whom I recognised Count Bismarck. The others were the King, the Crown Prince Frederick (father of William II.), Moltke, Podbielski, and a dozen others, the American General Sheridan among them. Bismarck did not particularly attract me. I did not imagine he was going to occupy so large a space on the world's stage; least of all did I dream that I should live to read of the celebration of his centenary in 1915. Some nine months later I saw him at Berlin, on the day of the "Einzug"—the march through the capital of the victorious troops, then returned from France—a magnificent spectacle, of course. It was not Bismarck, though, who was the real hero of the day; after the old King, it was Moltke.

Physically, Bismarck was one of those ponderous men of whom the unfortunate Col. Valentine Baker was a type; but while the German was very talkative and amusingly satirical, the Englishman was moody and reserved. Bismarck has come down

in history as the manipulator of the telegram sent to him from Ems by King William à propos of the Hohenzollern's candidature for the throne of Spain, which had been already withdrawn. Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador, asked the King to give assurances that there should be no such candidature in the future, and his Majesty declined to do so. Bismarck received the telegram the same evening (13th July), when General Roon and the chief of the army (Moltke) were dining with him. Their faces fell when their host read out the full message, for, taken as a whole, it was disappointingly pacific. Bismarck has himself explained how he dealt with the dispatch. He says: "In the presence of Von Roon and Moltke I reduced the telegram by striking out words, but without adding or altering anything. . . . If I communicate this text" (as abbreviated by him) "to the newspapers and the Embassies it will be known in Paris before midnight, and will have the effect of a red rag on the Gallic bull." Moltke and Von Roon were delighted at the complexion the hitherto harmless telegram now assumed, for they recognised, with Bismarck, that it would provoke the French into declaring war; it had that effect. When the Emperor Napoleon was in captivity at Wilhelmshöhe (1870-1871) he said: "I am not to be blamed for this war, and Emile Ollivier is not to be blamed, and Bismarck knows it."

What were the comments of Bismarck's two friends when he had read the revised telegram to them? Roon said: "Our God of old lives still, and will not see us perish in disgrace." Moltke's remark was: "If I may but live to lead our armies

in such a war, then the devil may come directly afterwards and fetch away the 'old carcase.'" Out of their own mouths the Germans stand convicted of being the causes of the war, yet to this day France has been accused by Germany of precipitating the strife in 1870.

It will surprise many to be told that at the outset of the war of 1870, and after, Bismarck was in disfavour with the military chiefs. This he has himself admitted, for he wrote: "The ill-feeling towards me which had survived in the higher military circles from the Austrian war lasted throughout the French war, fostered, not by Roon and Moltke, but by the 'demi-gods,' as the higher staff officers were then called." He complains that he was not summoned to vote upon military matters at Versailles during the war; and he adds this curious note: "Russell, the English correspondent at headquarters, was usually better informed than myself as to the views and occurrences there, and was a useful source of intelligence." Russell wrote from Versailles:

> (December 6, 1870): Our good friends (the Germans), whom the "Times" has done so much to put down the throat of John Bull, will be found very indigestible. They have a profound contempt for England. . . . I am quite satisfied—I fear that I shall die with ample reasons for my faith, even if I do not live long—that when France went down we lost our only ally, an ally whom we had much to forgive and much to endure with, but who, after all, natural or unnatural, would have stood by us.

Bismarck began his official career by keeping the minutes of the criminal court at Berlin, a fact which he only has recorded. He says: "Of the examinations, as criminal proceedings in the inquisitorial

method of that day were called, the one that has made the most lasting impression upon me related to the widely ramifying association in Berlin for the purpose of unnatural vice. The ramifications of this society extended even into the highest circles." That was in 1835. Read in conjunction with the revolting evidence published in 1907-1908, at the time of the Harden trials, these words of Bismarck form a striking commentary upon that German decadence which has led to the vilenesses of the Huns in Belgium and in parts of France since August, 1914. Bismarck's revelations explain much if not all. It is certain that they are little known in this country. Maximilian Harden, a Pole, much befriended by Bismarck, did not hesitate to denounce the criminalities of those bosom friends of the present Kaiser—Philip Eulenburg, Kuno Moltke, and Hohenau. The final result of the trials was a triumph for Bismarck's journalistic friend, and the greatest blow which had hitherto been inflicted upon the Kaiser.

The two portly volumes dictated by Bismarck, and issued in London several years ago, fully narrate his long official career, but they are of interest only to diplomatists and Foreign Office clerks; and it may be surmised that very few even of these have troubled to wade through them. The portions of Bismarck's official life which are most attractive to English readers are those relating to the peace negotiations at Versailles towards the end of 1870 and in January and February, 1871. But Bismarck was seen at his best, in the fulness of his strength, at the council of French and German generals on the day after the battle of Sedan, when the question

of the surrender of the defeated army at a certain hour on the following morning was discussed. The French had to succumb : there was no way out.

Bismarck as a diplomatist owed his successes to his unscrupulousness. His considered views on diplomacy are not unamusing. "A general," he has said, "may certainly be the civil governor of a province, but one can hardly become a diplomatist capable of guiding a great empire in one's old age unless one has special qualifications. Diplomacy is no shoemaker's stool, on which one can sit, stretch a knee-strap, and put a patch on a hole. Diplomacy is not a craft which can be learnt by years and developed on a roller. Diplomacy is an art."

It was in June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, that there was pointed out to me in Berlin a lady whom everybody spoke of as "Bismarck's wife." She was there to proudly watch the fall of the curtain on the last act of the great war drama in which her husband had played a leading rôle ; and surely on that day of the "Einzug" the Countess von Bismarck must have deemed herself the most favoured woman in the world. At that time she was still on the sunny side of fifty—young enough to appreciate to the full the incense daily—nay, hourly—offered up to the glory of the colossal figure in history whose name she bore. I often heard Princess Bismarck spoken of as "the German Mrs Gladstone." There was this resemblance between the two ladies—both were devoted to their husbands, and would brook no adverse criticism of their heroes.

Princess Bismarck was no leader of women, no advocate for "sex-equality," "equal rights," and

the other shibboleths of the modern school. She was a home-loving and a home-abiding woman; happy in the possession of a husband whom she counted it no sin to idolise, and of sons and a daughter who were never so happy as when gathered together under the old roof-tree, whether it were Varzin, Friedrichsruh, or the Wilhelmstrasse. When the Chancellor was not at his office or in Parliament, he was "at home." The Princess shared with her husband a positive distaste for "society," and when they were at Berlin only a chosen few found their way across the threshold of what was formerly known as the Radziwill Palace. Ever since the Congress, in 1878, the immense room on the first floor has enjoyed historic celebrity. In November of that great year (memorable for the complete bowling over of Gortschakoff, who infinitely preferred a chat with a pretty woman to a discussion across the conference table) the Princess's only daughter married Count Rantzau. "Unser Fritz," hale and hearty in his Pomeranian Cuirassier uniform, was there to officially "witness" the marriage; Counts Herbert and William were the bride's supporters; and young Von Arnim, Bismarck's nephew, presided at the harmonium. When the Prince was "in harness" in the capital his working room was in the rez-de-chausseé. An iron staircase led to the garden from the upper part of the house, and down these stairs in the early morning the Princess would trip (no "Peeping Toms" being about) to assure herself that her husband was "all right." In a small room adjoining his study there was a telegraphic apparatus, to keep the Prince informed of what happened in the Reichstag when he was tired

of listening to the debates : and every ten minutes or so a length of the " tape " was pushed through an aperture in the wall, perused by the Prince, and thrown aside. Manfully as he stuck to the wheels of the State machine, the Prince was always eager to get back to his fields and his woods. As the Princess often said, " My husband takes greater interest in the haymaking than in all your politics ! "

When the Prince and Princess and their sons were in Berlin, and there were no guests to entertain, dinner was served at five o'clock in the Princess's room. The moment the meal was over—that is to say, directly the head of the house had finished—the Prince took his seat at a small table, filled his long porcelain pipe, and waited for his coffee. During this little interval the Prince would chatter merrily over the incidents of the day, narrate what had happened in the Reichstag, and discuss domestic matters. Presently he retreated to his sanctum, working, either alone or with officials, until supper was announced. This meal lasted a couple of hours, the only visitors being the Countess Rantzau and her children. By this time the Prince was all gaiety—the Princess all smiles and laughter. Bismarck in slippers was quite another man. All the fatigues and annoyances of the day forgotten—at all events temporarily—he was as frolicsome as a schoolboy, told all manner of funny stories, joked with the young Rantzaus, and made the ladies scream with laughter. Even the great dog Tiras, " the dog of the Empire," successor to Sultan—the historical pets, which in turn accompanied their master everywhere—would look affectionately up at the Chancellor and blink his eyes as if he under-

stood what was being talked about. Tiras, a cross between a Newfoundland and a wolf-hound, was the terror of the household when he first joined the family, and even the Princess was scared by his naughtiness; the Prince's whip was, however, used upon him with such effect that he soon became the quietest and best-behaved of animals. Still, if you were talking to the Prince, it behoved you to be sparing of your gestures, or Tiras would make it very unpleasant for you.

The painter C. W. Allers has depicted the family life of the Bismarcks at Friedrichsruh in masterly fashion, and the superb album published by the Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft under the title, "Fürst von Bismarck in Friedrichsruh," expensive as it is, was the Christmas book par excellence throughout Germany. The Hamburg artist was a guest for a considerable period at Friedrichsruh. The Prince was a very difficult sitter; or, rather, he would not give any sittings at all; so Allers had to take furtive sketches of him at odd moments, when the Prince was blissfully unconscious that he was being "done." Princess Bismarck and the Countess Rantzau were naturally complaisant, although the former could not imagine that anybody cared to see her in an album. As to the Prince, he said roundly that these attempts to glorify him were absurd; and he would have nothing to do with the selection of a writer to do the necessary "descriptive" part of the work. He laughed the whole affair out of court. But everybody bought the album.

Prince Bismarck showed a remarkable partiality for the popular comic actor, Herr Helmerding, who was not slow to let the world know of the great

man's condescension. Bismarck's "favourite piece," wrote Helmerding, "was a short act by David Kalisch, the most popular author of Berlin; this little sketch is entitled 'Musical and Declamatory Evenings.' In it I play the part of a German concierge who, during the absence of his master, has invited his brethren of the neighbourhood. Each concierge belonging to the foreign embassies of Berlin is received by me with political allusions more or less comical. The part which amused Bismarck most was when I addressed the English concierge, whom I saluted profoundly, saying to him, 'My dear friend, I am enchanted to see you; I hope you will do me the pleasure of passing the evening at my house very often,' and at the same time I gave him kicks and blows, and knocks with the broom! . . . The Prince and I continued good friends, and it was not without reason that I was made to say, in a piece called 'Helmerding in Olympus': 'When I go to see my friend Otto' (meaning the Prince), 'we are so familiar that he sleeps on the sofa while I get into his bed.'"

## CHAPTER XIV

## THE KAISER "THE DESTINED INHERITOR OF KING EDWARD'S INFLUENCE"!

It seems incredible in 1916, but this suggestion was made by one of our most influential papers on the day of our beloved sovereign's funeral! Two years later (in 1912) another journal displayed its ignorance of the character of William II. by declaring that the statements in my "King Edward in his True Colours" respecting the Kaiser's insolent behaviour to the King, his uncle, were "impertinences." Ere the lapse of another two years the same paper was stigmatising the German Emperor as a more infamous wretch than the barbarous Attila! "Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are; and gulled with most surprising profit."*

The calamity of the 6th of May 1910 furnished our deluded people with an opportunity of once more displaying their idolatrous reverence for the Emperor William II. We had received him gratefully when he rode alongside his Uncle Edward at the funeral of Queen Victoria. At the obsequies of the Peacemaker his figure attracted even more respectful and admiring attention than that of our new sovereign. It is easy to be wise after the event; nevertheless, at that time, both the public and the Press, as events in 1914 proved, and as I

* Carlyle. "Sartor Resartus."

will now show, were lamentably ignorant of the Emperor's character.

King Edward was buried on the 20th of May 1910. On the 19th the writer of a leading article in one of our most powerful journals said :

Except for Kaiser Wilhelm, who arrives to-day, not less to be welcomed than upon his memorable errand of ten years ago, an unparalleled company of Monarchs attending the great burial is complete. . . . Were this all, the participation of Sovereign figures in the mourning for Edward the Seventh would be of itself a fact without example in history ; but to this august list we have given must be added no less a name than that of the German Emperor, who reaches London to-day and completes the muster of nine Ruling Sovereigns who will accompany the body of King Edward to the grave.

Among these Kaiser Wilhelm will be, after King George himself, the most conspicuous mourner. Whatever else betides, nothing can alter the human meaning of one circumstance. The third Sovereign of the restored German Empire is not only one of the mightiest of the world's Monarchs ; he is the son of King Edward's sister, and the immediate kinsman of George V. His English origin is impressed, as it were, upon every feature of his character, and, apart from the singular glory and power of the Crown he wears, he comes among us again as one full of our own English blood.* Chivalry answered chivalry when he came among us on as solemn a mission nearly a decade ago, and the true recognition of his knightliness as well as of his kinsmanship extended to him in that well-recollected hour we offer him with full hearts again.

Nearly ten years have passed over his head. They have been times of vicissitude for Monarchs, as for all others, high and low, throughout the world ; but Kaiser Wilhelm has emerged from another decade of human experience a yet more powerful personality than before, and as he impressed the world by the brilliancy of his younger years, he impresses it now even more deeply by his self-contained strength. His presence among us means one

* This he had referred to, at Bonn, many years before, as " my damned English blood."—AUTHOR.

of the very noblest of all the tributes that have been rendered to the memory of Edward the Peacemaker.

On the following day (20th May, the date of the funeral) the same paper published a leading article devoted to the German Emperor. "The white thread of our dead Sovereign's efforts for peace has dropped," said the writer; "who will take it up? . . . There are two, above all others, who can restore to nations a living guarantee equal to that which is gone." These were "George the Fifth and the German Emperor, now once more our guest. In our own young Monarch we have absolute confidence. . . ." The article continued:

For Continental purposes it has been thought by some that there is now no one to replace Edward the Peacemaker. Not for a moment do we adopt that pessimistic view. The rôle of King Edward in the counsels of Europe may seem for a moment to be vacant. But it cannot remain vacant. We cannot doubt that it will be filled; nor by whom it can be best filled for the re-established security of the world's peace and of international confidence. In this sense the destined inheritor of King Edward's influence ought to be the great Sovereign who will follow his uncle's coffin to-day, and who commands more organised strength than any Monarch who has as yet reigned in the world.

All preparations for the great burial being now complete, Kaiser Wilhelm's arrival yesterday is in itself an event of the highest significance. We extend to him once more and without reserve the warmest welcome that, in all the sad circumstances of the hour, we are enabled to display. Whatever matters of international importance may have been in debate since he was last amongst us, we put them aside at this time, and we dwell upon nothing but the intimate ties that bind him to our Royal House as to our own race, and that immense power for good that lies between his hands. Upon some aspects of this theme we touched yesterday, but the subject will well bear to be emphasised. This generation cannot forget the scene of nearly ten years ago, which left its impress not only upon our own

minds, but upon the imagination of all countries. When Queen Victoria's unparalleled reign of sixty-two years was closed at last, many Princes of her line were reigning, or stood in direct succession, abroad, but the mightiest among them by far was the grandson who held the throne of the restored German Empire—that Empire which played so large a part in the thoughts and the affairs of Europe for nearly a thousand years from Charlemagne, and is now refounded less extensively, but far more solidly, upon a genuinely German and national basis. In those winter days Kaiser Wilhelm hurried across the sea at a time when the state of international feeling might have embarrassed a less decisive character, and when, in his red cloak, he rode with King Edward and the Duke of Connaught behind that low gun-carriage, covered by the Union Jack, which bore the body of Queen Victoria through the vast and silent multitudes in the streets of London, we felt that the dignity and greatness of those obsequies, closing, as it seemed, a long epoch of human time, were incalculably enhanced. So will it be to-day, and nothing in the bearing either of the German Emperor or the British people will detract from that memory or from that equally solemn impression which will to-day be added to it. In the intervening period of nearly a decade, since the beginning of 1901 to now, the German Emperor has passed, both in international politics and in domestic affairs, through years by far the most critical and trying of his reign. But these years have also been by far the most significant. Knowing that William II. is still in the prime of life, we are apt to forget that he has been already twenty-two years upon the throne. That is in itself a long reign, and he has filled it with memorable work. His character and his faculties have developed; his public methods have altered both in relation to his own people and to international affairs. But while this change is notable, while he has of late been more reserved and less in the world's sight, he is not less, but more, active, and not less, but more, potent. As unessentials have been less in evidence, the strong basis of his individuality has come into bolder relief; the traditional Hohenzollern tenacity and judgment have asserted themselves; he has proved that he possesses, and to the utmost degree, that faculty of steady continuity which only time can vindicate; and, above all, the most eloquent orator who has occupied a throne in modern times has shown more and more at need the silent efficiency of concentrated purpose. The ten years since

Queen Victoria's funeral have made the German Emperor still more a personality to be reckoned with, still more a Sovereign whose masterly devotion to his Imperial work and duty enforces a yet deeper respect from those who are not his subjects.

When the Emperor William rides behind the coffin of our dead King through London we shall recognise in him once more perhaps the most powerful of all the world's personalities. And henceforth, as the result of Death's visitation among ourselves, the Kaiser's opportunities are even higher than before, as his responsibilities are even greater. The passing of King Edward throws the figure of the German Emperor into stronger relief. His experience in more than one of the questions which most concern the world is now quite unmatched. What is the inference? It is this—that all mankind looks to the head of the German Empire to take up in European affairs the rôle of Edward the Peacemaker, and to work as can no other man, crowned or uncrowned, not only for that uneasy respite, which means the absence of actual war, but for that true tranquillity and moral confidence in the stability of peace which the King now to be committed to earth knew so well how to spread. Mighty in the strict sense of that considerable word are Kaiser Wilhelm's powers to bind and loose; mighty his command over material forces; and as mighty, of a truth, may be his influence over those subtle moral elements of international feeling which our dead Sovereign by instinct seemed able to sway. In that sphere there is now much indeed to be maintained; and there is much still to be attempted. Kaiser Wilhelm has the personal gifts required for the rôle of chief peacemaker, in the new sense of that office which Edward the Seventh created. He, too, can be winning, tactful, persuasive. He, too, can be conciliatory, tolerant and wise. He, too, without the least abatement of Sovereign dignity, can be human in the way that attracts all human sympathies. He can not only play his Imperial part, as hitherto, in saving mankind from the convulsions and the desolation of war itself; but, more than ever, he can dispel the brooding fears which again and again haunt mankind, even in the years of peace, with dread lest they should end; and he, more than any other human being, can lift at need, as King Edward could, a nightmare of anxiety and apprehension from the world. These days of State mourning, now at length drawing to a close, have made a deeper mark not only upon the imagination, but also upon the thought of the world

than we can yet realise; and only now, amid the cloud of the world's trouble, do we begin to distinguish the shape of the world's new hope. If the German Emperor takes up decisively the moral rôle in international affairs that was created by Edward the Peacemaker, the good that the dead King wrought shall not be buried with his bones in the tomb to be filled to-day.

That this amazing conception of William II. should have appeared in a "great" paper must have puzzled the judicious few of our countrymen who knew the "frisky Brandenburger" to be a type of man differing in all essentials from the one portrayed by the writer.

The same paper's report of the funeral was, in its way, a masterpiece. The Kaiser's name was continually cropping up—*e.g.* "One carriage only approaches Westminster Hall. The first to run to open the door is the German Emperor, who gently helps to alight the Queen-Mother. Reverently and affectionately he kisses her cheek."

"As the coffin was being removed from the train [at Windsor] and placed on the gun-carriage, the Kaiser looked on, and every moment it seemed as if the lines of his face would become sterner in the effort to restrain a tremendous emotion. . . . As the gun-carriage stopped opposite the west door of St George's Chapel the German Emperor bent over towards the King and whispered some words in his Majesty's ear. The King's eyes filled as they looked straight into those of the Monarch, and so the two greatest Monarchs on earth passed side by side to the final scene in the Garter Chapel."

The Kaiser was described as "a splendid figure in the uniform of a British Field Marshal," that uniform which, when we next heard of it, in August,

1914, he was said to have contemptuously "discarded" as a result of England's declaration of war following upon our ultimatum, to which the German Government did not condescend to reply. "A pace behind the Queen-Mother and King George came the German Emperor, holding the hand of Queen Mary [in St George's Chapel, after the service]. The Kaiser's face was set in fixed rigidity, and he kept his eyes straight before him. But he looked, as he never fails to look, a born King of men and a King by Divine right."

Other papers printed equally extravagant eulogies of the sovereign who, since 1914, has been gibbeted by the civilised world for his ruthless barbarism and loathsome hypocrisy. Describing the late King's funeral in a prominent journal, an eminent writer asked: "Who could forget the little white dog, and the troop of Kings who escorted their dead peer, with the noble Kaiser riding at their head?" The *noble* Kaiser!

In the same paper another pen wrote in this impressive strain:

> On the right of King George rode the German Emperor. The place of honour was his by virtue of his kinship to Edward VII. and the length of his reign. This tall, stern, solitary figure, wearing so magnificently a British Field Marshal's uniform, was acclaimed by the crowd in a whispered chorus, "The Kaiser, the Kaiser." Men seemed touched with a feeling of respect as they saw the War Lord of the German Empire riding so sternly and straightly past them. Every eye was turned upon him, every onlooker felt a thrill as he rode up to the King in the archway at the Horse Guards' Parade, spoke, and fell back again.

I was writing about, and frequently almost rubbing shoulders with, a Kaiser (then a King) amid

the din and carnage of war in 1870; I was writing about the Kaiser who succeeded him in 1888; and I am writing, in 1916, about the Kaiser who has sworn to subjugate us, the people upon whom he fawned for five and twenty years and who had treated him as a sincere friend. He deceived not only some but most of us. Like the clever comedian he has always approved himself, he was enacting a rôle. Princes of our Royal House greeted him when he landed on the shores which he now covets; he reviewed our Volunteers, and glowed with pride when the Prince who ten years later became our King lowered his sword to him. He rode through decorated streets hailed by the multitude as another Bayard, another "preux Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche." He sat at the banqueting table of the Fathers of the City in the midst of statesmen, famous soldiers and sailors, great nobles, "intellectuals," and the pick of our merchant princes. The traditional gold casket and London's "Freedom" were pressed upon him. All the honours and dignities, all the proud titles and ranks, that our sovereigns can bestow upon one of their kind were his. I find, however, in my diary noting the Imperial visit in 1891, these words:

"In no city in the world could the Kaiser have had a more spontaneous and kindly reception than that accorded him in London. It was, however, spoilt by officialdom, and the visit was a fiasco as regards the public. Possibly the Emperor was the person most conscious of the fact."

Some of the Emperor's happiest days—so he has often told us—were those which he spent in this country as the guest of Queen Victoria and of King

Edward and Queen Alexandra. On all these occasions he was fêted to his heart's content. He participated in our joys and our griefs. With the populace he was a greater favourite than any other foreign sovereign whom we have welcomed. The nation regarded him as its true friend, one upon whom we could safely rely in the hour of stress. He was proud of the dignities and honours bestowed upon him. When his uncle presented him with a Field Marshal's bâton he telegraphed to Lord Roberts: "I hasten to apprise you of this signal mark of his Majesty's affection." It was not until October, 1912, that the eyes of our people were (I hope) opened by what they read in my pages.

"I must admit that Germans have been the great illusion of my life. I thought I knew them, and I never dreamed that they would turn out to be the most brutal people on earth. Their power of deception is boundless. Except Hindenburg, I thought all the generals I met admirers and friends of Great Britain. Now we know but too well that they are a treacherous, mendacious, and merciless nation, and that, as to the Kaiser, 'the words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords!' All we can say is: 'Never again!'" *

* Major-General Sir Alfred Turner. "Saturday Review," 20th May 1916. Since 1914 Sir Alfred has contributed to the same journal numerous articles pillorying the Kaiser and his Huns.

## CHAPTER XV

## THE KAISER AT COWES WHEN ALL WAS PEACE

DIARY. August 20, 1892.—The fuss of last week consequent upon the assumed necessity of showing exceptional civility to the Kaiser had anything but a beneficial effect upon the Prince of Wales. Cowes during the great week is almost the only place where H.R.H. can reckon upon living an unceremonious life. It was more than exasperating, therefore, that he should have had to potter about at the heels of an erratic, and not seldom censorious, young Emperor, who seems to take a wilful pleasure in setting some of the members of our Royal Family by the ears; and I have it from the Island that there was great rejoicing among Albert Edward and his intimates (Lord Ormonde, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, among them) when William the Irrepressible had gone back to Deutschland.

A propos of Royal Arthur of Connaught's birthday, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (the charming daughter of Prince and Princess Christian) got to Osborne House on that day just in time to dress for dinner. There are so many Victorias in the Royal Family now that it is embarrassing. The particular Victoria I am now referring to is a great favourite with Grandmamma Vicky, and people are asking if it is really she or

Princess May whom destiny has marked out as the future wife of Prince George of Wales, Duke of York. We are fairly perplexed about it. The young lady was attended by Miss Emily Loch.

Another matter in connection with the same event was the arrival at Osborne House of Signor Tosti and Herr Johannes Wolff, who gave a delightful musical performance. Tosti's songs are really wonderful compositions. It was the fact of the old Duchess of Cambridge taking so great a fancy to Signor Tosti that helped the clever Italian composer to make so rapid a position in London society; he is a gay little fellow, too, with plenty to say for himself, though he is not such a marvellous chatterbox as was the caricaturist, Pellegrini, his fellow-countryman, who would talk for a whole roomful by the hour, never stopping except to take breath and then to rush on at an impetuous gallop once more!

Tosti has often accompanied both the Queen and Princess Beatrice when those illustrious personages deign to sing. Until the Italian composer appeared among us, her Majesty used to warble such old-style ditties as "Ye Banks and Braes," "I am Going to My Lonely Bed," "Wae's Me for Prince Charlie," and "Hail to the Chief!" but Tosti's songs have now usurped the place of many of the old ones, and no wonder. Her Majesty has not lost her singing voice yet, and it is by no means unusual to hear one of the Princesses or Princes say, "Now, mother dear, sing us one of your pretty little songs." Until recently the Queen and Princess Beatrice used to frequently play duets on the piano; German pieces being those chiefly selected for performance.

Among other ballads and madrigals of which

the Queen has for many years been exceedingly fond are "When Evening Twilight," "Praise of Spring," "Homeward," "The Silent Land," "Nature's Praise," "Jack and Jill" (Caldicott's amusing setting), "In this Hour of Softened Splendour," and a version (I forget the composer) of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break, On thy Cold Grey Stones, O Sea!"

Up at the Castle the noble lords and ladies were all speculating as to the chances of the Emperor giving the headquarters of the Squadron a look in before again going to Osborne. The unsophisticated (if any such were to be found among that mirthful assemblage) thought that the Imperial yachtsman would pay a visit to the Castle, if only to see their own pretty faces and smart tailor-made gowns, but the select few who were "in the know" gave out that there was no chance of the illustrious Admiral coming ashore in their direction that day, unless he should take it into his Imperial head to pay them a surprise visit, in which case they might look out for him at some time between two and three A.M.

Four and twenty covers were laid on the occasion of the Queen entertaining her Kaiser grandson on his arrival in what is known as the "Indian Room" at Osborne. It is a marvellous apartment, and her Majesty is very proud of it, for there is no doubt but that it is a chef d'œuvre of decoration in the Hindoo-Sikh style, which, however, is not a style that everybody would like to adopt in their own houses—there is such a heavy richness about it. In deference to the Kaiser's latest fad, the menu was as English as the Royal cook can be brought

to make it, the pièce de résistance being ducklings; next, a fore-quarter of lamb, with English mint sauce, not French, which is quite another thing, and not half so palatable as the old original article. The fish was salmon, with cucumber, and a boiled potato, which most Continentals like to have with their poisson. The "kickshaws" William did not care about, and showed that he didn't by the steadiness with which he devoted himself to the lamb.

For a long time the Emperor drank nothing but sweet champagne; but of late years his uncles have initiated him into the dryer brands, and now it is the dryest of the dry that William affects. Dry "fizz," qualified with "polly," is his favourite beverage, and of this he can dispose of large quantities. There were no formal toasts at the Royal dinner, but the gracious hostess looked towards her sun-browned grandson when the champagne was served in those beautiful crystal glasses, as thin as the Sèvres teacups of which her Majesty is so proud, and of which she has such a goodly store, to say nothing of the dessert service, each piece of which has a different scene painted upon it.

Looked at from whatever point of view you choose, then, this Imperial banquet at Osborne House was the ne plus ultra of exquisite, refined, and artistic taste—from the egg to the apples everything was perfect, from the whispered grace before and thanks "after meat" to the viands and wines, from the flower-decked table-cloth of damask, as thick as a board, to the plates and dishes of that beautiful white Coalport china, on which is painted the insignia of the Order of the Garter in deep blue and

gold, to the dessert service of unequalled Sèvres. Her Majesty had taken pains to make this dinner in her grandson's honour a complete success. It is not once in a hundred times that our Queen-Empress takes a personal interest in the details of a Court dinner-party, the control having been invariably left to Princess Beatrice, who thoroughly understands the art of dinner-giving, and who is, moreover, an accomplished cook herself, having studied the cuisine and all appertaining thereto from her youth upwards.

In one respect a Court is the best school in the world—it teaches one to dissemble. To succeed among Royal personages you must learn to regard feelings as utterly puerile things, to be put away in the lumber-room with your dollies and drums. These remarks are prompted by the amusing incident of Tuesday, when the race for the Queen's Cup came off. The Kaiser's "Meteor" was entered for this race, and "my illustrious nephew," as Prince Charming always calls him (with that peculiar smile of his), wearing a serge yachting suit like everybody else, was on board his vessel, though he preferred to let somebody else navigate her. "Meteor" came in first, whereupon there was much cheering among the uninitiated on shore, while some of the correspondents of the German papers darted off to the telegraph office to "wire" the news of the Kaiser's victory to Deutschland, and the jolly tars on board the "Moltke" actually "manned yards" and shouted vociferously, under the delusion that "Meteor" had won! They were, however, soon laughing on the other side of their mouths, for Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu's "Corsair"

had a time allowance of twenty-two minutes and carried off the prize, the Kaiser's "Meteor" losing by exactly three minutes!

August 12, 1893.—The Kaiser is again at Cowes! He seems not to have changed a pin's point since last year. I fancy him, and he fancies himself, more in his yachting garb than in his white cuirassier uniform, for when he is in the latter he has a decided slouch, especially when he is on his charger. I have been always under the impression that he was more cut out for a seafaring than for a soldiering career, and, if all I hear about him be correct, he prefers the ocean to dry land. At sea he can be as restless as he pleases without worrying anybody except the few on board. He cannot startle garrisons, and commanders-in-chief, and governors of towns, and Statthalters, and major-domos in general as long as he confines his peregrinations to the sea. And this is a relief to hundreds of officers and to countless German Tommy Atkinses.

People went about Portsmouth and Cowes on Friday evening telling all who would listen to them that the King-and-Kaiser would "most likely" not turn up in the Solent until Sunday. But he made his appearance on Saturday, and was visited by our Princes and others the moment the "Hohenzollern" had been brought to. After greetings and inquiries about the Empress and the children a move was made for the shore; and then came the pleasing discovery that the Royal carriages were a-missing. Young William said nothing, but the contretemps was decidedly annoying, and *somebody* came in for a wigging long before midnight.

In answer to the inquiries of the Prince of Wales,

the Duke of Connaught, the German Ambassador, and, finally, of the Queen, who welcomed the Imperial yachtsman, young William said he had been more than two days on the voyage from Kiel to Cowes in the "Hohenzollern." He dined that evening with the Queen; so did the Prince of Wales and others of the family. On the Sunday the Kaiser attended service on board his yacht, and immediately afterwards started for a cruise in the "Meteor," closely watched through a thousand glasses. He dined on board the "Osborne," to Wagnerian music.

The Kaiser's breakfast-party on Monday, on board the "Hohenzollern," was a festive gathering—Prince Christian, Henry of Battenberg, and Connaught's own Duke being royally entertained, and the menu consisting (inter alia) of grilled salmon, filleted soles, devilled kidneys, ham and poached eggs (one of the Kaiser's invariable dishes, of which he never tires), and any quantity of fruit. Shortly after breakfast the racing began. On board the "Britannia," with her owner (the Prince of Wales), was the Kaiser, who warmly congratulated his Royal uncle—even patting him on the shoulder! —on the result of the race. The Prince's win was immensely popular, and everybody seemed more or less pleased that the Yankee "Navahoe," was beaten. Lord Dunraven's "Valkyrie" was second. The prizes were £80 and £25, given by the Royal London Yacht Club. The Prince's face was wreathed in smiles all Monday, and, in his daily telegram home, the Kaiser had to tell the Kaiserin that Uncle Bertie had "pulled it off."

What a day Monday was! The Yorks arrived,

and had a terrific reception. Such a show of bunting! The Queen came down to meet them; but, alas and alack! her Majesty was too soon for the young pair, and drove back to Osborne without them. Very shortly afterwards the "Alberta" arrived, and we saw that the young duchess was in a pretty grey dress and was carrying a big bouquet composed entirely of white roses. The Duke of York was in ordinary garb, and with the young couple were the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian. The Duke of York had to submit to being kissed on both cheeks by his Imperial cousin, who, having been kissed by Princess May, gallantly did likewise. It was a triumphal drive to Osborne along Albert Grove, under strings of greenery and other adornments, while the school children sang, and the bands played, and the guards of honour presented arms.

That Monday evening there was a banquet in the Indian room, which presented a marvellous spectacle when it was lighted up by electricity. The guests—fifty in number—ate their dinner off garter blue, gold, and white porcelain plates, which the Kaiser praised ecstatically. It was an exceptionally elaborate dinner, comprising a perfect bisque, filleted soles à la Maréchale, turbot and Dutch sauce, bouchées à la financière, chaudfroid of quails, braised haunch of venison and French beans, roast beef, ducks, grilled mushrooms, cold chicken, cold tongue, cold beef, sweets, etc. There was an abundance of "fizz," some of the special claret for which the royal cellars are noted, and hock, served specially for the Imperial guest.

People at Cowes were asking what had become

of the Princess of Wales all this time. She and her two daughters had been to see the King and Queen of Denmark and Prince Waldy off. They went to Tilbury, said good-bye to their Majesties on board the "Dannebrog," returned to Marlborough House, and later arrived at Cowes, where the Princess warmly congratulated the Kaiser upon winning, with "Meteor," the Queen's prize. This consoled him for his defeat last year.

After the race for the Queen's "cup," people were congratulating Lord Dunraven and regretting that the Prince of Wales had been "dished." What, then, was their amazement, much later in the day, to learn that the "Valkyrie" (she *is* a beauty) was disqualified for going the wrong side of the "Nab" lightship! The mistake had been seen by those on board the Kaiser's yacht, and his Majesty signalled a protest. So the Queen's Cup went to Deutschland, and there was much "hoching" in consequence.

There was a "jolly row" over the disqualification of the "Valkyrie." The crew of Lord Dunraven's yacht positively *mutinied*, so disgusted were they with the decision given by the Squadron committee against their employer's vessel. The result was that the "Valkyrie" did not compete for the Emperor's shield, for which only two yachts started, the Prince of Wales's "Britannia" winning. (The race was not over until ten at night!)

The deepest sympathy was evinced for Lord Dunraven, only the "flunkey" set standing up for the Kaiser.

All those (and they were very numerous) who possessed the "open sesame" strolled into the

Squadron library to look at the shield given by the Kaiser for competition by all yachts built in Europe (thus the "Navahoe" could not take part in the contest, the United States at present lying outside the boundary of the Old Country, though I suppose the Yanks will annex the "whole shoot" one of these fine days). It was rather muddly on the part of somebody to place the Kaiser's shield close to the portrait of Napoleon III.; and I wondered that the blunder had evidently escaped the eyes of the Prince of Wales. The "Meteor" shield is of silver. The Imperial German arms are placed in the centre, and all about are stuck coins, including three twenty-mark pieces (gold), the peculiarity of which is that they were all coined in that one year (1888) when our German friends had three Emperors —the venerable William I., Frederick the Noble, and the present Monarch! Was not that an extraordinary series of coincidences? To see the German shield so close to Winterhalter's portrait of the French Emperor who lost his all in 1870 evoked the saddest of memories. There were several men at Cowes during "the week" who took part in the campaign of 1870-1871.

The Queen's "cup," shaped like a "pilgrim" bottle, was placed in the middle of the table at the Squadron, for all the diners to admire and envy. The Royal Commodore, of course, presided over the convives—who joked, and laughed, and told all manner of stories, like a lot of schoolboys!

The "Hohenzollern's" musicians played, and it was admitted that the dinner was about the most successful in the annals of the R.Y.S. The Kaiser sat on the Prince of Wales's right, and talked a

great deal to the Duke of York, who was on the Emperor's right; while, next to Princess May's sailor-husband, was Sir Harry Keppel, looking as jolly as in the old days. To the Commodore's left were the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg (looking particularly smart, and speaking much better English now than he could manage a couple of years before), and the good-natured Earl who used to write so much for the papers—war correspondence (1870-1871), and so on; to say nothing of entertaining books. Opposite the Prince of Wales sat the gallant Marquis after whom the Duke of Westminster named the celebrated racer. Cheery Sir Henry Edwardes was there, burly Montague Guest, Sir Edward Birkbeck (who had shown so much interest in the poor fisher folk), Sir Edward Sullivan (who had dropped out of the leading article writing in the "Morning Post"), Lord Suffield (who has always something cheerful to tell you), Sir John Burgoyne * (in whose yacht the Empress came over from Deauville in 1870), and many more. As to the "tosts" (as an illustrious personage always calls them), I will only say that the Emperor made a very neat and happy reply when his health had been honoured, and that the Royal Commodore delighted everybody by his vivacity.

* Sir John Burgoyne is happily still among us, and duly "remembered" the Empress Eugénie on her "ninetieth," 5th May 1916.

## CHAPTER XVI

# GERMANY ON THE EVE OF WAR, 1870

### GAMBETTA'S ESCAPE FROM BESIEGED PARIS

As my published experiences of life in France in 1870—my seventeen days' march with the Saxon troops from Sedan to Paris, etc.—found favour with the Press and my public, I have briefly supplemented them here with a short record of what I saw in Germany during the preparations for the war at the end of July, the eve of hostilities, and an original account of the escape of Gambetta from Paris in the following October.

Cologne, July 27.—On the 22nd I was idling in London—not exactly idling, though, for I was writing a causerie six times a week for the daily "Figaro." On the 23rd, to my surprise, in a ten minutes' conversation, I was commissioned to go to the German front (wherever that might be) and write as often as possible—I was not to telegraph anything. At the London and Westminster Bank I converted a handsome cheque into (mostly) circular notes, and on the 25th I started on my journey. At Calais there were no indications of war. I strolled through the streets for a while, and was jeered at as a Prussian. Brussels was peaceful. At Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) a German and a Frenchman were blackening each other's eyes;

there was a squadron of Black Brunswickers outside the station, and on a siding a long train, the carriages full of King William's troops, singing and shouting "Nach Paris!" This was all very warlike and exhilarating, and provided me with plenty of material for my first letter, dispatched from Cologne a few hours after my arrival.

Thereafter, until November, I lived among troops. They thronged the railway station here, and the streets were full of them. The "civils" were already suffering from war fever, and apprehensive of an attack by the enemy, then no nearer than Forbach, beyond Saarbrücken, whither I was bound. But people were saying that the French were about to march on Cologne, or come, in their gunboats (!), viâ the sacred Rhine. Preparations were made to defend the town. The fortifications were ordered to be strengthened, the lumbering old cannons were cleaned and tested, the trees round the city were cut down (to let the big guns have a fair chance), and it was feared that the public gardens would have to be denuded of their trees, shrubs, plants, flowers and other adornments and the suburban villas pulled down—all this in view of the predicted artillery duel.

The war was the only topic discussed by the Cologners, who were indefatigable in providing the troops with provisions, drinks and cigars. Every train brought in, by day and night, thousands of spiked-helmeted, blue-tunicked men, eager for food and liquor after their long journey. These trains were awaited by women and men of all classes, who brought to the station baskets of butter-brod, ham, cheese, wine and cigars. All these comforts—tons

of them—were distributed, under the direction of the town authorities, not only by the townspeople, but by hundreds of students who were being prepared at Cologne for the universities at Bonn, Heidelberg, etc. Everybody was proud and anxious to help in this patriotic task. There were funds for purchasing lint and other necessaries of the kind. An immense concert hall was converted into a hospital for the wounded. This flame of patriotism, once kindled, never went out. I felt more than half German myself—also I felt I was on the winning side. One day the papers published a telegram from London announcing that the Germans residing there had subscribed 100,000 thalers (£15,000) in aid of the wounded. This news caused wild enthusiasm ; it was on all lips.

This 27th of July—a week before the war actually began—was observed throughout Germany as a day of prayer and intercession. This highly impressed me, for I was very "churchy." Of course I went to the cathedral for the nine-o'clock service. The old Dom was filled by a congregation half military and half civilian. It was a magnificent spectacle, which I attempted to describe in great detail. After the service the streets were thronged by a holiday crowd, reading the latest news posted on the walls of the public, and even large private, buildings. The restaurants and beer-halls were packed, and resounded with patriotic songs. One could only get near the newspaper offices after much exertion and the exercise of patience. The ordinary business life of the place ceased. A state of siege was proclaimed, and all the approaches to the town were guarded. Down by Rhine side and the Bridge

of Boats were scores of steamers and large sailing boats laden with hay, straw, wheat and oats, bound for Coblenz and Mayence. Many steamers also carried troops and horses; others were weighed down to the water's edge by cannon. There was a continuous movement of these craft. I never tired of gazing on the picture—so new to me and so unexpected. People came to see their warrior relatives and friends off; soldiers raced down the steps and over barges to reach the steamers; the air was black with the smoke from the funnels. The boats passed slowly on, in long procession, amid cheers and songs. I was happy when I had paid my score at the hotel, got on board the steamer "Prinzessin von Preussen," and started for the mysterious "front" in dense mist and steady rain.

Coblenz.—Many months before the war I had intended to go through parts of Germany on a walking tour. I had read that the Rhine was an "epic," and so I thought it. On both banks were Prussian troops. The blue tunics and helmets were everywhere; sometimes they were seen at little taverns, where the men were quartered—the men who vowed that the Fransozen should never have (as they boasted they would have) Berlin, but that their Emperor should sign peace at Königsberg. . . . After a few hours, passed by most of us in eating, drinking and smoking, the boat stopped, and the steward told me we had reached Coblenz, which the books had assured me was an "idyll." There was nothing very idyllic about it just then. It was deadly quiet. The Firmungstrasse and the Parade Platz were as silent as the grave, yet 30,000 troops were quartered there at the moment. At my hotel,

when I supped, I had the choice of a "Kölnische Zeitung" (a week-old copy), a "Kladderadatsch," and a "Daily Telegraph," well-thumbed and beer-stained, and brought to me by a smiling waiter. The latter paper I found thrilling (war having been formally declared by France on the 19th of July), and I wondered if I should have the luck to meet any of Mr Lawson's correspondents.

The importance of my mission made it impossible to sleep that night, except by fits and starts. Now and then I got out of bed and looked out upon a huge dark mass on the other side of the Rhine—the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the "Gibraltar of the Rhine," which, I had read, cost 5,000,000 thalers. At four o'clock a great noise on the quay startled me. There was a thick fog, but I could see two steamers, taking troops to Mayence, whither I also was bound.

Mayence.—When I got there I found it was a military centre, which (so people were saying) was likely to be attacked. Trains and steamers were landing men, baggage and guns daily. The newly arrived were played through the crowded streets by their bands, and for the first time I heard "Ich bin ein Preusse," one of the most heartening of songs. I jostled against an English-speaking native and got him to ask soldiers who were watching the entry of the newcomers questions of all kinds. One query was why the two countries were at war. They did not know. "*We* are fighting for the King." Many had scratched on their pipes "For King and Country" (Mitt Gott für König und Vaterland).

The great attraction was the Rheinestrasse, with the railway running alongside it, and bringing troops

day and night. Hither came the sellers of wine and beer, and people laden with cakes, bread, wine, tobacco and cigars, which they showered upon the heroes of the future. The troops had here, as everywhere, decorated their carriages (many were open waggons) with boughs of trees. Chalked on many of the carriages were the words: "By express to Paris." The men were all as jovial as a Derby crowd of our people, drinking wine and beer from large jugs to a rousing chorus of "prosit!" Here at Mayence, and at the other towns and villages through which I presently passed, there were no tearful adieux, for the troops had mostly come from distant parts and had already taken farewell of their friends. Every hour, it seemed to me, a battalion from Castel crossed on the pontoons, marched along the Rhinestrasse, and entrained at the station for the front. How exhilarating the sight of squadrons of cuirassiers, led by their officers (smartest of the smart), who were followed by the band, and wildly cheered by the crowd in the street and the people at the windows!

The main streets were choked by the troops. They thronged the Markt Platz, to the joy of the market-women, who, in their white caps, were coining money. War literature and maps displaced everything else at the booksellers' shops. Caricatures of the French abounded: the "best seller" of these was one depicting the Devil holding in his arms Napoleon III., and exclaiming: "This is my beloved son, whom I embrace with delight." The Emperor was already a laughing-stock, and the "comic" artists drew him and his little son in every variety of ignominious pose. Only three years

before the King of Prussia, soon to be the first Kaiser, had been the honoured guest of the Emperor and Empress of the French. In these July days of the mobilisation Mayence was the principal rendezvous of the leaders of the armies—King William and the "Red Prince" * among them.

SAARBRÜCKEN.—How, after spending a day and a night at Mayence, was I to get to my goal? The railway clerk said it was impossible. He thought me a crazy Engländer when I told him I meant to get there. He gave me a ticket to Bingerbrück, and I edged my way into a troop train. Arrived there, I found vast preparations being made for the campaign. With these I was now becoming familiar. I was bridging over all the difficulties which confronted me, and felt a sense of triumph. My elementary acquaintance with the language did not prevent me from *seeing*, and it was for that I had come out. A vast bakery was rising, herds of oxen swarmed, Rhine steamers brought cargoes of hay and straw, troops succeeded troops, squadrons of Brunswickers, on black chargers, moved out of Bingerbrück station as we entered it. . . . But what about Saarbrücken? "A train will be leaving for that place in a couple of hours—you must squeeze yourself into it somehow." The fighting men, when they were assured that I was an English correspondent, dragged me into a crowded wagon: one handed me a bottle of wine, another gave me a cigar, a third found me a corner, with plenty of straw in it, in which I could sleep.

Our way was through the valley of the Nahe—a pastoral country, with vineyards on the steep

* Frederick Charles, the Duchess of Connaught's father.

hill-sides, masses of rock and stone at their base. We stopped at most of the stations, and were met by the natives of all classes, laden with baskets of food and bottles of wine and beer, handed round by the givers, often assisted by pretty girls. It was the same everywhere. Between Otweiler and Saarbrücken is the German Black Country, suggesting Wolverhampton and Dudley. At night we looked out on blazing furnaces. Our train jogged along sometimes at a snail's pace, but that did not trouble me. I was "seeing things" all the time. We reached St Johann, the twin town of Saarbrücken, shortly before midnight. The hotels were closed, but I got a bed at one of them, the Hagen, near the railway station. The waiters were all very affable, and brought me some supper. The house was full of officers, very pleasant fellows, and I felt that I had fallen on my feet. I had been in bed only a few minutes when a gentle rap at the door was followed by the entrance of a waiter with a message. The officers below presented their compliments, and would Herr Legge allow them to look at his "papers." I sent down my Foreign Office passport and my card, and in a few minutes the document was returned to me "with best thanks." (Although I was at St Johann, I speak of it, for convenience sake, as Saarbrücken.)

A quarter of an hour's walk from the bridge over the Saar which separates the two towns is Bellevue, on a hill. Standing here, we were shown the frontier line in the valley. I thought the country hereabout idyllic. Looking towards France we saw the Spicherenberg (the scene of the great battle in the first week in August). Forbach (soon to become

another famous name) lay concealed by the hills. Styringen and its tall factory chimneys were seen plainly.* It was a joy to me to see, not far away, the outposts of both armies and a few French tents. Even this comparatively trivial sight thrilled me, colouring all I was daily writing. I mingled with correspondents, German and other officers, and peasants, gathered here at Bellevue in expectation of seeing the first of the fighting. The men on outpost duty watched each other's movements. Occasionally, when the German Vorposten approached too close to the line of demarcation, there was the whiz of a French bullet—followed by one from the Prussian side. Then all was silence for hours. At Bellevue, every day and all day until the 2nd of August, was an English officer, Captain Seaton, who, seated on a camp-stool, offered a fine target for any French outpost who felt wicked. I envied him when I found that he had been on a reconnaissance with a small Prussian force, and had had one or two narrow escapes. Those who visited Bellevue had first to get a special Prussian permit. For neglecting to obtain such an authorisation two of my friends were arrested on suspicion of being French spies and marched off to the commanding officer, who released them upon being satisfied that they were really and truly British journalists.

St Gratien, October, 1870.—On the 3rd of September, two days after the battle of Sedan, the Saxon troops commanded by General von Schöler began the march to Paris, I accompanying them

* All these places are referred to in Dr Moritz Busch's valuable work, "Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of his History." London: Macmillan & Co. Limited. 1899.

with the battery to which I was attached. This event is fully described in one of my previous volumes, and I only refer to it here to narrate the details of an incident (witnessed by me) which were given to me verbally as recently as March, 1916. This is the story of Gambetta's escape from besieged Paris in a balloon.*

When the war between France and Germany broke out in 1870 Mr Charles W. May, an American, was living in Paris, and on 18th September he found himself, like Mr Labouchere and many other English and Americans, a "besieged resident," with no intention, however, of remaining one if he could possibly get out of the capital.

He knew M. Gambetta—knew also that the most popular of French statesmen of the period was intending to leave Paris by balloon—one of Nadar's —en route to Tours. Mr May resolved to follow Gambetta's lead, and, moreover, to start on the hazardous journey simultaneously in another "Nadar," that inventive genius, whose métier originally was photography, being then the most noted of the few constructors of aerial conveyances in France.

The ascents were made from Montmartre on 7th October, in the presence of a few friends. In Gambetta's balloon, the "Armand Barbés," were his secretary (M. Spuller), one other person, the aeronaut, and the statesman. Mr May took with him Mr William W. Reynolds, of New York, and a young Frenchman, the aeronaut being M. Revilloid. The journey was an eventful one, and in March,

* This I originally contributed to the "Daily Mail," 30th March 1916.

1916, I gleaned this detailed account of it from Mr May, a hale and active-minded veteran, gifted with an excellent memory for dates, names and places.

Twenty minutes after the balloons had left Paris they were fired upon by some of the besieging force, notably by Württembergers, who, with the rest, had girdled the capital three weeks previously. The firing came from Enghein and St Gratien. At the latter place I was then in "house quarters" with Captain Richter's artillery. It amused and interested Mr May to hear, forty-five years later, that I had "seen with my eyes" (the happy phrase of the celebrated editor of the "Gaulois") the two balloons pass over our region, and that a day or two later we learnt that Gambetta was rightly supposed to have been in one of them.

"One of the bullets," said Mr May, "came too near Gambetta to be pleasant, and another passed quite close to me. But not one of the many bullets subsequently aimed at us struck us or the balloons, although we came down alarmingly low at least once—so low that we threw out our travelling bags, etc., in order to rise. Suddenly we missed Gambetta's balloon. I had been vainly looking upwards for it. Then, glancing below, I found it was just beneath us. Gambetta, in his thunderous tones, leant out of the car and shouted twice: 'Make haste! Make haste!' His secretary was greatly excited by the firing and implored the aeronaut to 'rise.' His alarm was pardonable, for at the moment Gambetta's balloon was so very low that it looked as if grounding was inevitable, and this was at a very short distance from Paris.

"M. Revilloid said to me: 'All we can do is to

go on in the best way possible. We cannot control the wind.' Shortly afterwards, to our great joy, we saw Gambetta's balloon soaring rapidly aloft. It had fortunately got into a fresh current of air, and again all was 'right with the world' and God was 'in His Heaven.' The balloon now took the direction of Creil, where it was again fired upon, but no 'hits' were registered. Those who were in it, however, threw out their havresaeks and cast their pigeons adrift. 'I felt the windage of a bullet on one of my hands,' said Gambetta. At half-past two that afternoon his balloon eame down near Mont Didier; we, however, went prosperously on, and I did not see him again until the next morning at Rouen.

"At Rouen we all took the train to Le Mans, stopping at a place, the name of which I forget, near Trouville. At dinner I sat next to Gambetta, on whose left was my aeronaut, whose name and position in the tour were unknown to him. 'Well, Mr May,' said Gambetta, 'I think your aeronaut proved himself to be much more capable than mine.' 'Here he is,' I replied. 'Allow me to introduce him —M. Revilloid.' Gambetta very warmly eongratulated him upon his skill. 'We did not know why you came down,' I said; 'what was the eause of it?' 'Il a perdu la tête' (He lost his head), replied Gambetta, referring to his aeronaut, and employing his favourite expression whenever he was blaming anyone; his form of censure was invariably of the mildest, although you would not think so if you have read the violent articles which have been written about him all these years.

"He was really the most considerate of men—

gentle as a woman—except when, for example, he was objurgating a Bazaine; then his language and wrath were terrible. 'I suppose,' Gambetta continued, 'my man got confused as to our whereabouts and went down to get information. When he had obtained it we went up again immediately; there were no further delays.'

"Next morning we continued our train journey to our destination, Tours, arriving there at midday. 'Enthusiastic' only faintly describes the wild enthusiasm with which the man whom all just then regarded as the potential deliverer of the country from the invaders was greeted. There was an episode during the day which is worthy of mention. My aeronaut was very desirous of getting a berth in the postal service, and applied for one. This led to a request that we would call at the préfecture and bring with us our pigeons, as the authorities wanted to send some urgent dispatches to Paris, announcing the arrival of Gambetta and other momentous news.

"Of course, we willingly complied with the request. No sooner had we entered the préfecture than one of the officials handed me a tiny piece of parchment whereon was written in a microscopic cipher a message from Gambetta to Jules Favre, who, as you may remember, was a few months later Bismarck's redoubtable adversary at Versailles in connection with the negotiations for peace.

"I rolled up the cipher dispatch in a small quill, and copies of it into two other quills, placed one safely under the wings of each of my three pigeons, and let them fly off to beleaguered Paris. I flew the birds from the belfry of the old cathedral,

turning their heads in the direction of the capital. I need not tell you how anxiously we watched their departure. They must have arrived in Paris very quickly, for on the following morning the news they conveyed (or such of it as was deemed suitable for publication) appeared in the papers, to the great satisfaction of the population. My aeronaut was immediately given the situation in the public service which he had so ardently desired.

"Revilloid was thought so much of by the authorities at Tours, to whom we had presented our balloon, that they sent him by air to Paris with dispatches. In this mission he failed, not through any laxity or want of judgment or aeronautic skill, but simply because the winds and other mischances were against him. Such misadventures to aerial navigators are not altogether unknown even in 1916. In 1872 Revilloid came into possession of the actual cipher messages which we had sent by our pigeons from Tours in the manner described. The postal authorities had presented him with these historical original documents, which he brought to my lodgings in Paris, offering me the choice of either of the three for my own cabinet of curios. I selected one, and will show it to you when we next meet. It is almost wholly composed of numerals (figures), but in plain letters is written 'tions,' which, rightly or wrongly, I take to be the last syllable of the word 'acclamations,' referring to the reception given to Gambetta on the day of his arrival at Tours."

## CHAPTER XVII

# IF THE KAISER STRUCK OUR HEART

On the 11th of October, 1899, the time allowed by the Transvaal for the withdrawal of the British troops from the frontier districts having expired, the Boer burghers assumed the offensive, and on the same day President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, proclaimed war against Great Britain. As in 1914 so in 1899 war came upon our Government admittedly as a great surprise. In the debate on the Queen's Speech in the House of Lords on the 30th of January, 1900, Lord Kimberley criticised the Government for not having foreseen the imminence of a war for which the Boers had been so long and so actively preparing. The "great" Marquis of Salisbury (Prime Minister), in reply, asked "how on earth ministers were to know that the Transvaal Government had been accumulating munitions of war? We had no right of search at Lorenzo Marques. We had a very limited Secret Service fund compared with that of other States, and information cost money. Even so late as June, 1899, the Cabinet had no knowledge of the extent of the Boer armaments. The fault for what had happened lay in the Treaties of 1881 and 1884, under which a bitterly hostile population installed in our midst enjoyed every facility for the importation of all the arms they pleased."

When the Address was debated in the House of

Commons Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman took exception to the employment of Volunteers in the war as being "an unusual method of recruiting our field force"; and some three months later the Prime Minister, speaking at a Primrose League meeting at the Albert Hall, expounded his views not merely on the utility of the Volunteers, but on the only way of adequately protecting the country in the event of invasion. The brief extracts here given from Lord Salisbury's address in May, 1900, are, I think, eminently worthy of study now that the vital question of conscription has been triumphantly solved.

In Lord Salisbury's opinion conscription was not "at present" (i.e. in 1900) "a remedy which the people of this country would accept." Had the eminent statesman been among us, in his full vigour, now, it is evident, from the tone of his remarks sixteen years ago, that he would have been in the forefront of the ranks of the compulsionists. For what did he say in 1900? "If, when the danger came, it were possible for the Government of the day to call upon *an army of the people, in which every grown-up man could handle his rifle*, he did not think that, after the experience we have had in South Africa, even the most apprehensive would have any cause to fear for the result."

Could the most convinced and ardent conscriptionist in 1916 have adduced a more forcible, unanswerable argument than this of the great Conservative leader in 1900? He said:

> What they had to do was to induce the people to put themselves in a condition to defend the homes where they were bred and the country to which they were so deeply attached. He

suggested that the members of the Primrose League should do something to help the formation of rifle clubs. If it could once be impressed on the people that the defence of the country was not the business of the War Office or the Government, but *the business of the people themselves*, learning at home the accomplishment to make themselves formidable in the field, they would have a defensive force which would not only repel an assailant if he came, but make his chances so bad that no assailant would appear.

And he concluded:

It is for you to urge all whom you know to place yourselves in the position of *an armed nation*, such a nation, for instance, as the Swiss are, where the strength of the country is shown not in the brilliancy of its negotiation, not in its military organisation, but in the spirit and the preparation of those who love their country and are prepared to die for it.

We had nowhere to look for support but to ourselves. As an offset to conscription, the formation of rifle clubs throughout the country would be found our best guarantee against invasion. . . . We can have no security except in the efficiency of our own defence and the strength of our own right arm. . . . As a great maritime Power you stand in a special position. The great military Powers of the Continent, disposing of a vast territory, have passed through unsuccessful wars which again and again have landed the enemy in their capital, and yet they are as strong, and even stronger, after the experience has passed by. Can we say with confidence that that would be the fact *if London were the scene of a similar operation*? Remember what has happened to the great maritime Powers of the past—to Holland, to Spain, to Venice, to Carthage and to Tyre. In every one of these cases the great maritime Power has been paralysed and killed, not by the disasters which it may have suffered in its provinces or its outlying dependencies, but by a blow directed at its heart. That is a lesson which a Power like England ought not to neglect. So long as our heart is unstruck we may look with comparative indifference to the result of any war. If our distant provinces were affected we might, as we did in the Peninsular War, win them back again, *but if your heart is once struck there is an end of the history of England.*

Lord Salisbury's patriotism was blended with cynicism. It was the cynic who declared that "the defence of the country was not the business of the War Office or the Government, but of the people themselves." The War Office! Why, only two months before he had adjured us to "place ourselves in the position of an armed nation" he had heard his own Secretary for War admitting in the House of Lords that some of the militia had been sent to South Africa without having previously gone through a course of musketry! The Duke of Bedford and Lord Blythswood had dragged this confession from the War Minister. All attempts to elicit information from the leader of the House of Commons, Mr Balfour, had signally failed. In these latter days we have seen that minister's nonchalant attitude towards our aircraft. Can we wonder at Lord Salisbury's bitter gibe at War Offices and Governments and his frank assurance that if our people seek to be saved from the ruthless invader they must "do it themselves"? We did so in 1916.

## CHAPTER XVIII

# THE KAISER'S DUPE: FRANCIS JOSEPH

The Emperor Francis Joseph is in a very feeble state. He is dangerously weak and dreadfully depressed. The physicians attending the Emperor have wanted him to leave Schönbrunn, where he has been staying for two years, and it was suggested he should go either to his hunting lodge on the Styrian Alps, or to Wallsee, in Lower Austria. However, he refuses to leave Vienna, and it is now believed there that he may die at any moment.*

It was in the memorable year 1848, when the red hand of the Revolutionary was appearing all over Europe, that the youth Francis Joseph returned to Schönbrunn, where he was born, from the siege of Raab. Order had been re-established, but only with the aid of the Tsar's troops; nevertheless, Vienna was in a very disturbed state, and the young Archduke was called to the Kaiserstadt to hear from his Emperor-Uncle, Ferdinand, of his intended immediate abdication. And so it came about that Austria-Hungary had a new Emperor, aged eighteen. He was eighty-six on the 18th of August, 1916, nine days after the débâcle at Gorizia; and on the 2nd of December he will have reigned sixty-eight years. He celebrated his Diamond Jubilee in October, 1908. At the age of seventy-seven he welcomed King Edward with almost boyish cordiality at Ischl, that "green cup in the hills" wherein

* "Truth," 9th August, 1916.

many see the idyllic image of the Valley of Avilion. For one brief day King Edward breathed the invigorating air of the Alps of the Salzkammergut, and enjoyed the society of his old friend, who more than any other of the world's Sovereign Rulers has been subjected to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" ever since the opening decade of his long reign.

The personal acquaintance of the two monarchs who forgathered at the Imperial Villa on the day following King Edward's visit to the Emperor William and the Kaiserin at the Castle of Wilhelmshöhe, in Cassel, wherein the Emperor Napoleon III. was a captive for some six months after the irremediable disaster to the French forces at Sedan on 1st September 1870—the friendship of Francis Joseph and Edward VII., I say, was of long standing. Long before the tragedy at Mayerling, on 30th January 1889, "the Prince" was quite at home in Austria and Hungary, and had shot with the Kaiser in his forests and coverts, while the head of the Princely House of Festetics had also been on more than one occasion the host of our late King. At Gödöllö and in all the beautiful country thereabout "the Prince" was so universally popular—they made so much of him—that the Archdukes might have been pardoned had they felt a little jealous of the illustrious foreigner. It was not so, however; on the contrary, Francis Joseph, his only son, the Archdukes, and the Austro-Hungarian nobles vied with each other in welcoming the cheery Heir-Apparent to the English Crown, between whom and Crown Prince Rudolph the warmest friendship existed.

In the early May of 1908 Vienna and the adjacent Schönbrunn witnessed scenes of well-nigh unparalleled splendour. The Emperor, then seventy-eight, saw, bending low in homage at the Hofburg and at Schönbrunn, a group of princes from the neighbouring Fatherland—the then tout-puissant Deutscher Kaiser at their head. "In the twilight of the Middle Ages, whither the mind of the German Emperor loves to return, there may be some analogy to the scene enacted in the historic castle of Schönbrunn. Modern history offers no parallel."

Unwell as he had been for many months, yet looking in fairly good health, Kaiser Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, insisted upon meeting the German Emperor and his consort at the little railway station of Meidling. There, bravely clad in his Prussian Field-Marshal's uniform, his imposing figure only slightly bent, his kindly features radiant in smiles, he met the German sovereigns; and the trio stepped out of the train at Penzing—a little group gazed at long and admiringly. William II. wore his Austrian Field-Marshal's uniform. He had got somewhat thinner, and was rapidly greying. The little alteration in the form of his moustache had not changed him at all for the worse. The Austrians noted the presence of the Archduchesses, unseen at public ceremonies for many years. The two Emperors, the German Empress and the Archduchess Maria Annunziata, with the Archduke Eugène in his Prussian Cuirassier uniform, drove in gala carriages, splendidly horsed, to the Castle of Schönbrunn, Francis Joseph talking to the Empress with something of his old gaiety.

In less than an hour after the arrival at Schönbrunn of the two Kaisers there drove up the German Royalties: all Kaiser William's vassal sovereigns and princes—" vassals " since the great year 1871. Here were Frederick Augustus King of Saxony, William King of Württemberg, Luitpold Prince Regent of Bavaria (the senior of the party), Grand Duke Frederick of Baden, Grand Duke William Ernest of Saxe-Weimar, Grand Duke Augustus of Oldenburg, Grand Duke Frederick Francis of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Duke Frederick of Anhalt, Prince Leopold IV. of Lippe, Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe, and the Burgomaster of Hamburg, representing likewise Lübeck and Bremen. All assembled in the Antoinettel Chamber, where, amidst profound silence, the German Emperor, on the part of all around, addressed the Austrian Kaiser, who was moved to tears, yet able to read a glowing reply of thanks. In the evening came the gala banquet, with speeches, mostly paraphrases of those previously delivered. The Emperor William's remarks, this time, had not been prepared in advance, but were improvised, and thus all the more welcome to his auditors. In this wise began the Jubilee fêtes in honour of the sovereign who six years later began to figure in history as the dupe of William II., and, we are told in 1916, " may die at any moment."

The opening fêtes at Vienna and Schönbrunn in 1908 were remarkable for the presence of nearly all Germany's princes. But, apart from this, it was a sovereigns' week, for the Austrian Emperor received congratulatory dispatches by telegraph, post, and courier from the King of Italy, the King

of Spain, the King and Queen of Portugal, Queen Charlotte of Württemberg, Duke Ernst of Saxe-Altenberg, Prince and Princess Friedrich Leopold of Prussia, Prince Friedrich Heinrich of Prussia, Duke George of Saxe Meiningen, Duke Karl Eduard of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Albany), Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria, the Duc d'Orléans, Prince William of Hohenzollern, Karl Gunther, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, Amélie Duchess of Urach, Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis, Marie Alexandrine Princess of Reuss (widow of the former German Ambassador at Vienna), and Prince and Princess Karl of Salm-Horstmar. The King of Italy's message of congratulation gave the greatest pleasure to the Emperor Francis Joseph and his ministers, for it declared Italy to be once more a staunch supporter of the old alliance (dissolved in 1915, with disastrous results to Austria-Hungary in July-August, 1916).

It may be safely asserted that were Francis Joseph to be seen walking or driving through the West End to-day he would be unrecognised, except perhaps by Lord Knollys or Sir Dighton Probyn. The only friend he had in London was King Edward, and the Ambassadorial tie which linked him to England was broken abruptly in August, 1914. He has not been seen in London by any living witnesses.*

* In April, 1888, Queen Victoria, on her way from Florence to Berlin, to visit the Empress Frederick and the dying Emperor, was met at Innsbrück by the Emperor of Austria. Our Queen had a long interview with Bismarck respecting the proposed betrothal of Princess Victoria of Prussia (daughter of the Emperor and Empress Frederick) to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, ex-ruler of Bulgaria.

I doubt if he has ever been here. His ill-fated Consort paid us several visits, and hunted in Ireland and in Cheshire, with Captain "Bay" Middleton for pilot; nor was the Crown Prince Rudolph altogether a stranger among us. With his present sixty-eight years' rule behind him he must still give place to Louis XIV., who was King of France for seventy-two years, although his effective rulership did not exceed fifty-four.

Fate has been something more than unkind to the now enfeebled head of the Habsburgs. He inherited catastrophes, and when history deals with the epoch 1848-1866 it will leave the veteran's character unscathed. His great blunder in those distant days was that of not becoming a Constitutional Sovereign at an earlier period of his reign. But a repugnance to Constitutions had always run in the blood of the Habsburgs—a fact which may be illustrated by an authentic anecdote, told me by a Hungarian friend. In 1822 the grandfather of Francis Joseph, the Emperor Francis, was suffering from a severe cold, which he imagined might have a fatal termination. His doctor, Baron von Stift, told him not to be dispirited, as his good constitution would enable him to withstand the attack. Turning angrily upon the Imperial physician, the Emperor said: "You, Stift, do not let me hear that word again. Speak of my resisting nature, or of my strength, if you like, but do not mention the hateful word 'constitution.' There is no such thing as a good constitution. I have no constitution, and shall never have one!"

It is not surprising that Francis Joseph was always at loggerheads with his subjects, that chaos of races

and peoples. Austria proper—Tyrol, Styria, and Carinthia; Bohemia, where Germans and Czechs hustle each other; Galicia, the scene, in 1916, of the routs of the Austrian armies, with its Poles and Ruthenians; Carniola, populated by Slavonians and Italians; Hungary, split up between Magyars, Rumanians, and Slavonians; Croatia-Slavonia, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. For five centuries the Habsburgs laboured to produce something like order out of this chaos. The effort was not successful, for two of the peoples of the Empire—the Germans in the east and the Magyars in the west—gained ascendancy over the others, and in 1867 their supremacy was sanctioned by the Constitution, under which the Empire comprises two great States, Austria and Hungary, both autonomous. Each has its own government, administrative organisation and legislature. Even the supreme sovereign bears two titles; in Austria he is Emperor, in Hungary King. Hence continual quarrels, jealousies, and perpetual unrest. In Austria 9,000,000 Germans dominate 15,000,000 Slavs, while in Hungary the same number of Magyars govern despotically 5,000,000 Slavs and 3,000,000 Rumanians. The Emperor is thus constrained to essay perpetually the thankless part of arbitrator and conciliator, an impossible achievement for a man of eighty-six who has declared that the war for which he is largely responsible has "broken his heart." The figures quoted held good until Rumania entered into the war.

It took eighteen months to crush the Hungarian insurrection which had broken out before Francis Joseph was proclaimed Emperor, and the result, as

I have noted, was obtained only with the aid of Russian troops. Chased from Italy in 1859, when France entered the field in support of Sardinia, Austria, seven years later, was pulverised by her present ally, Germany (then only "Prussia"); nor is the disaster of Sadowa yet forgotten.

In 1869–1870 Francis Joseph provisionally undertook to go to the help of Napoleon III., and so take his revenge upon his German enemies of four years previously. But his conditions were not complied with, and Austria stood out. Francis Joseph found Austria in full revolution when, in 1848, at the age of eighteen, he ascended the throne. In 1914 he engaged in a war which until now has been for him a long series of overwhelming defeats, so that ere the expiration of another year the world may again see a revolution in Austria.

Until the outbreak of the war which has been so disastrous for Austria, the Emperor Francis Joseph, when in perfect health, was a hearty, but not an immoderate, eater. At his eleven-o'clock luncheon he had one or two meats, with vegetables. Of the four, and sometimes five, dishes formerly served to him at dinner he partook of only one or two. He preferred spaetzle, a species of small dumpling; and Frankfort sausages, with a double portion of a horse-radish sauce specially prepared for him at a restaurant near the Hofburg, the Imperial Palace. He was fond of highly spiced dishes, drinking sparingly with these beer, cider, or one of the Lower-Austrian or Spanish wines. Between half-past eight and nine o'clock he was brought tea and biscuits; and then it was bed-time. At five or six in the morning he took his "little breakfast." Those who

know Vienna life are enthusiastic over its cuisine, especially Schnitzel, Backhoendel and gurkensalat, and the world-famous Esterhazy rostbraten, dishes for the true epicure, but not for the Emperor of over eighty-six, distraught by the loss of the flower of his armies.

If, however, in his vigorous days, he was a hearty eater, he drank little, although the cellars of the Hofburg are stocked with some of the finest vintages in the world. There are, for example, the best crûs of Lower Austria and of Hungary, with clarets and burgundies from the "Champagne," the Moselle, and the Rhine; and there is the genuine tokay, which has become very rare since, a few years ago, the vineyards of the Hegyala were ravaged, and well-nigh destroyed, by the phylloxera. With all these vinous treasures at his command, his Majesty contented himself with a glass of Pilsener, taking only a small quantity of sound Bordeaux when he had finished dinner. The plate used for the Imperial repasts is of silver; the celebrated gold service, of which the beautifully artistic "surtout" alone cost £6400 (!), has been seldom seen; in fact, never except on an occasion such as that of the banquet at Schönbrunn, in 1908, in honour of the Imperial and Royal guests. Since the Empress Elizabeth's death even flowers have been absent from the dinner-tables. In his solitude the senile old man recalls his "golden yesterdays." In imagination he still hears the three resounding knocks on the parquet made by the heavy cane of the Grand Chamberlain to announce the coming of the Emperor and Empress. He sees the doors open noiselessly, while the hum of conversation suddenly ceases, and notes the curtsy-

ing ladies, whose jewels scintillate under the light of thousands of wax candles. Of all the pleasures of past years one only remained for him—shooting. He cannot clamber up the rocky hill-sides after chamois or grouse as of yore ; but, until a comparatively recent period, his aim was as sure as ever and he was quite equal to a three or four hours' tramp. Formerly he smoked very strong cigars, made for him by the Austrian régie. These, however, affected his heart, and he had to content himself with much lighter ones.

## CHAPTER XIX

# THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE WAR

Since Italy and Rumania joined the Entente Powers the Empress's increased interest in events at the theatres of war has manifested itself to those immediately around her as well as to those who occasionally visit Farnborough Hill. She cannot be expected to sympathise with the Austrians in their crushing defeats by King Victor Emmanuel's forces, for the intervention of Austria on the side of France would have stemmed, and possibly prevented, the German invasion in 1870. Conditional promises to come to the aid of France if she were ever threatened by Prussia were made by Italy as well as Austria, but it was the latter, and far stronger, Power which Napoleon III. most desired to have as an ally. Why did those Powers hold aloof when the hour of trial for France came? As the question has recently given rise to some discussion in the Press (not for the first time), the solution of it offered by M. Emile Ollivier in one of his seventeen volumes (!) of "L'Empire Libéral" may be advantageously recalled.

"Even had Victor Emmanuel sent troops to our aid," writes the last Prime Minister of Napoleon III., "he could not have done so before the first week in September; consequently such help from Italy would not have saved us from Spicheren, Wörth, and Sedan. The real motive of the abstention of

Italy was not the refusal [of France] to give up Rome. The Italian ministers from the first subordinated the question of participation in the war to the initiative which Austria might have taken. *Italy could do nothing without Austria.* The causes which led Austria to refuse to come to our aid and to bring Italy with her are infinite. But the one cause which dominated all others was the known intention of Russia to put her army at the service of Prussia if Austria sent her troops to the assistance of France."

I have been given to understand that the Empress Eugénie has never accepted this view of Austria's refusal to come to the rescue; assuredly it was not accepted by her consort. I believe she has, in effect, always argued (and argument is her forte still, although she is well on in her ninety-first year) that, if the Government of the Emperor Francis Joseph was aware of the real intention of Russia, why did Austria, in conversations and ridiculous documents termed "draft treaties," present to the French Government proposals which were wholly farcical?

Twice only since 1870 has the widow of Napoleon III. met the German Kaiser's senile dupe, Francis Joseph—once at Cap Martin and later, in 1906, at Ischl. With the Italians she has remained on the most cordial terms, and she could not restrain her delight when she read of their triumph at Gorizia. She talks about Italy in the most enthusiastic strain. To her that country is a "gentle, great, good sister." At Naples she opened her heart to a well-known Italian author who had been presented to her under exceptionally favourable conditions, despite the surveillance of her late secretary, M. Pietri. The

casual mention by her visitor of the Germans aroused her to fury. "Their steel-helmeted soldiers have trampled under foot the beautiful garden of Latinity," he said. "They threaten us, they hem us in, they will kill us. Our race is old." Quivering with emotion, she exclaimed: "No! Our race will not die, because it is living and immortal; because it carries, clenched in its hand, the secret of domination. Born to command, mistress of all the routes, depositary of all human grandeurs, it will live because it alone has found beauty, because it alone has known how to express it, and because all which is beautiful and great cannot die." Was not this prophetic—a prediction fulfilled, or being fulfilled, to-day?

The war has physically, but not spiritually, metamorphosed her. It has changed the aspect of her home. On what had been heretofore a childless hearth the prattle and laughter of children are heard. She has had for two years by her side one whom she long regarded as at least a possible future Emperor, and with him a Princess of the Royal house of devastated Belgium. The lady who presides over the château amidst towering trees has "dipt into the future far as human eye could see," and has had illusory visions of a Third and even a Fourth Empire. She has not lived in the shadow of a great camp for five and thirty years without acquiring something more than a smattering of military technicalities and army lore. Generals and lesser lights have "five o'clock'd" with her and sat at her dinner-table so often that the fureur militaire has taken possession of her. She is impregnated with their argot, and will discuss

sectors, salients, "Jack Johnsons," the efficacy of barbed wire entanglements, aerial reconnaissances and the art and science of bombing. Someone tactlessly remarks: "How different it all is on the Western front from 1870!" "Ah! Eighteen Seventy! Why could we not have had England with us then as now? France would have been saved, our son would have been on the throne to-day."

The Empress has been proof against surprises for half of her lifetime—since she first made England her home in the autumn of 1870. She was on the Continent when, three weeks after the double tragedy at Serajevo, mindful of the threatening aspect of European affairs, she started for England. She is a woman of great perception, with friends and acquaintances in all the capitals, and, before the war, was kept au courant of most of the happenings in the chancelleries. When, a fortnight or so after her arrival at Farnborough, declarations of war succeeded each other, the Empress's wonted calm was not disturbed. She had always foreseen the certainty of a second German invasion of France and was fortified in her opinion by the apt publication, by the "Times," in 1875, of Blowitz's famous exposé of German machinations. But, well informed as she was, when she had passed her eighty-eighth anniversary and nothing had happened she had not anticipated that less than three months after her birthday the world would be plunged in war, She is very level-headed and practical, and shortly after the arrival of the valiant wounded she began to receive and tend as many of them as she could accommodate. This noble mission has occupied

her attention ever since. At her request, Dom Cabrol initiated a monthly Mass for "all soldiers killed in the war." This service is held in the crypt of the Benedictine Abbey Church, which she presented in perpetuity to the O.S.B., and, unless prevented by temporary indisposition, she attends this commemorative mass regularly. Daily she visits and cheers her wounded, and remembers them in her prayers. The reproach of bigotry so often hurled at her is wholly unwarranted. She has always advocated freedom of opinion in religious matters.

Within three years death has claimed the last "familiars" of the Empress—the charming sisters, Madame de Arcos and Mrs Vaughan (characterised by Queen Alexandra in August, 1916, as her "dear old friend, Minnie Vaughan"), and Franceschini Pietri, and with them were buried many of the secrets of the Second Empire and of the period 1871-1915. In Paris, it is true, there still remain the venerable Duchesse de Mouchy (the Empress's cherished Anna Murat) and some of her family, including Prince Murat, a regular visitor to Cowes during the yachting "weeks." The Duchesse is seen at Farnborough Hill now and again, as are Count Joseph Primoli and the Duc d'Albe; the latter is the Imperial lady's relative by the marriage of one of his predecessors to her only sister. There are "papers" at Farnborough which some day the Count and the Duc may be charged to examine, with the view, perhaps, of publishing some of them in the years that are to come. But I will not venture into the domain of speculation; others may be less reserved.

Friends of the revered Madame de Arcos were highly indignant at finding her referred to in the "Westminster Gazette" (18th August 1916) as "one of the unimportant ladies-in-waiting to the Empress Eugénie." It was added that to the solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased lady, and "to similar functions connected with the affairs of the widowed Empress, crowded all the climbers and notoriety-hunters of London society, whose absurd and unnecessary names are quoted in full in Mr Legge's volume, 'The Empress Eugénie and her Son.'" * I corrected these fictions, pointing out, in a letter to the editor of the paper referred to (22nd August 1916), that, as specially noted in my book, "Madame de Arcos never held any appointment in the Empress's entourage, but was her constant companion, and was with her during the years of her heaviest troubles." I further explained that what the ignorant writer in the "Westminster Gazette" had described as "all the climbers and notoriety-hunters of London society" comprised the Empress herself, the Queen of Spain (her Majesty's goddaughter), Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Spanish Ambassador and his wife, the Argentine Minister and his wife, the Marquise d'Hautpoul (Queen Alexandra's intimate friend), a number of noble lords and ladies, including Lord Stamfordham, the King's Private Secretary, and Lady Stamfordham, and others of London's élite. Needless to say that "climbers and notoriety-hunters" have never been seen in the Empress's circle and were unknown to Madame de Arcos and her family. By publishing my letter containing the

* London: Grant Richards Limited. 1916.

truth the editor of the "Westminster Gazette" gave his obtuse critic, one H. H. Johnston, a lesson in elementary literary morality which he will not readily forget.*

* "George Meredith said the critics made his flesh creep. Nothing upset them more than 'One of Our Conquerors.' The poor devils didn't know what Saint to call upon. How to review that cursed novel? It was necessary to begin by understanding, and these blind men had to feel their way in the thick darkness." —"Daily News" review of "George Meredith," by Constantin Photiadès, 23rd February 1911. Published by Armand-Colin, Paris.

## CHAPTER XX

# THE KAISER AND THE GREEKS

### KING CONSTANTINE AND HIS FAMILY

THERE is as great a dissimilarity between the son of the late King of the Hellenes and his father as there was between Queen Alexandra's brother-in-law, the Emperor Alexander III., and that Tsar's enigmatical sire, grandfather of the Emperor Nicholas of to-day. The geniality of King George, which made him a welcome visitor in all countries, particularly in England and France, is unfortunately lacking in King Constantine, who has inherited his father's stubbornness, but not all his graces and few of his agreeable manners. I cannot evoke a vision of King "Tino" chatting and joking with the barelegged washerwomen in the streets of Aix-les-Bains, as King George, to my personal knowledge, had a pleasant habit of doing when paying his annual visits to Savoy, guarded always by my friend Paoli, the greatly favoured "protector" of Queen Victoria, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and our present King and Queen.

It is relevant to the situation, ever-changing as it is, to dwell upon the late King George's deep sympathy with France, to which he gave open expression, à propos of the marriage of his son, Prince George, a nephew of Queen Alexandra, to Princess Marie Bonaparte, the only child of Prince

Roland. In December, 1907, the King was in Paris, and received M. Georges Bourdon, who had represented the "Figaro" at the Royal and Imperial wedding at Athens. His Majesty confessed that the brilliancy of the marriage fêtes had delighted him, and recalled what he had previously said as to the remarkable demonstrations of the Greek people in honour of France. The Greeks (said the King) had a great affection for France, and he was highly pleased that his subjects had been afforded an opportunity of expressing the regard in which they held that country. It might almost be said that more French than Greek flags were displayed at Athens during the fêtes. He had good reasons for wishing that the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marie Bonaparte should be solemnised at Athens. Many would have preferred that the marriage should have taken place at Paris; "but," said his Majesty, "I stood out." It would not have been the same thing had Princess Marie made her entry into Athens as the wife of Prince George. It was preferable for her sake that all the pomp of the marriage ceremony should be displayed in the midst of the Greek people. His Majesty said he was proud of the Princess's great personal charm and alluring manner. The Greeks were very sensible of those qualities, and he had been sure that when they saw her in the centre of that splendid procession they would be conquered. "There is a tendency, in countries which do not know us," said the King, "to regard us as a backward race, and I was not sorry to show that Athens is as capable as other capitals of doing things well."

King George spoke about the reconstruction of

the Greek navy, a subject much discussed just then. The French Admiral Fournier had undertaken to superintend this important national work. "He is a man of great capacity," remarked his Majesty, "and we consider it an honour that he should have consented to preside over the reconstruction of our navy." The King added, with a smile: "Large armour-clads cost a great deal of money, and they have to be paid for; but those who would like to have them do not trouble about the expense, nor do they take into consideration the fact that small vessels will suffice for the needs of a country like ours." *

King George of Greece was equally pro-British and pro-Russian. He was the brother of Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie, and the Duchess of Cumberland, who has been all her life quite English in feeling, despite her alliance with a Hanoverian prince whose father was robbed of his kingdom by that Prussia which, until the war, the Duke held in contempt and disdain. The Duke's son is the husband of the Kaiser's daughter. From all points of view, then, we are concerned in the fortunes of the Greek Royal family, and more than ever now (October, 1916), when the Allies, greatly aided by the patriot Venizelos and his party, have succeeded in preventing Greece from joining the Central Powers. In September the King publicly said: "Greece is ready to join the Allies whenever she can see her definite and certain advantage in so doing."

In London, as in Paris, there is a very influential

* I translated this portion of the interview, and it was published only in the "Westminster Gazette," on 23rd December 1907.

and wealthy colony owing allegiance to the King of the Hellenes, and it will be remembered to their credit that they have all along "done their possible" to induce their sovereign to be amenable to the oft-expressed wishes of the Entente Powers. There are in London and Paris Greeks who from the first have not admitted that the Kaiser's boasted influence at the Hellenic Court was wholly responsible for the wavering policy which has been pursued at Athens since August, 1914. They have also argued that Queen Sophie does not share her brother's hatred of England, of our late King, and our sovereign of to-day, of which we had further evidence, in 1916, in the published extracts from a book of songs sung in schools, one of which contains some gross references to King Edward, circulated among the men and women of the future with the Kaiser's express sanction.

Except by rumour, with its "hundred tongues, hundred mouths, and voice of iron," it has never been alleged against Queen Sophie that she, daughter of King Edward's elder sister, has sought to induce her consort to throw in his lot with the Central Powers. It may, however, well be that her Hellenic Majesty, who, as is well known in England, possesses much of her mother's firmness, has counselled that neutrality which her consort told M. Cochin (and probably, previously, Lord Kitchener) it was his intention to observe, despite M. Venizelos' strong and impassioned advice to him to join hands with the Allies. The King's venerable mother is Russian, while his brother Prince George is the Tsar's life-friend.

Another of his Majesty's brothers, Prince Nicholas,

married the Russian Grand Duchess Helen ; Princess Alice of Battenberg is the wife of Prince Andrew ; and the survivor of the late King's two daughters, Marie, is another of the Imperial Russian Grand Duchesses. The late Princess Alexandra was the consort of yet another Muscovite Grand Duke, Paul. The youngest member of the Royal family, Prince Christopher, a bachelor, stayed for several days this year with his august relative at Marlborough House, and at the end of August, 1916, Prince Andrew was a guest, at Windsor, of King George and Queen Mary. The Russian influence at the Athens Court is numerically by far the strongest, and has strenuously resisted the attempted Germanisation of Greece, whose former sovereign was, as I have indicated, as British in sentiment as his sisters.

It used to be said of Queen Olga that she was the happiest Queen-Consort in Europe—she was certainly not the least beautiful. Her marriage was one of affection, not of statecraft. No sooner was she Queen than she studied the language of her new country with such ardour that in three years she spoke it like a born Athenian. When she became the mother of a numerous family she personally superintended the education of the whole seven, and trained them all to row, ride, shoot and swim. This course of instruction was mainly carried on at Corfu, the beautiful holiday home of the Royal family in those distant days. Queen Olga was so devoted to Greece that during her first twenty years' residence there she visited her native land only twice. In the first week of September, 1916, she took an opportunity of expressing her views of the situation as it then existed. King Peter had

telegraphed his congratulations to the Dowager Queen on her birthday, and King Constantine's mother, then at Petrograd with her Russian relatives, replied by wire: "I daily kneel and pray to God for the final victory of the Allies and the restoration of Serbia so that it may protect Grecian territory which is so dear to me."

At the moment this message was received, and published, at Athens, on 8th-9th September, the Kaiser's batch of bribers, headed by the notorious Schenck, were being expelled from the country by order of the Government, acting on the ultimatum of the Allies, presented by our own able minister and the French Legation. Schenck maintained his bravado and impudence until the moment of his departure in a common boat, and boasted of the large sums of money which he had distributed among unpatriotic Greeks in accordance with the directions of his master, William the Blackmailer.

For every reason, the Greeks ought to have thrown in their lot with England, Russia and France when first the boches began their tricks of bribing and threatening. The new Greece was made by the late King, murdered at Salonika on 18th March 1913, by Alexander Skinas, who, as was openly asserted at the time, was egged on in his bloody work by Bulgarian emissaries of that droll Ferdinand, mock-heroic King and Tsar.

I have now to tell of the Royal Greeks as we saw them in recent years in this country.

Six months after the assassination of King George of Greece, Queen Alexandra's second brother, his son and successor King Constantine, Queen Sophie, and several of their children paid a visit to

Eastbourne, where we happened to be staying with some friends. The date was September, 1913, eleven months before the war. As the Greek Royalties moved about freely and passed much of their time on the Lawns, we saw a great deal of them. In the Queen of only six months we saw a beautiful woman; in the King, a tall, handsome man; in their children "all that there is of the most charming." Eastbournians and visitors alike were delighted with them, talked of no one else, but never "mobbed" them in the way King Edward, to his extreme annoyance, used to be "mobbed" at Marienbad until he put his foot down and vowed that he would keep away from the "cure" place altogether unless the nuisance was stopped.

The Hellenic sovereigns never had cause to complain of that kind of thing at Eastbourne; in fact, they appeared to enjoy being looked at. They were voted "Nice, homely people, who never put on any 'side.'" The King has an eye for beauty, and singled out for admiring notice one of the ladies of our little party, an example of Irish loveliness and charm. This amused Queen Sophie, who apparently regarded it as a compliment to her sex. Without asserting that his gallant Majesty "made eyes" at the fair Hibernian, he displayed signs and tokens that he greatly admired her. Hence much badinage on the part of her friends. One afternoon, on the Lawns, a dour woman of Teutonic appearance approached the Queen, and they had a long conversation in German, the King leaving his consort and walking on alone, his gaze fixed on the sea. There were several big ships at some little distance from the shore, and not a few people went

about asserting that the German Fleet was in sight! The King showed impatience during his wife's talk with the not-at-all fair German.

The "family," delightful young people, artlessly approached all and sundry and chatted pleasantly about anything or nothing—the usual seaside gabble. "Isn't this a lovely place? We all like it so much, especially father and mother. Do you come to Eastbourne every year? Have you ever been to Athens? Had you seen our father and mother before they were King and Queen? Was it not a shame to kill our darling grandfather? I suppose you know father is a soldier? He has fought in battles. He is such a brave man, and so good. One of our father's aunts is your beautiful Queen Alexandra. We all love her so much. Do you know the Kaiser? He is our mother's brother. He calls father 'Tino'—it's short for Constantine. He hasn't been a King very long. We live now at the Grand Hotel. It's a very nice place."

Queen Sophie was firmly convinced, until 1916, that brother Willy was going to conquer the world, and got "wires" from him at all hours of the day and night. They bade her tell much-perturbed "Tino" this and that, and to remember that Deutschland is still, and will remain, "über Alles." Not a doubt of it. People—the sarcastic ones—say all this is very much like "bringing owls to Athens." Plenty of German gold was, as we have seen, "chucked" about from 1914 until 1916, and not a few cute Athenians of the baser sort "pouched" much of it, for, as the wise man of old truly said: "Money does not smell," no matter whence it comes or for what base uses it is intended.

The daily recurrence of momentous events since the first week of August, 1914, has made most people forget that only six weeks before the outbreak of the war of empires and nations the consort of King Constantine was seen at Marlborough House. Her mother-in-law was staying for a few days with Queen Alexandra, and it was then that Queen Sophie called at the old home of Edward VII. There were gathered together that day (21st June) in Pall Mall Queen Alexandra, the Dowager Empress Marie, the Dowager Queen Olga, Queen Sophie, and Amélie, formerly Queen of Portugal. If any of that august quintet had an idea of what was likely to occur at the beginning of August it could have been only the Royal ladies from Athens, who possibly had an inkling of the intentions of William II.

The German-born Queen of Greece has her friends and partisans in Athens society, as is only natural, for queens are queens, and never lack flatterers; even Nathalie, degenerate Milan's relict, daughter of a Russian colonel, could confirm this from Paris to-morrow were she minded to do so. But, all said, Queen Sophie will never be to the Greek nation what her predecessor was. Olga will always have a tender place in the hearts of her son's subjects.

The English thought-reader, Stuart Cumberland, will go down in Athenian history as the man who metamorphosed King George, King Constantine, Queen Sophie (but not Queen Olga), and the princes into willing "subjects." One night, in the presence of all the Royal family, at the palace of the present King, then Crown Prince, Mr Cumberland experimented with "Tino," a clever artist. A piece of paper was produced, also some tin tacks, but only after a long

quest could a hammer be found. King George waited anxiously to see where that scrap of paper was going to be placed. To hammer it into one of the beautiful walls or doors would be an outrage. "Tino," however, had determined to affix it to the enamelled panel of a door. The King remonstrated, but unavailingly. "Tino" argued that it "wouldn't matter—the nail holes could be easily filled up"—and up the paper went.

King Constantine, now forty-eight, has been on the throne upwards of three years, and since August, 1914, has had the misfortune to find himself "up against" the Powers both great and small. To Venizelos, that Anglophil to the marrow, he had owed the reconstruction of the army, the recovery of his vanished authority, even the retention of the throne; for the monarch's position had been previously seriously imperilled. Yet he gave that faithful servant his congé, as his ebullient brother-in-law gave Bismarck his. Louis XIII. triumphed over the intrigues which would have had him dismiss Richelieu; and when Victor Emmanuel II. deprived himself of the services of Cavour the minister who had been the maker of Italy frankly admitted that the time opportune for his retirement had come.

King Constantine has been always regarded as the military member of the family. He went through courses of study at Berlin, and there he proposed to the Kaiser's third sister, whom he married when he was twenty-one. The heir to the throne is their son George, born in 1890, the year after the marriage.

Little was heard of Prince Constantine for some years, one of the few occasions on which he took

part in public affairs being in January, 1895, when he lent his protection to a meeting of agitators against the Premier, Tricoupi. The result seemed to justify the Prince's interposition, for Tricoupi resigned, and was succeeded by the abler and more popular Delyannis, who continued to retain the respect of the nation until he was assassinated in 1905.

Meanwhile, on 16th April 1897, Greece found herself plunged into war with Turkey, and the then Crown Prince went to the front as nominal Commander-in-Chief. The young man of twenty-eight was treated with scant courtesy by the Greek commanders. No less than six times was he thwarted by the inefficient General Makris, who, by refusing to support Smolenski at the critical moment of his success, and by countermanding orders sent by the Prince to Matrapas, was largely responsible for the defeat of the Greeks and the "flight to Larissa."

A more mortifying position for a young man with a natural instinct for generalship, and with that instinct cultivated by a long course of study in the great military centre of Germany, can scarcely be imagined. He was forced to look on and see meddling interference and arrogant folly wreck the whole of his plans. And, in addition, not a little of the odium attaching to the Greek commanders fell upon him when peace was declared.

An opportunity came fifteen years later, when he reasserted himself. On 18th October 1912, the Greek army left Larissa and invaded Turkey. The weather was very cold and rainy, the ground very soft, but, pushing ahead, far too quickly, in fact,

for his commissariat, the Prince routed the Turks in battle after battle. The first engagement took place at the mouth of the Sarandaporon Pass, which consists merely of a narrow winding path between precipices and sheer mountain-sides.

Moving quickly forward, and giving the Turks no rest, the Prince reached Salonika on 6th November. Two days later it surrendered. After showing great diplomacy in combating the arrogant assumptions of the Bulgarians, who were intensely annoyed at arriving too late to share in the capture of the great seaport, the Crown Prince had to turn his attention to Yanina, the great fortress in Epirus. Nowhere did his genius show itself more clearly in comparison with the blunders of his subordinates. The Greek general sent to reduce the town had lost heavily in a frontal attack, and when success did begin to dawn on his efforts he was too far behind to turn defeat into rout. Add to this that he was daily throwing away the lives of his men in half-hearted attacks, and that another big frontal attack was most unfortunate in its results. The Crown Prince arrived on the scene on the 5th of March 1913, and by pure strategy secured the fall of a fortress containing 30,000 men and 150 guns at a cost of 500 lives only. On the 18th of the month the assassination of his father at Salonika placed Constantine on the throne.

When, at the end of June, 1913, Bulgaria once more plunged the Peninsula into war, as, three years later, she succeeded in doing, King Constantine was fully equal to the emergency. The attack in the battle of Kilkich was worked out by him in minutest detail, and his plans were effectively carried

out by his army, who advanced without the help of artillery against lines of narrow, deep trenches and copious artillery. Equally fine was the advance up-hill in the battle of Laharu. Next day Dorrain was captured, and then followed some titanic struggles for the possession of the Kresna Pass leading into Bulgaria. An armistice was signed on 31st July, and in the subsequent treaty Greece, thanks to the ability of her king on the battlefield, secured such an extension of her kingdom as she had scarcely dreamed of.

## CHAPTER XXI

# WAR POEMS *

## (1)

## L'ARRÊT SUR LA MARNE

### By François Porché

Although François Porché had long had his fervent admirers, the select few, he had not captured the great public ; yet he had produced some noble verses—" Notre Paris," " Nos Provinces," and in particular " Rèverie derrière les faisceaux." His triumph came with " L'Arrêt sur la Marne," launched in 1916 through the media of the " Nouvelle Revue Française " and the " Figaro." Seldom had such great good fortune befallen an author. No British writer need anticipate that similar luck may possibly be awaiting him or her. It cannot be. No editor of an English daily journal would sacrifice a page and a half (!) merely to get space for the publication of a poem, even though it came from the fertile brain of a Rudyard Kipling. Yet to this extent MM. Alfred Capus and Robert de Flers, joint directors of the leading Paris paper, went. Moreover, the verses were printed—" displayed," it is called—in unusually large type and otherwise made to look their best. In such wise the brilliant co-editors spread the name and secured the enduring fame of the poet-patriot who depicts " L'Agression," " Paris," and " La Bataille."

Little imagination is required to realise the eagerness with which Porché's descriptions of the events in the region of the Marne were read by all France, and the enthusiasm evoked by the pen of one whose name was unfamiliar to the million. " François Porché," wrote M. de Flers, " hautement estimé par les lettrés, n'était pas encore connu du grand public ; il le sera demain." Not a doubt of it. Porché has at command many metres, many forms of expression ; and the variety of both gives

* Translated by the author for this work, 1915-1916.

charm to this particular tour de force, which passed completely unnoticed by our Press. And this being so these excerpts from it, which I have freely rendered in prose, will, I am sure, be appreciated by all readers of this volume.

A SLOW movement, methodical and sure, over the enslaved stones, which are to weigh heavily upon weak life.

Everything has its place, and man framed, both only pieces of a patient God's clay—brutal and love-repellent.

Stern was the mind, docile the hand; order reigned implacable and dim, raising at the end of every road a barrack-wall.

Every huge railway station had been the object of a foreseeing, cunning study; inaugurating which the Prince spoke to the people roughly.

The smoke from the new factories illumined the night with hellish redness.

The waters flooded the rails on the iron bridges.

In the great workshops, with their forges, gross laughter shook the throats of the new toilers.

All was under the same spell—roads and villages, walls and arches, canals, and the pace of the marching troops.

Everywhere the dense gloom triumphed, and the thirst for gold evoked a mumbled ferocity ever increasing.

The woman, having at length brought a child into the world, again became enceinte.

And under the lindens, to the roll of the drums, passed the troops, their eyes fixed on the dust they raised.

The months were warm, and the Hour approached.

The destiny of things was accomplished—the powder awaited the fuse which sets it aflame.

The cannon yawned; vagueness filled the soul.

It was Morning. Then it was Night—then again Day.

An Age was living its last moments. Every second Time sounded more sonorous.

The Army was dazzling to behold: like the sun on a great fête-day; the officers, resplendent, at its head; and the flags, embroidered with the Gothic Black Eagle.

What other Infantry could, like this, have heightened the dull-splendour of a blue uniform by these collars, these lapels; pale yellow, deep orange, fire-coloured—which gave such lustre to the Prussian pride?

Its Hussars, its Dragoons, in their light hues, set the flowers shivering at the sound of the trumpet call, "Mount!"

Its Cuirassiers passed in silence. Its pomaded Uhlans, clad in all the greens, seemed to win over the azure in the iron of their lances and the leather of the schapkas that they jauntily wore.

Suddenly from the unsheathed sword sprang the paleness of the naked steel. After the sparkling uniforms came an unknown grey cloth.

Everything seemed like another time of youthfulness, displaying a new intention.

A school shelters in its bosom at nightfall the regiment which departs before the dawn. The horsemen find the straw still warm. They sleep on it—then, in turn, depart.

All the work of Peace seemed until that day to have been naught but fraud.

Everything now played its true rôle—the viaduct which groans above the green waters and the disc which shows the line is open for the trains laden with shells.

. . . . . .

Seated in his estaminet the Belgian then smoked his pipe, the housewife came and went, there was a cleanliness which never lessened. No dust was in the air, on the brick floor, or on the homely ware, to tarnish its lustre. There was faith, and there was independence. And on the credence was the Crucified.

After the day's toil, a good meal, a brimming jug of beer, a healthy love of games. And on the map of Europe a small courageous People.

But lo! a great noise makes the dresser tremble. Glued to the ground the housewife listens, a platter in her hand.

An immense Army is there—in the road! A fist knocks at the door, and a rough voice shouts: "Give us the keys of the garden which leads to the Meuse and the plain of France!"

Then, silence. The day still has the look of the summer which gilds the ripe corn. The capucine flowers on the wall. The cat licks its white feet. You would have said it was last Sunday. But in this false leisure the minutes brought more cares than a century. Between two worlds, choose:—

On one side a merry life and peaceful abundance for all that the sun shines on, except everywhere an invisible stain;—

On the other, ruin and things unnameable, but a renown as pure, as clean, as a floor well washed in a maisonette.

Already the artillerymen unlimber their guns. You must obey, or lose hope.

Glory at the choice thou makest of the worst sufferings, people without hate and without fear. Glory at thy noble refusal; glory to thy young King.

. . . . . .

And Fate is fulfilled.

Men, horses, caissons, by one sole push, like a great torrent which o'erflows its bed, cover with their waves the entrenched lands. A deep trembling, that the wind bears afar, takes a long possession of the ruined roads. A sparrow flies out of a hayrick. Dust and mud encrust the stirrup-leathers, the rifles, and the groaning motors, and the Imperial Eagle from the summit of each flag darts its bleeding tongue.

The convoys swarm, mingled with fresh troops, compact, grave, ordered. The Army, in borrowing from the grey of the dry leaves the hue which masked its forced march, seemed everywhere to constrain to immense treacheries the innocent valleys and the surprised woods.

Under foot, the sabots and steel felloes. The wheat loses its grain. "Destroy everything" is the bitter doctrine, the hard mind of the millstone lodged in the breast of the burly, passive soldier and the rusé officer. In a horrible élan, enormous batteries, bounded by the summits of the flowering hills, ravage the sleeping fields; and the captive cattle gaze upon them with deep moans.

The sweat trickles from under the helmets; the horses' mouths whiten. The cry of the axles has a weird sound. All is like the most sombre verse in the Book of Kings when the regiments and their

attelages pass, making the windows in the villages tremble; or when they insult the azure calm of the fields, leaving behind them, like a vaporous cloud on the lifeless mills and the closed houses, the mournful echoes of their chants.

With bridles hanging from the horses' necks the Uhlans stride along, dreaming that they hear, "over there," in the forests of their infancy, the sound of the trickling rivulets.

## (II)

### A QUEEN'S HYMN OF WAR

BY THE MOTHER OF OUR ALLY, THE KING OF ITALY

This beautiful Hymn of War and patriotism is from the pen of the Queen-Dowager of Italy, widow of the murdered King Humbert and mother of the sovereign whom Mr Asquith in 1916 visited at the Italian front. Each versicle has been separately printed and distributed by the King's order to all the hospitals containing wounded and invalided Italian soldiers.

HONOUR to the soldiers of Italy, the glory and pride of the country!

May your strength in suffering be a striking example to the rising youth of the nation!

Like storm-clouds, formidable dangers come from all sides; but our soldiers, their eyes fixed upon the Star of Italy, which shines in the heavens, remain imperturbable in the teeth of the tempest.

Country so beautiful, thy children have cheerfully offered thee themselves, so that they may see thee become still more beautiful. May thou always remember this, and carve their names in thy heroic history, in which they have already written them with their blood.

God bless those who, forgetful of themselves, calmly endure the greatest sufferings for the sake of the country!

May you, brave defenders of Italy, find in this place [the hospital] rest from your glorious labours and derive from it new strength to renew them, if the country still calls you.

O valiant ones, who suffer in silence from your bleeding wounds, remember that the country admires you all, because it knows that those wounds are the price of its glory.

Immortal honour to the brilliant legions of these heroes, who, day by day, at all hours, silently offer thee their lives, O country, without asking anything in return but thy greatness!

Flowers, living jewels of the smiling fields of Italy, carried by the wind which blows from our blue sea, cover the brows of our soldiers, that each of your leaves may express the gratitude of Italian hearts!

Love of country—sacred, pure, burning love—by thee all sacrifices are made easily, all sufferings can be borne; thou softenest pain and makest happy the soul wholly possessed by thee.

Each drop of blood shed for the country is changed into a precious jewel for the enrichment of the Crown.

The angels of God bear to the sky the prayers of all the women of Italy for our soldiers, and each prayer descends as a benediction upon the nation.

Italy! look upon thy sons armed for thy glory. Look upon the blood which they have generously shed for thy honour, and be proud of it, for thou

wilt never see children more attached to their mother.

Splendid sun, which illumines this beautiful land with thy golden rays, hast thou seen anything more marvellous than the heroism of the sons of Italy ?

Let all bow with respect when there passes before them one of these heroes who has been wounded for the greatness of the country. No salute is sufficient for their courage.

Blessed be the soldiers of Italy, whose calm heroism has realised the dreams of so many centuries !

It is the Flag passing ! Salute it, all you who have the happiness of seeing it, and remember that in its folds are gathered all the heroic deeds which have given the nation all its greatness.

Wave in the breeze the flags of Italy, that each one may see them, and seeing them pass, may say : "Thanks, O my brothers, O valiant ones ! Thanks to you our glorious colours are clothed with a new glory, imperishable ! "

Faith in the country, and love of it, when united, give wings to the soul and elevate it towards all which is true, good, beautiful, great.

Let all those who have been able to see the Italy of to-day and to feel all the greatness of the national soul, made anew by its children, return thanks to God for this happiness !

Italy !—sacred name, most sweet name ! thou art on the lips of the soldier of iron, vigilant guardian of our Alps, as on those of the hardy sailor who defends the shores of the sea which is thine. Both draw from thy name the energy for making the most sublime sacrifices.

When the sons of your sons, O valiant ones, shall see the marks of your glorious wounds they will dream of the time when they will deserve the gratitude of their country as you have earned it—you, its heroic defenders!

(III)

JAMAIS!

By the Belgian Deputy, A. Barboux

With fire and sword you destroy our towns;
You take our soil, but our hearts—Never!

For the price of thirty pence, seek more docile people;
It is the price of a German, but of a Belgian—Never!

With mud and blood your obscene reptiles
May tarnish our bodies, but our honour—Never!

You may with your hands, by elaborate tortures,
Make corpses of us, but slaves—Never!

Race of brigands! your sterile rage
May bruise our foreheads, but bend us—Never!

And when, the world over, fertile revolutions
Shall, on your ruins, have consolidated Peace,

The centuries for ever will remain hostile to you.
Our sons may grow old, but forget—Never!

(IV)

## TO THE GERMAN EMPRESS

By Paul Reboux

Attentive and careful mother,
Have you ever asked yourself
Whether your people have treated children well
During this war?
Is there anything more beautiful than childhood?
With what unremitting tenderness
You surrounded, ever since they were in the cradle,
Each Prince and each Princess!

You loaded them with toys
And with wonderful dolls. . . .
But a little girl has been seen
(Did you hear of it?)
With her hands cut off.

You ordered every morning
A bath scented with lavender. . . .
But infants' corpses have been seen
Floating in the Irish Sea.

Your babies with rounded bodies
Caused you a tender joy. . . .
But your Taube has mutilated
One of the innocents in the street.

You smiled at their rompings
And forgave their pranks. . . .
Yet your soldiers have shot a boy
Scarcely six years old.

Yes, you knew all this,
And crimes may be committed
Without fear of moving you
In favour of your young victims.

You who reign at present
Over a brutal and cowardly people—
You deserve the punishment which will
Follow you without surcease.

You deserve, I tell you,
When one of your children embraces you,
To discover on its flesh
Traces of the martyrdom it suffered.

In kissing the golden curls
Of the grandson when he goes to sleep
You deserve to feel the chill of death
On your hopeless lips.

When one of your grandchildren says :
" Here are some roses for you,"
You deserve to see, not two chubby hands,
But two feeble, bleeding fists ;

And to hear, during the long
Unceasing vigils of the night,
Despite the hands pressed in your ears,
The waters of the ocean
Chanting with ungovernable rage
The malediction of the mothers
And the death-rattle in
The throats of the innocents.

## THE "DAY" THAT CAME

[These lines were suggested to me by the reception given by London to President Poincaré when, in June, 1913, he was the King's guest. They were written at the time, and gratified the French Ambassador, but have not been hitherto published. The long-waited "Day" came in 1914, and the prediction was fulfilled.—E. L.]

THUND'RING of guns, blaring of trumpets, glinting of steel,—
Waving of banners, tramping of chargers, decking of streets :—
What do they mean,
These things that we've seen ?

They mean that Gaul and Briton together
Will march side by side when the danger comes ;
They mean that in fair and in stormy weather
They will march side by side to the roll of the drums.
And that's what they mean,
These things that we've seen.

Roll of the drums ! To the music they've stept,
Briton and Gaul, shoulder to shoulder ;
Died side by side ; tended each other as brother and brother,
And in night's silence their last sleep slept.

In sunshine and in rain through Alsace and through Lorraine
Marched the "children of the country" to their death or to their prison.
But a New Day has arisen,
And the pioupious step out blithely to the trumpet and the drum.

And they murmur, "Let them come!
Nous sommes prêts, archi-prêts—
*Now* we're ready, more than ready,
Waiting for the Day."

"We're betrayed!" Nevermore shall the shameful words be said.
The New France has arisen from the ashes of the dead.
"They robbed us of our mountains; the country white they bled.
They took from us our fair plains—they robbed us of our gold.
They trod on us their heavy hoofs in the dire days of old.

"'Twas four-and-forty years ago, as all the children know;
They hung the chains around our necks all those years ago.
But the Day is coming, brothers, coming sure and slow,
When we shall have again the soil they stole long years ago."

## CHAPTER XXII

## KAISER STORIES—AND OTHERS

THE Kaiser's motto is " Rast ich, so rost ich " (" If I rest, I rust ").

Those who are privileged to enter the Kaiser's study are attracted by a large placard enjoining upon all and sundry the observance of these pietistic recommendations : " Be strong in grief. Do not wish for that which you cannot obtain, or for that which is not worth the trouble of getting. Be satisfied with what you have got. Seek the best of everything. Take the pleasures of Nature and of Humanity as they are. In your hours of bitterness repose your confidence in some good person. Devote yourself with all your heart and strength [to what you do for others], even if you get no thanks. He who is distrustful deceives others and injures himself. It is our duty to consider every man good until he has proved himself to be the contrary. Those who observe these rules and practise them will be happier, freer, and prouder, and their lives will be always pleasant."

For the benefit of those who did not see it, I note the fact that many with whom I come in daily contact are unaware that a most revolting caricature of King George V. was reproduced in England from a German paper not long ago. The Kaiser did not " expressly forbid " the circulation of that picture, which was entitled " Judas of England,"

nor did he forbid the publication of Colonel Wagner's outrageous pamphlet, "King Edward the Greatest Political Criminal of the Twentieth Century," numerous extracts from which were given exclusively by the "Daily Chronicle." The "Judas of England" caricature was merely stupid; the pamphlet was a mass of lies from beginning to end.

Three years before his death the German "comic" papers were publishing caricatures of King Edward which were described even by Teutons as "too indecent for reproduction in England." These scabrous drawings were not prohibited by the Kaiser, who, a few months after their appearance, was visiting his Royal uncle and Queen Alexandra and being splendidly fêted by our people wherever he went. Yet in December, 1915, the Berlin papers were complaining because King George was reported to have received the famous Dutch artist Louis Raemaekers and inspected his drawings, "which, without wit or art, depict the actions and countenance of the Emperor William."

Almost the last meeting between King Edward and the Kaiser took place in Greece. They visited some excavations, and the Emperor's inquisitiveness was exasperating The King, on the contrary, was inclined to cut short what the professor who accompanied them said or was about to say. When it was a question of periods King Edward interjected "B.C." or "500 B.C.," showing his familiarity with the subject which was engrossing the attention of the trio, and causing the professor to speculate as to the exact position on the roll of historians which his Majesty's attainments entitled him to occupy. The savant had no difficulty in deciding

where the Kaiser's name should be placed in the list—at the end, or perhaps last but one.

An eye-witness of the incident related to my old friend Lord Norton that during one of the Cowes "weeks" King Edward (then Prince of Wales) "cut the Kaiser dead" and walked into the R.Y.S. club-house with the Marquis of Ormonde.

A king of Prussia was one of five sponsors at the baptism of the illustrious father of George V. at St George's Chapel, Windsor, on 25th January 1842. The Prussian sovereign was Frederick William IV., who died in 1861, and was succeeded by the present Kaiser's grandfather, who became German Emperor in 1871 as a result of the war with France. The infant Prince of Wales's sponsors in 1842 were five in number, all Germans: the King of Prussia, three Princes of Saxe-Coburg (Ferdinand, Augustus and Leopold), and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Queen Victoria's mother, Duchess of Kent, was proxy for the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg (godmother). It was a great Teutonic festa. After the baptismal ceremony the Queen held a chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, at which the King of Prussia was elected a Knight Companion as a lineal descendant of King George I., and at the banquet in St George's Hall his Prussian Majesty was toasted. The King remained in England from 24th January until 14th February. Six years later, during the troubles at Berlin, his faithful subjects nicknamed him the "cartridge-Prince."

Greville found him "common-looking. Everybody was struck by his appetite. Since Louis XIV.," wrote the unflattering Clerk of the Council, "I have never heard of a monarch who eats so copiously

and frequently." Writing under date 1st September 1841, Greville says: "The Duke of Wellington in June wrote a letter to Sir Robert Peel urging all the reasons why he [the Duke] should not hold office, but expressing his readiness to do anything he might think most serviceable to the Government. Among other reasons, he said, a war was not improbable in the unsettled state of European politics, and in the event of its breaking out he should most likely have to take the command of an allied army in Germany. I did not know (what I heard yesterday) that last year the King of Prussia [Frederick William IV.] sent to the Duke, through Lord William Russell, to know if he would take the command of the forces of the German Confederation in the event of a war with France. He [the Duke] replied that he was the Queen of England's subject, and could take no command without her permission, but if that was obtained he felt as able as ever, and as willing, to command the King's army against France."

In a conversation between the Kaiser and Mlle Provost at the French Embassy in Berlin, the former said: "And the palace of the Popes at Avignon. I visited it when it was being used as a barracks by the 7th Engineer Battalion." But the Emperor can never have said so, seeing that on neither of the two occasions of his visiting France was he farther south than Paris. The first of these occasions was in the year 1867, when, as yet only an imp of eight, he was taken to Paris with his parents to see the great Exhibition and play with the Prince Imperial, his senior by three years. In 1878, Prince William, in his nineteenth year, and a student at Bonn, had the boldness to go and spend a fort-

night in the capital which his grandfather's legions had triumphantly entered seven years previously. A most interesting account of the visit—the only one—is to be found in a volume, "Imperator et Rex," written by the wife of one of the Prince's companions on that occasion. The young man lunched with Sir Richard Wallace at Bagatelle, went to see the divine Sarah, and ascended in a captive balloon from the Place des Tuileries. But if his identity had been discovered!

William II. celebrated, on 16th June 1913, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, an event upon which many of our papers commented in terms that showed how little the writers knew of the real man. One of these eulogies ran:

> A prince of versatility, soldier, sailor, painter, traveller, sculptor, musician, sportsman, speech-maker, theologist, and many other things—such is the German Kaiser, whose brilliant and original personality will once more stand in the world's eye during the celebrations. The time has not come yet to cast judgment on a reign so rich and so interesting, but which may have very many years and moral conquests in store yet. All one can say is that the Kaiser has always revealed himself, in good and bad days, as a man of incomparable brain power, energy and self-devotion to his gigantic task, and that whatever one can find to criticise in his activities, one cannot deny the fact that under the twenty-five years of his reign Germany has enjoyed more than at any other time of her history the advantages of universal regard, the pleasures of wealth, and the blessings of peace.

The "blessings of peace" endured less than fourteen months.

One of my friends was among the guests invited by some wealthy Germans "to meet his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor," and describes him as the reverse of a pleasant person to rub elbows

with day after day. The Kaiser (he says) is one of those irritating people who can never be still for five successive minutes. In the midst of a conversation with one he will abruptly leave him or her and begin talking on the most trivial subjects with someone else. His facial expression is constantly changing. If anyone unintentionally upsets him by some remark or other he frowns and sits glum and silent. A well-known British artist, invited to stay with the Emperor a few days and paint his portrait, remained at the palace six weeks, and was flattered by the daily instruction given him by the Kaiser in everything relating to his art!

In 1903 an Amsterdam comic paper published a caricature headed: "King Edward and the King of the Belgians are in Paris" (which was a fact, although they did not meet). The Kaiser says to Prince Bülow, then Chancellor: "Isn't it exasperating! Here are King Edward and King Leopold at the Capucines Theatre, while I cannot go to Paris. This must be stopped. *I* want to go there, too." Bülow: "Yes, sire, I agree with you; but I fear the price of admission will be rather high." The "price" has gone up somewhat since 1903.

Menzel, a well-known artist, produced a large picture showing William II. and his courtiers in costumes of Frederick the Great's time. The gratified Kaiser invited the painter to dinner, and read to him a long "pome," of exceptional mediocrity, ending:

> Behold now, venerated master Menzel,
> For thus thy King his homage would bestow.
> 'Tis done, and nothing more have I to say,
> Save that thy King doth honour thee to-day.

Shortly after receiving his commission as lieutenant the Kaiser was lunching with some young officers at Bonn, when his nose began to bleed. One of the party came forward with a pocket-handkerchief. "No!" he shouted; "don't try to stop it. Let it go on." Presently the bleeding stopped, and he exultingly vociferated: "There goes the last drop of that damned English blood!" Many inaccurate versions of this incident have appeared, but the account here given is vouched for by one of my friends (Mr O. Pfeiffer), who heard the words uttered. Mr Pfeiffer was at the time studying at the University of Bonn, and happened to be in the restaurant where the then Prince William and his friends were lunching. One of the officers, observing that Mr Pfeiffer had heard what was said, and thinking the young Englishman might not have fully understood them, repeated them to him in English.

As recently as this year (1916) I heard yet another, and comparatively recent, "English blood" story, also told me by one who was present and greatly pained by the language used by William II. The Kaiser was dining with some officers when his knife—the famous couteau-fourchette, fork and knife in one—slipped and cut his hand. General sympathy being naturally expressed, the Kaiser impatiently exclaimed: "Oh! never mind—it's nothing. I should not have cared if it had drawn every drop of English blood out of my body!"

How completely Hunnish and wholly forgetful of his English blood the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Albany) has become is proved by

this telegram, which he sent from the battlefield to the Kaiser at the end of September, 1915 :

I beg to inform your Majesty that in the victorious advance of your Majesty's twelfth army after the days of Grudusk and Opinsgura on August 14 my gallant 95th, by its heroic action, succeeded in breaking through the enemy's position and captured four machine-guns, four officers, and 1200 men, belonging mostly to the stubborn 5th Kaluga Infantry Regiment, which had the high honour of having your Majesty's grandfather as chief, who so proudly wore their uniform.—Your Majesty's most loyally devoted KARL EDUARD.

The Kaiser's reply was much less effusive. It ran : " Cordial thanks for the information about the victorious part played by the 95th in the recent successes. I express my thanks to you for your tribute. May God aid us further.—WILHELM I. R."

In October, 1913, the enemy Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Albany) established a large chemical factory for working up the by-products from potash salts. If the works have been kept going during the war the Kaiser's vassal has probably secured Government contracts for his specialty, and so added materially to his Hunnish income. " 'Tis an ill wind," etc.

Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein must have read with considerable surprise, in the " Daily Mail " of 31st July 1916, the subjoined statement, published by German papers on 27th July 1916, in reference to their son, Prince Albert, who, said the " Mail " writer, Mr F. W. Wile, " apparently inspired it " :

With typical English naïveté aspersions have been cast upon the Prince for remaining faithful to his sworn Prussian military

oath. This gave rise to acts of punishment and revenge, with the result that the Prince was expelled from all English positions of honour, clubs, high society, etc. All such manifestations of an incredibly petty spirit—to use no stronger expression—have made no impression whatever upon the Prince. People in England seem to forget that Prince Albert, as the son of old Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, belongs to a house in which loyalty is no empty term, but something which is unshatterably fulfilled. The conversations in the English House of Commons, therefore, over the affair of his orders and titles leave the Prince entirely cold.

At the date in question Mr Asquith had not uttered his warning words concerning the three "enemy Princes"—the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Albany and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. A day or two later the Premier announced that, with the King's sanction, the princely trio would be deprived of their British titles and honours. This tardy decision was arrived at only after the Hanoverian Duke, the English Duke, and the English Prince had been striving against us for two years, and, but for the continual clamour of a few, a very few, writers in the Press (myself included), these unworthy possessors of various titles and dignities would, in all likelihood, have been permitted to retain them.

Great events marked the year 1888. The old Kaiser died; his only son succeeded him and reigned ninety-nine days; and on the 14th of June William II. became Emperor. That year the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, married Princess Irene of Hesse, a sister of the present Empress of Russia and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, thus forming another link in the chain of Anglo-German Royal relationships. A month after his accession the new Kaiser—the third in three

months!—began his state visits to the foreign Courts, going first to St Petersburg, then to Stockholm, and lastly to Copenhagen. In Denmark, throughout his reign, he was never a welcome guest —only tolerated. In October, William II. visited his present ally, the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna, and the Pope (Leo XIII.) at the Vatican. Part of the Emperor Frederick's Diary (July, 1870, to March, 1871) was published in the "Deutsche Rundschau" — a great surprise, not only for Germany, but for the world in general. Bismarck was furious, for he was exposed in it. He first declared it was a "bogus" document, and sent his comments upon it to William II. Nor did he omit to emphasise his opinion that if Frederick had indeed given Professor Geffcken permission to publish it he had been guilty of high treason and so came within the Penal Code (Article XCII.). William II. sanctioned the publication of Bismarck's tirade and the prosecution of Dr Geffcken. All the copies of the "Rundschau" were seized by the police and Geffcken was prosecuted on a charge of treason. The case came before the Supreme Tribunal at Leipzig on 2nd January 1889, and Geffcken was acquitted; indeed, came off with flying colours, to the exasperation of Bismarck. There were still judges at Leipzig, if not at Berlin. In his "memoir" which he sent to the Kaiser Bismarck asserted that Frederick had never been trusted with State secrets, as his father and he (the Chancellor) had feared that Frederick would make "indiscreet revelations to the English Court." The reader may remember what was said of King Edward in 1912—that his mother would not allow him to

see Foreign Office documents because she feared he would chatter about them over country-house dinner-tables! People were found to believe that nonsense until its falsity was exposed. Few outside the Court-Bismarckian-Waldersee Party credited what the Chancellor wrote to the Emperor William II. in re Frederick and Geffcken.

At Christmastide (1915) I was gleaning much information about Norway and her attitude vis-à-vis the various warring Powers, my mentor being my friend, S. C. Hammer, M.A., a Christiania 'varsity man, a distinguished publicist, and author of the work, "Wilhelm II: a Page from the Most Recent History of Germany." "I begin," he said, "at his birth, and trace his childhood, youth, and student days at Bonn University. I have relied almost wholly upon German sources, considering it preferable to refute him with his own weapons rather than with French or English ones. I show him to have been always a selfish child, upon whom it was not easy to make an impression. That characteristic he has displayed throughout his life. His contemporaries were greatly impressed by his dismissal of Bismarck, a step taken by him to obtain power which he did not know how to use. I show how he has acted as a Sovereign until the outbreak of the war. He said in one of his speeches: 'Leave it to Me; I will manage it.' His object was the same as when he dismissed the Chancellor. His policy was always a vacillating one. My last chapter is called 'The Problem of William II.' because throughout his reign he has been regarded as a problem, a man of theories; if you examine them carefully you will find that

there is nothing behind them—he is superficially a dilettante."

In 1898 there appeared at Berlin a large, sumptuous semi-official volume, "Unser Kaiser," profusely illustrated. The author of that work asserts that at the time of the Kaiser's birth the following verse was sung at the London Opera in honour of the event :

> Hail the auspicious morn !
> To Prussia's Throne is born
> A Royal Heir.
> May he defend its laws,
> Joined with Old England's cause,
> And win all men's applause !—

The final line is lacking. Mr Hammer's book is the only one of its kind which has been issued in either Norway or Denmark.

Until the middle of 1916 the peoples of the Scandinavian kingdoms were apprehensive lest the Kaiser should involve them in the struggle. Their possible fate was also a matter of concern to us, for Denmark is Queen Alexandra's country, our sovereign's sister is Queen of Norway, and his cousin (daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught) married the Crown Prince of Sweden in 1905. Up to the time of writing (September, 1916) all three countries have been spared the horrors of a Hunnish invasion. I gathered the subjoined facts from Mr Hammer :

Thoughtful Norwegians (he said), who recognise the increasing power of the Press, regret that no English journal has at Christiania a correspondent for other than cabling purposes, and argue that our papers should be represented there by men who

would supply written articles showing the trend of the public mind, if only because two enemy journals, the "Cologne Gazette" and the "Frankfort Gazette," have in Norway regular correspondents, both Teutons. The development of Norway during the last decade is wholly unknown to the English public, while Germany has been kept informed upon all questions by articles coloured according to taste.

Yet, although we have gradually lost our former firm hold upon Norway, England still counts there owing to the extensive commercial intercourse between the two countries, now apparently to be further developed. The controllers of the great shipping industry and the seafaring and coast population have close relations with the Americans, and thereby the Norwegians keep in touch with the Anglo-Saxon world and with their English well-wishers. Hence, a priori, England is in a better position to exercise her influence with Norway than Germany, provided we do not let our opportunities slip, as, to a certain extent, we have done in the past.

At the outbreak of the war Norwegian feeling was largely in favour of England and France, although many leant towards Germany. In western Norway the Kaiser was exceedingly popular; his portraits were seen on the walls of almost every house; not so those of Queen Victoria and King Edward. It is, however, none the less the fact that in 1914 the greater number of Norwegians would have sided with the Allies but for the inclusion of Russia in the combination. This was particularly the case in the north, where there has

been a fear of Russia dating from the period of the union of Norway and Sweden.

The remarkable development during the last thirty years in technical industry and in general commerce brought Germany into closer connection with Norway than ever. German inventions were adopted by the Norwegians and German capital was invested in many undertakings. Commercial travellers from Berlin and other centres swept Norway from end to end ; *English trade representatives were seldom seen.* The technical and other sciences were based upon German principles and methods, and whenever Norwegians were bent upon foreign travel, Berlin was their goal. This explains how Germany retained her hold upon Norway and why so many Norwegians sided with her in August, 1914, and subsequently. On the other hand, no better proof of the strength of the ancient relationship of Norway and England can be adduced than the present sympathy of by far the greater number of Norwegians with this country, as illustrated by the action of their Government in respect of the Anglo-Danish Agreement in 1916.

My Norwegian friend told me, in 1916, that a sumptuous book published at Berlin contains a large number of portraits of the Kaiser taken at various times almost from his infancy. One of the most curious shows him at about the age of twelve, in uniform, riding on a pony alongside Moltke and Bismarck, on the day in June, 1871, when the victorious troops, recently returned from France, marched through the streets—the day of the " entry " (Einzug) as it was called.

I witnessed that spectacle. I saw the Emperor

William I., the then Crown Prince (afterwards Emperor), Moltke, Bismarck, Manteuffel, and all the others; but I did not see the future Kaiser on his pony in the procession, nor do I believe anyone else saw him, for the simple reason that I do not believe he was "in the picture." If I am right in my supposition, the illustration showing the boy Prince riding his pony on this great historical occasion is a "composed" one, or, as the photographers term it, "faked," like so many other things "made in Germany."

In 1911 the Kaiser, accompanied by his famous spy (!), was here as the guest of their Majesties for the inauguration of the Queen Victoria Memorial. In all likelihood he then stood on English ground for the last time. In May, 1913, our sovereigns so far changed all their arrangements as to honour the Hohenzollerns by journeying to Berlin and assisting at the wedding of the Emperor's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, and Prince Ernest Augustus, the only surviving son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (brother-in-law and sister of Queen Alexandra).

In the previous March the Prince of Wales went to Germany to improve his knowledge of the language. During his brief stay at Berlin our Heir-Apparent was entertained by the Kaiser and taken by him one Sunday evening to the Opera (how this would have shocked our great Queen !).

In December, 1915, people who are supposed to know something of what passes behind the scenes asserted that the Kaiser had been indulging in the writing of letters of an insolent character to his Royal and Imperial cousin, King George.

I recorded in "King Edward in his True Colours" numerous examples of William the Second's gross treatment of his Uncle Edward long before, and after, our late sovereign's accession to the throne, and it can be repeated here that those stories were absolutely true, and in no wise exaggerated. Further, their literal accuracy was voluntarily admitted by one of the highest placed personages at the Court of Berlin after he had read the work containing them. The authority for these illustrations of the real Kaiser was, in Tennyson's phrase, "one who could not lie." The insolent, even brutal, attitude of the Emperor towards his uncles the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Edinburgh was also revealed, and admitted by the personage referred to above to be beyond dispute.

Since the controversy some four years ago respecting the personal relations between the Kaiser and King Edward not a little fresh evidence has been adduced in corroboration of the views expressed by many, myself included, on this point. As noted in another chapter, the late Lord Redesdale describes the attitude of the two monarchs towards each other in terms of great moderation, yet with particular emphasis.

In her volume, "Court Life from Within," which had previously appeared in French and English magazines, H.R.H. the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, sister of the late and aunt of the present King Alfonso, asserts that "the antipathy between King Edward VII. and the Kaiser was as frank as the enmity between the nations. Neither Sovereign made any disguise of it when they were together."

Count Axel von Schwering has given us a great

deal of startling information relating to William II. and his Court in a book published in 1915. He takes a stronger view even than the Infanta Eulalie concerning the personal relations of the Emperor and King Edward, and boldly asserts that "they hated each other."

A notable work, "The Influence of King Edward, and Essays on other Subjects," was extensively reviewed in the leading journals in February, 1915. It is from the pen of a distinguished man, Lord Esher, who enjoyed the friendship of the late King and is honoured with that of his present Majesty. Lord Esher writes: "No one could have watched the King and the Kaiser together without noticing that the two men, in spite of difference in temperament and divergence of ideals, bore a curious likeness to each other, that blood is thicker than water, and that not only mutual respect but real admiration underlay their intercourse."

The late Lord Suffield, another intimate friend of Edward VII. and of George V., in his "Memories," writes of William II. in even more gracious terms. He says: "The Kaiser is, and always has been, very fond of England and the English, in spite of all that people may say to the contrary. He has invariably worked for peace with England." Lord Suffield did not live to see the real Emperor William of 1914–1916, to hear "Gott strafe England!" ring throughout his dominions to this day, and to read of the crimes committed by the Huns and their Imperial chief. But to Lord Esher all these horrors are familiar; he may possibly have read what a well-known author wrote in a leading review in October, 1914: "King Edward said of

his nephew, the Kaiser : ' There will be trouble for England with this man, for he is not a gentleman.' " And the noble lord may also have seen, as I have seen, what a German wrote to one of his English friends in September, 1913 : " I am sorry to tell you that in Germany the feeling is strongest against England and *the late King Edward, whom we curse in his grave.*" If we accept Lord Suffield's assurance that the Kaiser " invariably worked for peace with England "—an assertion disproved by the facts contained in the numerous official " papers " and " books " published in 1914-1916, and confirmed by the Emperor's own wild and whirring words—his Majesty's pacificism and what Lord Esher amiably terms his " respect " and " admiration " for his Uncle Edward were not shared in by his people, but must have been deeply resented by all " good " Huns.

The " Daily Telegraph " reviewed Lord Esher's book at great length, and accorded it the highest praise—e.g., " Nothing has yet appeared in print about King Edward so well founded and so thorough as the portrait presented in these pages." Several extracts were given, but the quotation which I have printed above did not appear.

The " Morning Post " reviewer took a different line. " Nearly all these essays," he said, somewhat querulously, as I thought, " have appeared in various periodicals, and we must needs think that there was no urgent necessity for republishing them in book form. But the time has not yet come when the picture of that great King who achieved greatness in spite of the Germanised system of education to which he was subjected in his youth rather than

because of it, can be painted in the sicecum lumen of history, and for that reason Lord Esher's essays on the subject can rank only as a species of historiography, the precise value of which has yet to be ascertained. . . . The mist of pacificism over these papers renders them deleterious reading at the present moment."

In due course, I imagine, the news filtered through to Silesia, the German home of Princess Pless, that in September, 1915, her parents (Colonel and Mrs Cornwallis-West) had aided the French, Italian, and Polish relief funds by means of a floral fête in Ruthin Castle Park, with Queen Alexandra as patroness. This event had a piquant significance, for the Princess's husband is one of the closest friends of William II., and has been at the Kaiser's side during the war oftener than most men. Moreover, the Pless Schloss is an abode to which his Majesty frequently resorts when he feels a little "down" and finds it necessary to divert himself by one of his sometimes rather embarrassing "surprise" visits. To the Kaiser his officer-host is "Pless," and the beautiful English-born hostess "Daisy." ("I object to your Majesty calling me by my Christian name," she once said, and the "All-Highest" looked as pleasant as possible under the snub.) One day at dinner chez the Plesses the Kaiser, according to custom, was seated opposite his host. He picked up his plate and glass, and said to the Prince: "Pless, take your usual place. I gladly surrender my prerogative in order to sit between two lovely women," and he drew his chair alongside Princess Ratibor and—"Daisy." He still fancies himself a lady-killer.

German papers have been reaching London and certain other places all through this war-time. I have seen several. Sometimes one meets with a paragraph headed : " English Peeress in the midst of her German Charges "—which provokes a smile. The Germans, in speaking, address Princess Pless as " Your Grace " ; the newspaper writers, following the Kaiser's lead, refer to her (I am sure to her annoyance) as " Daisy " ; and she is said to be enormously wealthy. Her husband is Hans Heinrich XVI., Prince of Pless, Count of Hochburg, Baron of Fürstenstein. Their eldest son, Prince Heinrich XVII., boasts the proud title of " Your Princely Grace "—his mother, " Your Transparency." The Princess has taken an active part in ambulance and hospital work, is very popular, and, unlike the Kaiser's mother, is not designated " die Engländerin " (" the Englishwoman "), Bismarck's contemptuous appellation of the Empress Frederick.

When, in 1907, the Kaiser was comfortably installed at Highcliffe, near Bournemouth, he motored to Palace House, Beaulieu, in the New Forest, where Lord Montagu lacerated the feelings of his Kaisership by receiving him in a yachting suit. His Majesty (wrote Lord Northcliffe in the " Times," in January, 1916) doubtless expected that Lord Montagu would have received him in the uniform of his regiment, 7th battalion Hants Regiment (T.F.), " with a clinking of heels, or perchance in evening dress, in the German manner. The Kaiser had one of his queer-temper fits, and wrote to King Edward on the subject "—whose reply is not recorded.

I do not remember seeing at any of our clubs the " Bibliothèque Nationale et Revue Suisse," which

was founded at Geneva one hundred and twenty-one years ago and is now published at Lausanne. In September, 1915, it was seized by order of the Swiss Government on account of an article from the pen of M. Paul Stapfer, the eminent honorary doyen of the Bordeaux Faculty of Letters, who described the rôle of the German Emperor in the present war in terms which the Swiss censorship considered "unacceptable." As the episode was not noticed by our papers, I will translate the more striking passages from the article:

"May we pray for the death of the Kaiser? May we at least hope for his death? Certainly the disappearance of this pauvre sire [poor wretch, or poor devil], who had such a good opportunity of being admired, loved, adored, as the greatest Prince in history, and who has failed miserably, would not be a great loss for the world, although it is not certain that it would be a gain for France and her Allies. The various coups de tête, the maladresses, the incoherences, the military incapacity of such a hare-brained being are not a bad card in our game. His successor, whoever he may be, can hardly possess in a like degree the extravagances of mental imprudence and error of the man who is leading an Empire to its ruin. But Life and Death are such mysteries; we know so little what they reserve for us; that it is never wise to passionately desire one or the other, neither for ourselves nor for those we love, and still less (for that is much graver) for those we hate. The Christian says: 'God knows better than we know that which is necessary,' and the wise man applies himself to put his will in accord with the order of

things. The prayer of Marcus Aurelius, like that of Jesus, was 'Father, Thy will be done.'

"There is only one way of satisfying justice without washing the ensanguined earth in torrents of blood—namely, that the principal culprit should pay for all the others. The public and solemn judgment before a European tribunal, followed by the execution of the crowned bandit who has committed the greatest crime of history against the peace of the world, against its material prosperity, against the reign of the soul, against civilisation, true culture, and humanity, would cause us such a relief that in the joy of such a vast deliverance we could absolve the accomplices and the instruments of this miserable. But there would remain at least the indemnities to pay and territories to give back. Were he condemned to be shot, or hanged, one might be able to spare his life. The public conscience would be fully satisfied by the exercise of a clemency which would be more bitter than death, for it would be but a prolongation and an aggravation of the punishment."

When the Kaiserin, although then comparatively young, found that her brown tresses were becoming unpleasantly grey, she consulted a leading Berlin capillary artist and perfumer and asked him to give her a bottle of his famous "regenerator," which was guaranteed to restore the hair to its original tinge after a few applications. Carrying the precious bottle off with her, the delighted Empress lost no time in deluging her fair head with its contents, and impatiently awaited results. A few days later she appeared at the breakfast-table with blotches of a doubtful green in her tresses. "Hullo,

Augusta!" exclaimed the Kaiser frowningly, "what horrible stuff have you been putting on your hair? Let me see it. Where is the bottle?" The poor lady stammered out something unintelligible, and went on with her breakfast, conscious that trouble was brewing. The "Aller-Höchst" is naturally a quick eater (the only respect in which he resembled his Uncle Edward), but that morning he dispatched his eggs and bacon with unwonted rapidity, hastened to his wife's boudoir, and began rummaging in the drawers and cupboards, to the dismay of the maids, who fled for their lives, not, however, before the Argus-eyed Kaiser had perceived one of them attempting to conceal something under her apron. "What have you got there?" he roared; "give it to me!" The unfortunate girl produced a bottle, which the Emperor carried off triumphantly. The Kaiserin heard nothing more of the confiscation of her "regenerator" except what the maid told her, but the poor perfumer lost the Court custom "by order of the Emperor," while for the next month or so her Majesty's hair remained streaked with various colours.

Profoundly dissatisfied with her ill success in Berlin, the Empress, acting on the advice of one of her "ladies," sent to Paris for a bottle of what she was assured was a certain remedy for restoring not only grey, but even snow-white, locks to their former hue—brown, black, auburn, or red, whichever they may have been. The flagon was duly received, and her Majesty entered upon her second experiment. She had scarcely taken her seat at breakfast the next morning ere the Kaiser, fixing his gaze upon her head, shouted: "Augusta! What

in the name of heaven have you been doing to yourself *now*? Your hair will soon be like the colours of the rainbow! We shall have to close all the perfumers' shops in Berlin if this kind of thing goes on. It is positively shameful to see a wife and a mother playing such tricks with the hair which Providence has given her"; and he pestered her until she had gone to her room and brought back the incriminating flagon. As he took it into his hand his eyes flamed with indignation and surprise, for the label showed that the decoction had come from Paris. Paris! which the Fates had not allowed him to see since 1878, eight years after the great war! He reddened, then turned pale; he tried to speak, but the words refused to come. Boiling with anger, he strode to the window, opened it with some difficulty, and threw the detestable bottle into the courtyard, not troubling to ascertain whether or not it had fallen upon anyone's head. The Empress's abundant hair has long been perfectly white, and the hateful word "regenerator" is never mentioned in her presence.

In 1909 this amusing incident, headed "The Bogus Kaiserin.—Bows and smiles like the First Lady in Germany," found its way into one of our papers from its Berlin correspondent:

The swell Tiergarten quarter (the West End of Berlin) has during the past few days been mystified by the frequent appearance of a lady, taken to be the Kaiserin, who half-a-dozen times a day walked or drove past their houses. At first people believed that the mysterious lady was indeed the Kaiserin. Her resemblance was remarkable, and she was observed to wear the somewhat unfashionable hats which Germany's Empress affects. The carriage was not unlike that often used by the Empress when making informal visits or shopping excursions, and it was observed

that the lady's footman treated her with extraordinary deference, and that whether in carriage or afoot she was always followed by a man, supposed to be a detective. Yesterday a crowd gathered and the "Empress," making her way into a shop near the Zoological Gardens, smiled and bowed with a truly Imperial air. The theory is that the impersonator of the Empress is a wealthy but eccentric lady, who wishes to trade on her resemblance to her sovereign's consort. The police watch her antics with amused tolerance, as impersonation apparently does not come under the lèse-majesté law.

At Windsor Castle, one night, after dinner, the Kaiser was nauseating King Edward and the Duke of Connaught with his brag about the super-excellence of his army, when the King, to mitigate the boredom which he was enduring, paid a high tribute to the qualities of his Sikhs, arguing that they were quite equal to the German or any other infantry. For once in a way William acquiesced in his uncle's opinion, and went so far as to say: "The Sikhs are the only men against whom I should not care to pit my infantry." And when the tussle between Boches and Indians came, it was not the Sikhs who sent up a horrified shout of "Sauve qui peut!" and, panic-stricken, fled for their lives. These dauntless warriors from India give no quarter and expect none. With them war is truly war.

The younger members of our Royal family found little in the Kaiser to admire when he was last here to witness the unveiling (1911) of the memorial of Queen Victoria, that superb and grandiose ornament of the Mall. It would be no exaggeration of terms to say that they did not like him, and that they played a little trick upon him which was perhaps due to the fertile imagination of Prince John, the most delightfully prankish of his brothers,

and the hero of a series of amusing stories. However this may be, the story is told that under the hearthrug of a room at Buckingham Palace a German flag was surreptitiously placed in the belief that during the day the Kaiser, in conversation with the King or Queen, might be seen standing upon it. This might well have happened without any but the children being aware of it. One of the lady guests, however, dropped a ring, which, somehow or other, fell under the rug, and the "All-Highest," stooping to pick it up, lifted a corner of it, thus discovering the flag upon which he had set his own martial heel. Anyone else would have seen the fun of the thing, but not so the Kaiser, upon whose ruddy countenance marks of displeasure appeared, and vanished only after a little friendly, but humorous, "chaff."

In a discursive talk at a "Service" club in 1916 the name was mentioned of General de Boisdeffre, who had an animated conversation with the present Kaiser two years after his accession. De Boisdeffre was A.D.C. to General Chanzy when he was French Ambassador to Russia, and he became Chief of the Staff when Chanzy was in command of a corps at Châlons, where, as everybody has forgotten, the mitrailleuse was first tried with marvellous results in the presence of Napoleon III. and the petit Prince. In 1890 the Tsar Alexander III., most genial, blusterous, and delightful of men, invited De Boisdeffre to be present at the annual manœuvres and see what the Russian troops were like. The Tsar did not wish to be surrounded by (in his own words) "a gang of foreign military attachés," whereof in Alexander the Second's time Fred

Wellesley had been one, but he wanted to pay France a special compliment, and so invited De Boisdeffre to assist at the exercises. The French General was, however, to come alone. The invitation was addressed personally to him, and the envelope was marked "private." The General naturally accepted, and felt much gratified at the Tsar's compliment, which was intended, "under the rose," for France.

The Kaiser, who as long as the manœuvres were on did his best to get in everybody's way, greatly to the disgust of burly Alexander, was greatly surprised when he learnt that De Boisdeffre was on the ground. From the moment the French general was presented to him in solemn, punctilious form, the Kaiser took the greatest pains to make himself agreeable to him. On the "great" day of the exercises, the review en masse, the Kaiser sent one of his staff to ask De Boisdeffre to join him. The General returned no answer. A second messenger was sent, but brought no reply. Then A.D.C. No. 3 galloped over to the General and told him that the Kaiser wished "most particularly" to see him. De Boisdeffre relented, and rode slowly across to the hillock where William was fretting and fuming, wondering what it was the Kaiser wanted to see him about. His curiosity was soon satisfied.

"General," said the Kaiser, "who, in your opinion, was the best cavalry leader in the past?" "In *my* opinion, sire, Hannibal." "And in *mine*, Napoleon!" The two discussed the point with much zest and at great length. At the expiration of an hour the Grand Duke Vladimir rode up and warned the Kaiser that the march-past was about

to begin, and the two parted. De Boisdeffre went off to pay his respects to the Empress Marie, who said, smilingly : " It seems, General, that you also are in high favour with *him* ! " It was on the occasion of these manœuvres that the Kaiser said what the papers have never recorded : " I am the Emperor of Peace. But there are wars which are necessary, and *it is in London that the world's peace will be signed* ! "

Some of the Kaiser's utterances on that occasion are of special interest in these war days. Speaking about military reviews, he said to Baron Rosenbach, then the Tsar's aide-de-camp, and attached to the Kaiser's person during the visit : " *My* reviews practically decide the careers of the military chiefs. Commandants of corps and divisions who show that they do not know how to manœuvre troops are put on the retired list forthwith." Turning to politics, the Kaiser said : " The friendship of Germany and Russia is traditional. I cannot even imagine that war will ever break out between the two countries." Then, referring to his future intentions, he added : " I never think of increasing German territory. I intend to devote my time to those home reforms which are so necessary in Germany. The danger for all Europe lies in anarchy and socialism, which have their principal home in France. *The German people hate France, and their Emperor shares the sentiments of his people.* Germans can never pardon the French for what happened in 1806. France is the cause of all the trouble in Europe, and that trouble will never vanish while France exists." The Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, said precisely the reverse to an Italian nobleman, at Kiel, at

Christmas, 1914, as noted elsewhere in this chapter of ana.

Like Sudekum, the Baden socialist, Anton Fendrich is one of the few members of the party known as "Crown Socialists," whose reawakening to loyalty and Imperialism has been rewarded by the bestowal upon them of many favours and benefits by those in high quarters. But it is Fendrich who has been more favoured than any other member of the "Crown" socialistic group. He has not only seen the Kaiser, but has had long talks with him. This is, however, the less surprising when it is remembered that in a pamphlet recently published this backslider described, in exalted language, both the army and the military system.

After one of his interviews with William II. in 1915, Fendrich issued a brochure in which he narrated in detail his visit to the French front and reported what the Kaiser had said to him, just as Dr Ganghofer, the Bavarian author, and Sven Hedin had previously done. Fendrich's conversation with the Chancellor at the headquarters had been reported to the Kaiser, who thereupon expressed a desire to see the "Crown Socialist." They met in a garden, and the Emperor laid himself out to be particularly agreeable to his visitor. The Kaiser rose when Fendrich arrived, advanced, and shook hands with him "more cordially," said the socialist, "than any of my friends had ever done." The Emperor began by saying that the soldiers who acted as his guard and the troops who occupied the town were for the most part socialistic democrats; "remarkable fellows," added his Majesty, who had

forgotten the much less gracious terms in which he had spoken of the socialists formerly, and how he had more than once threatened to banish these same "remarkable fellows" en masse.

The dazzled Fendrich describes the Emperor as having become quite young-looking; there are no wrinkles on his fresh-coloured face; and his eyes sparkle. He struck the socialist as being desirous of "opening his heart"; and we are told of the "beauty of his thoughts and impulses."

"My first strong impression," writes Fendrich, "was that the Kaiser had been sincerely desirous of preserving peace even down to the last moment. And my second impression was his disillusion concerning his relatives in England and Russia, who failed him in the hour of danger. On these two points the Kaiser and the socialists are in complete accord. As regards the French he hopes, like ourselves, especially we Badeners, to triumph over the French in the first place.

"Like other nations, we have too highly appreciated the French. They are a declining race. Their way of making war is indescribably horrible, characterised by such awful deeds that they could only be told in that secret history of the war which will be written some day. For a full half-hour the Kaiser told me, much against his will, and as if carried away by their monstrousness, of things which cannot be doubted, confirmed upon oath as they are, and leaving no hope for the salvation of France. It is a condemned country, and the tears which filled the Emperor's eyes more than once during our conversation were also tears of shame at the demoralisation of a people who had been always

considered by us as chivalrous and noble, but who have become the victims of a fixed idea. The result of the war " (in the opinion of both the Kaiser and the socialist) " has been the unification and purification of Germany, in order that it may become the heart of Europe and the preparer of European humanity."

Mr Cecil Rhodes had at least one memorable interview with the Kaiser, who probably so bored him with his chatter about Germany's army, navy and rich men that Rhodes, after looking at the clock, got up (so Mr Gordon le Sueur tells us), held out his hand, and said to the Emperor : " Well, good-bye. I've got to go now, as I have some people coming to dinner ! "

Mr Andrew Carnegie gave Sir Max Waechter an account of his visit to Berlin at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's reign. " As I approached his Majesty to deliver the address, he said : ' Mr Carnegie, we have had twenty-five years of peace, and I hope we shall have twenty-five years more.' My reply was : ' Your Majesty is our strongest ally in the great cause,' and he bowed."

In 1896 the Prince of Hohenlohe, then Chancellor, threatened to resign if the Emperor offered the Queen Regent of Spain his armed assistance against the United States in the Cuban war. For three days the Kaiser talked of no one but the " Great Frederick," who, he said, was " his own Chancellor and his own Parliament." Then he alluded to the bold and powerful initiative of the Hohenzollerns, who knew how to precipitate events before the enemy had time to look around. " But Frederick

is not dead," said the Emperor. "He lives again *here*" (striking his chest), "and his iron hand will one day or other seize someone by the throat." His boasting words have come true.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother,* gave a very courteous reception to the Marquis Lorenzo d'Adda, of the Italian navy, at Kiel, in December, 1914; and in a recent number of the "Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse" the Marquis relates some portions of their conversation. Prince Henry said: "You have visited our dreadnoughts, our newest submarines, and our arsenal. What do you think of them? Tell me frankly." The Marquis replied: "I have found your submarines admirable, and your arsenal wonderfully organised, but as for your dreadnoughts, how much money and how much work have been squandered. You can never risk them in the open sea."

The Prince's comment was to the effect that he had always opposed "this unfortunate idea of building dreadnoughts," which were not suitable for the necessities of Germany's naval policy. But the Government would not listen to him. He continued: "I wanted to have only armoured cruisers for a running fight, mine-layers, and submarines—*many submarines.* You see what we have come to. Our dreadnoughts are shut up here at Wilhelmshaven. We have not sufficient submarines, although we are building furiously. Where can we get cruisers to continue the recent exploits of the 'Emden'? Oh! those dreadnoughts—they are a nightmare to me. That England should build

* Vide Chapter I.

them I can understand. She is wealthy enough to afford these useless luxuries, and she has sufficient already. She can even lose a quarter of her largest units without endangering her maritime defence. But that *an inferior navy* should make so huge a mistake as to squander *nearly all her resources* on a small number of large battleships I cannot understand. Last year, when I was at Buenos Aires [where the Kaiser's "dear Señora" used to live *], I said to members of the Argentine Government: 'Why are you building two huge dreadnoughts like the "Moreno" and the "Rividavia"? Are you mad? An enemy submarine or a small mine-layer could easily sink them, and you would lose in a few months, without a fight, eighty per cent. of the value of your fleet.'"

The Marquis told the Prince that the King of Italy had privately expressed a wish to "take the initiative in calling together an International Conference for limiting the tonnage of warships." The idea was not, however, followed up. "What a pity!" said Prince Henry. "How grateful all the taxpayers in maritime countries would have been to your King! But after the war I hope that those same taxpayers will have their eyes opened and insist that no more huge ships which are destined to be shut up in their naval bases should be built, because for one reason or another they would never have an opportunity of fighting. Even England, with her immense navy of dreadnoughts, can never force our naval bases at Kiel or Wilhelmshaven, though Churchill, in a speech delivered at Manchester only a few weeks ago, promised that the English

* Vide the Kaiser's letters in Chapter I.

cruisers should hunt us out of our holes as a bull-dog hunts rats. Futile boasting! Oh! these English, to think how much I loved and admired them, and to think they are to-day our implacable foes!"

Speaking then of France, the Prince exclaimed: "How well the French fight! What a magnificent army! No, we can never have any feelings of hatred against them." (His brother has expressed a totally different opinion, as I have shown, in his own words, elsewhere in these pages.) The Prince impressed the Marquis Lorenzo d'Adda, who thus concludes his deeply interesting story, which will be eagerly read in this country:

> Prince Henry always expressed himself with calmness, I may say with gentleness. There was nothing of the traditional German about him, no hardness or stiffness. He has charm, simplicity and the distinction of an English gentleman of high birth. When he spoke to his subordinates, I never noticed a single gesture of impatience or anger. Clear, precise, exact, his words revealed a profound knowledge of his profession, of one who knows all, and who is acquainted with everything. In giving orders or instructions, he did better than impose passive obedience. His words inspired an absolute confidence. Such is the man who, if recent reports in certain newspapers are correct, has been appointed to the supreme command of the German Navy, with Von Kapelle as Von Tirpitz's successor at the head of the Admiralty.

Prince Henry visited England seven years before his brother's accession to the throne. In July, 1881, he accompanied his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh, to Scotland, and witnessed the opening of the new dock at Leith by his ducal relative. At a later date Prince Henry and one of his brothers visited the lakes of Killarney. They were lodged

at the "Royal Victoria," "which," said the Empress Eugénie to Mr Loughnan, J.P., in 1909, "is the most comfortable hotel I have ever stayed at." The autographs of King Edward (when Prince of Wales), the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters and son, and the present King of Italy appear in the visitors' book. Although Prince Henry is a fair shot, he crippled for life one of the Grand Duke of Baden's gamekeepers, injured a Greek officer at Corfu, and put some pellets into a Turkish dignitary in Syria—all this before he came of age.

In December, 1915, the result of a particularly interesting law case was being talked over at more than one club, although the papers had passed it over without comment. "So they have condemned that fellow Krupp von Bohlen's yacht 'Germania,'" said a young "leaver," who had had nearly a year of it at the front, and was home for a fortnight. By "they," as he had to explain, he meant the Prize Court and its gifted President, Sir Samuel Evans. "She came to the Solent," said a legal light, "in July, 1914, for the Cowes 'week,' which, as you cannot have forgotten, never came off, and she was seized a day or so after we had declared war on Germany. If you ask me why Prince Henry of Prussia's yacht, which was in the Solent on the eve of the 'week,' was not likewise seized I cannot tell you. She ought to have been sufficiently 'suspect' to have warranted her detention, but she evidently slipped out of Cowes Roads just before our Government sent its ultimatum to Berlin." And it was so.

Prince Henry, besides his frequent other visits

to England, was here in December, 1912; in or about April, 1913; and, as noted above, in July, 1914. On the 11th of April, 1913, I read this rather curiously worded paragraph in the "Daily Chronicle":

> An anti-German English paper declared some time ago that it was the nightly custom of German naval officers to drink "to the Day," meaning when war should be declared against England. Prince Henry, in a telegram to a friend in England, declared it was 'a beastly lie.'"

Prince Henry of Prussia married Princess Irene of Hesse in 1888, at Charlottenberg, in the presence of the Kaiser and Kaiserin and representatives of the principal Royal families of Northern Europe. From our Court came effusive congratulations. Prince Henry, unlike his brother, always kept "in" with King Edward. Since 1896 the Prince has owned the estate and castle of Hemmelmark, at the end of the bay of Eckernfoerde, on the lake of Hemmelmark, which communicates with the sea by a tunnel. The castle is of modern construction, and was built from plans personally supervised by Prince Henry, who acquired the estate and the old castle of Hemmelmark in 1896. The new castle, which was finished in 1904, is of imposing extent, containing upwards of a hundred rooms. It is surrounded by a fine park, and from the castle magnificent views are obtained of the sea and a well-wooded valley. Among the Prince's visitors in 1909 were the Tsar and Tsaritsa and their children, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse.

In 1893 the Kaiser was received for the second time by the Pope, but what passed has never been

revealed. That the conversation was of the greatest importance was shown by the fact that on the following day the venerable Pontiff received the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, the interview lasting for two hours. Catholic Princes, and lesser personages, are not accorded audience of the Pope if they have been previously received by the King of Italy. This rule does not apply to Protestants or to members of the Greek or the Russo-Greek Church, and at the period of the Kaiser's second visit to the Vatican his Holiness granted special audiences to the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duchess Palovna, Prince George of Greece (Queen Alexandra's nephew, and husband of Princess Marie Bonaparte), Prince Danilo of Montenegro, and one or two others.

"The Hohenzollerns," said Bismarck, with justifiable contempt, "are a Suabian family, no better than my own"; but it would take something more exasperating than such a gibe to lessen the Kaiser's pride in his genealogy. It was not, however, until the eighteenth century that the Hohenzollerns entered into the "great family" of rulers. The Prussian Royal family owes its glory to three powerful men: the Great Elector, Frederick II. and William I.; but this family is not the most ancient of all the old Royal races of Europe. Many families among the higher aristocracy can show a genealogical tree dating from the beginning of the eleventh century. The first of these chiefs was Buchardus of Zolorin, whose descendants became, in the twelfth century, Counts (or Earls) of Hohenzollern and Margraves of Nuremburg and Brandenburg. William II. makes the most of the fact that

among his ancestors was the famous Admiral Coligny, a Frenchman! The Hohenzollerns, however, are German to the core—an honour of which no one wishes to deprive them. The Margraves of Brandenburg became Dukes of Prussia; nevertheless they remained vassals of the Kings of Poland until 1660, when the Great Elector Frederick William finally freed them from that suzerainty, remembering which his successors avenged and still avenge themselves upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Posen. The rise of the family thereafter continued except during the French conquests at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which, after Jena, led Napoleon in triumph to Berlin. In 1700 Frederick I. was crowned King of Prussia at Königsberg, so in 1871 was William I. William the Blackmailer has never figured in a coronation ceremony. (Vide pp. 348–350.)

On the eve of one of his visits to this country in the early nineties the Emperor William telegraphed from Norway that he "particularly wished to have an opportunity of conversing with the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr Gladstone" during his stay among us. The desired talks may, or may not, have taken place; but a rhymester of the period perpetrated this jingle in anticipation of the turn the palavers might, in his view, possibly take:

Said the Kaiser to the Marquis, as he shook him by the hand,
"I'd like to have a quiet chat with you;
The political barometer I cannot understand."
Quoth the Marquis, "'Tis certainly askew."

"But why did Gladstone beat you?" asked young William, with a smile.
"Ask another!" cried Salisbury with a frown.

" You know that when the Old 'Un starts off spouting by the mile
He will talk a bench of bishops upside down !

" At gammoning the public I have never met his like,
He'd persuade a midnight mob 'twas open day.
He's as slippery as an eel, and as game as any tyke,
His bravado and his humbug won the way."

Then the Kaiser turned him round to the G.O.M., and said,
" A word, good Father William, in your ear.
How is it that you've managed to turn John Bull's stolid head ? "
Quoth the Old 'Un, with a very knowing leer,

" My victory is mainly due to Balfour, rash young man,
Who has given me such a splendid battle-cry.
' Home Rule for poor old Ireland, and no more Coercion ban.'
O, it fairly hit the Tories in the eye ! "

" You're a precious pair of humbugs," said the Kaiser to them both,
As he started for another suit of " cloes."
Then the " Markiss " and " Auld Willie " watched him go, and, nothing loth,
Whispered " Walker "—with a finger on each nose !

Shortly before the Kaiser's visit to England in 1889, the year after his accession, he took into his confidence Count William Douglas, of Scottish descent, and very soon they were almost inseparable. The Kaiser has had from his adolescence the knack of picking the brains of those with whom he comes into contact. He found Douglas very brainy; hence much Imperial flattery and favouring, repaid by the Count with a pamphlet so eulogistic of William II. as to draw upon his devoted head the wild and rancorous attacks of Bismarck's " reptile " Press, a term which I heard for the first time from the

lips of the late Lord Ampthill (our Ambassador at Berlin) when he was still (1875) Lord Odo Russell.

For the first six months of William II.'s reign the public failed to appreciate him, and his speeches in the German Parliament (25th June 1888) and at the opening of the Prussian Diet (27th June) fell flat. In October Count Douglas came to the rescue with a set speech, delivered at an electoral meeting, which would have made most men blush, but which the " Young Man " took as no more than his due. The eloquent naturalised Scot dilated upon the new sovereign's passion for work and energy, " which made some of those about him dread that he was overtaxing his strength. . . . Like his late grandfather he never permits anyone to talk with him on matters which he is not specially competent to discuss. He is thoroughly proof against personal flattery and fawning, though singularly impressionable to the candid words of honesty and truth, even when not according with his own views. His true and genuinely human character makes him take an interest in all humanitarian and benevolent schemes. He is not tainted with the faintest dash of romanticism. Like his august grandfather, he grants his Royal protection to the practice of sound piety. He had been set down as a bellicose Prince, but very wrongly, as was proved by the immediate rise of securities after his accession to the throne. It is not perhaps generally known, but it is a fact, that a couple of years ago [in 1886], when the policy of Russia seemed to bode danger to peace, the Emperor undertook the rôle of a mediator and with the best success. In matters of religious belief the Emperor is anything but a

partisan. His relations to the Court chaplain, Herr Stöcker, were confined exclusively to his association with that clergyman in a work of public benevolence, and it is an act of extreme audacity and injustice to connect his Majesty's name and sympathies with the intolerant policy of the anti-Semitic party."

Count Douglas may have been, probably was, sincere in his appreciation of the Kaiser in 1888. But there must have been in Berlin many equally competent judges of the new sovereign's characteristics who regarded the picture as part portrait and part caricature. Count Seckendorff, whose attachment to the Emperor and Empress Frederick needs no emphasising here, must have found Douglas's honied words verging on the loathsome. Moreover young William's omission to mention his father's name in his speeches to the Parliament had been noted with pain and disgust. In the same fourth month (October) of the new reign German Catholics read in their papers that the Pope, through the medium of a correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," had expressed his dissatisfaction at the results of his recent interview with the new Emperor.

The first wife of the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, the lady to whom the Kaiser addressed so many letters, referring to her frequently as the "Señora," * was the sister of Lady Macdonell, whose late husband, Sir Hugh, was at one time our Minister-Plenipotentiary to Rio de Janeiro. He was also our Diplomatic Representative at Copenhagen, Lisbon, Munich, Rome and other capitals. In her "Remini-

* Vide Chapter I.

scences of Diplomatic Life" (issued by A. & C. Black in 1913) Lady Macdonell narrates how, at Berlin, she once boxed the ears of the then Prince William (the Kaiser of to-day) for his impudent remark that she had cheated when they were playing draughts!

At Munich the Macdonells saw a great deal of the Empress Frederick, of whom Lady Macdonell writes: "She came for relaxation and in search of health even then. Princess Victoria accompanied her, and our valued friend, Count George Seckendorff, who was a Bavarian. I spent many happy hours shopping and visiting at artists' studios with them; last, but not least, that of the great Lenbach, who painted the last portrait of that great woman. Her intelligence was quite abnormal; everything interested her; but I fear she was often misunderstood."

The late Count Seckendorff referred to by Lady Macdonell was, I remember, the Empress Frederick's Master of the Household, a high-minded, highly gifted, charming man, a great admirer of England, and honoured by the intimate friendship of King Edward, who probably learnt from the Count precisely how the Kaiser spoke of this country and our late beloved King. Shortly after the death of the Emperor Frederick the anti-British snobocracy of Kaiser William's entourage, who included Eulenburg and other infamous creatures, spread the report that the widowed Empress had married Count Seckendorff—a cruel lie which the Count doubtless reported to his Royal friend at Buckingham Palace.

The wife of a well-known Birmingham clergyman was, in her girlhood, at a party given by Queen

Victoria at Osborne at which the Kaiser, then a small boy, was also present. As he behaved rudely the young lady, as Lady Macdonell had previously done, boxed his ears.

The Kaiser exemplified his motto, "If I rest, I rust," in 1904, by a particularly barefaced attempt to invalidate the claim of the Prince of Lippe-Detmold to the inheritance of the principality. The Emperor's object was to instal in the rulership of that territory his brother-in-law, the Prince of Lippe-Schönburg, and it was strongly resented by many of the princely families. What was particularly reprobated was a telegram sent by the Kaiser to the claimant of the disputed principality containing the offensive declaration: "To the Prince shall come what is his due and nothing more." By the intervention of a highly placed personage (thought to be Prince Bülow) the matter was left to the arbitration of the King of Saxony, who exasperated the Emperor by deciding against him and in favour of the claimant, the reigning prince. The question at issue was that of the "equality of birth" of that personage's mother—whether she was "qualified" to bring into the world a prince! Upon the King of Saxony's decision being made known the successful claimant openly embraced his legal adviser at a railway station, and wrote an autograph letter to an English gentleman of my acquaintance, warmly thanking him for having championed his cause in an English journal "during" (in the Prince's own words) "a crisis which caused the greatest anguish to me and my family." It was long ere the animosity of the German princes towards the Kaiser cooled down; and the brutal

conduct of William II. is remembered and often brought up against him to this day.

Until the outbreak of war the principal German papers had their representatives in London. For many years the correspondent of the "Cologne Gazette" was Dr Hans Esser, an exceptionally gifted man, whose experiences in many European centres had made him well acquainted with political, diplomatic and commercial questions, so that his contributions to the "Kölnische" were features of the paper, and notable for their friendliness towards England. After the war had been raging for some months Dr Esser was arrested as an alien enemy and interned at Olympia, where he remained eighteen days. He had been at liberty for several weeks when he was re-arrested and sent to Brixton Gaol, where he remained for three months, during which he was treated, as he gratefully admitted, with every consideration. His second incarceration was said to have been the result of an insolent and a peremptory demand by the Berlin Foreign Office that he should be allowed to return to Germany forthwith, despite the fact that upon the declaration of war all British subjects then in Germany had been unceremoniously arrested and interned and were in confinement at the period of the second Esser episode.

Dr Esser had been for many years a member of a leading non-political West End club, the Junior Athenæum, and owed his release from Olympia to the energy of one of his English friends, who entered into the requisite sureties for his good behaviour. His troubles had to a certain extent affected his health, and he passed away in his sleep

at the age of seventy-five. He was the doyen of the most distinguished member of the staff of the "Cologne Gazette," and one of the causes of the internment was the venomous editorial attitude of that journal towards this country. Dr Esser was often referred to as a German Jew. He was, however, a member of an old Roman Catholic Westphalian family, and there are several distinguished professors of the name.

This piquant episode was related by Dr Esser. While the Emperor Frederick was still Crown Prince, dying by inches at San Remo, he and the Crown Princess were greatly irritated by hearing that their eldest son, the present Kaiser, then known as Prince William, was demonstratively championing the anti-Semitic campaign which was engineered by the Court Chaplain, the notorious Dr Stöcker, whose principal supporters were Count von Waldersee, who succeeded Moltke as Chief of the Headquarters Staff, and his wife. When the news of Prince William's co-operation with Stöcker in the campaign against the Jews reached the Crown Prince and his consort at San Remo the latter communicated with Dr Esser, who was then at that place, and requested him to publish in the next day's "Cologne Gazette" an authorised statement that the Crown Prince and Princess strongly deprecated their son's attitude in association with the Jew-baiter Stöcker. Had Esser complied with the urgent request of the Crown Princess and published her statement he would have accomplished what is known in the United States as a journalistic "beat." But Esser held his hand, and explained to the Crown Princess that were he to comply with her request

it would cause a great scandal. In this view of the case the future Empress Frederick was wise enough to acquiesce, and on the following day she informed Dr Esser that, on reflection, she had come to the conclusion that it would be best to let the matter drop. The Crown Princess warmly thanked the correspondent for the advice he had given her.

If the Kaiser be not yet precisely mad, will he escape his atavistic destiny ? Will he be an exception to the line of the Hohenzollerns ? He descends, in the fifth line, from our King George III., who died insane. The Duke of Cumberland, consort of Queen Alexandra's sister Thyra, descends from that King in the fourth line. In November, 1914, the Duke disappeared, and several days afterwards was found wandering about in a pitiable state, having lost his memory. To all appearance he was crazed. Tolstoi, as far back as 1894, expressed his surprise that William II. was not placed in a home for the insane. Since then numerous specialists have asked : " Is William mad ? " Dr Neipp, vice-president of the Swiss Academy of Medicine, writing in the ' Revue de Psychothérapie," says the Kaiser suffers from violent headaches and frequent insomnia. " He will end his days either on the battlefield or in a mad-house."

Parsimony in all that pertains to household matters is a tradition with the Hohenzollerns, and consequently it is not surprising to learn that William II. contents himself with six shirts. Writing nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, Dieudonné Thiébault, in his memoirs, " Vingt ans de séjour à Berlin," says : " The wardrobe of Frederick II. contains only a few uniforms, one or two suits of

plain clothes, the same number in velvet, six shirts, renewed annually, and other garments in the same proportion. It is a rule with the Princes of this house to have only six shirts, at least when they were campaigning." If, however, William II. resembles his ancestor in the matter of his half-dozen shirts, he compensates himself for the limited quantity of his linen by his array of uniforms and suits of plain clothes of every shape and colour.

The black and white Hohenzollern (Prussian) colours have had an existence extending through five centuries, and one of the most frequently heard marching songs is still that entitled "Ich bin ein Preusse," the first verse of which, Anglicised, runs :

I am a Prussian ! Know ye not my banner ?
Before me floats my flag of black and white !
My fathers died for freedom, 'twas their manner—
So say these colours floating in your sight !

As a popular war song, it ranks with "Die Wacht am Rhein."

"La Marseillaise," which has taken firm root in this country since August, 1914, was originally the hymn of revolution and of victory. It was proscribed by the governments of Napoleon I., of the Restoration, of Louis Philippe, and of Napoleon III., and for more than sixty years anyone who sang it was liable to be imprisoned or even executed. The interdict was removed by Napoleon III. in 1870, on the eve of the war with Germany, and forty-four years later Rouget de Lisle's song was destined to become the complement of our National Anthem.

Although I saw Bismarck frequently during the war,* and also at Berlin at the time of the "Einzug"

* Vide Chapter XIII.

(June, 1871), I never heard him speak in the Reichstag. Many of my friends were more fortunate, and one of them (a Hungarian) wrote to me at the time as follows :—

I cannot advise those who worship the Man of Blood and Iron to go out of their way to hear one of his speeches, which read incomparably better than they sound. Indeed, the Chancellor is the reverse of a good speaker. His great reputation, his stalwart figure, and his stern face make us expect a thundering speech that should send the whole Parliament home trembling. Nothing of the kind. When he rises we have to bear in mind who is speaking and what he is saying, or the way in which he is saying it would inevitably evoke either our laughter or our pity. Bismarck's voice is anything but strong. It is very high and often piercingly thin, altogether out of proportion to such a big man. He is childishly nervous, and tries to keep his fists clenched behind his back ; his fingers, however, are all the time twitching nervously. Every few minutes he pulls out that great pocket-handkerchief and " mops " his forehead and moustache, whether they require that attention or not. He stutters, stumbles, and staggers in his speech, commences and recommences a sentence five or six times, and not rarely, when all attempts at finding the necessary word to convey his meaning prove futile, leaves the sentence unfinished. At such times his nervousness increases, and the only way out of his embarrassment is to reach after the glass containing Moselle and mineral water. He spoke for two hours, during which he drank eighteen large glasses of that beverage !

Many of Bismarck's verbal sallies have been dragged out of the pigeon-holes of history and memory, but here is a dictum of the great Frenchman, Mirabeau, which outclasses anything the " Hermit of Varzin " ever uttered : " War is Prussia's national industry. Prussia is not a country which has an army ; it is an army which has a country."

It will surprise many to hear that the Prince of Monaco, who so successfully resisted the black-mailing attempts of certain German generals in 1914,* owes his fortune of some £80,000 per annum indirectly to Bismarck. The Casino at Monaco, which has had its English patrons even during the third year of the war, came into being mainly as a result of the prohibition of public gambling in Germany nearly half-a-century ago. In 1865 Baden-Baden was thronged, as it had been in previous years, by crowned heads, princes, princesses, states-men, and, it is safe to assert, thieves. The "rooms," with their roulette and trente-et-quarante tables, were packed. A man of gigantic frame and military bearing attracted particular notice. He wore a short grey riding-coat and a large soft hat with an immense brim, half hiding his face: this was the "Man of Blood and Iron" of five years later. Sometimes he would approach a table, put down five louis, apparently from sheer ennui, and, with-out caring much about the result, continue his promenade through the room, returning from time to time to see whether he had lost or won. When he found he had lost he put down another five golden pieces, but never more. One day a young German baron, on his honeymoon with his young and pretty wife, played so recklessly as to attract general attention. At first favoured by fortune, he soon lost large sums, and with every loss he increased his stakes. His wife vainly endeavoured to get him away. He had just suffered another heavy loss, and with nervous haste staked several thousand francs, when the croupier cried: "Messieurs,

* Vide Chapter VIII.

le jeu est fait!" Everybody in the room crowded round the gambler to watch the result; even Herr von Bismarck approached the table. The card was turned up—the young baron had lost again! He whispered something to his wife, and followed her out of the room. Suddenly he stopped. There was a slight report, and the ruined gambler fell to the ground with a bullet through his head. The croupier, who was not allowed to leave his place, heard a tall gentleman near him say angrily: "This must be stopped. It's a disgrace to Germany." Turning round, the croupier recognised the then Prussian Premier; and we know how he kept his word.

Those Englishmen (and there are still many) who sided with Prince Bismarck when he was treated so boorishly by the Kaiser in 1890 will wholly dissent from Mr H. G. Wells's distorted and vulgar portraiture of him in a novel: "Just a beery, obstinate old man—the commonest, coarsest man who ever became great. He aimed at nothing but Germany—Germany and his class in Germany; beyond that he had no ideas. He never rose for a recorded instant above a bumpkin's elaborate cunning." "Punch's" epitaph (1898) was more to the point:

Here lies Bismarck—
He made *his* mark.

Bismarck said, on the subject of his "retirement," whether it was voluntary or involuntary: "The Young Man [as he called the Kaiser] would like to have it hushed up. . . . There is a great deal of Byzantinerthum [flunkeyism] here, and they all crawl on their bellies before him in

order to attract one gracious look upon themselves." Speaking to his familiar, Busch, of Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch," "Dropping the Pilot," the original of which is in the possession of Lord Rosebery, Bismarck said: "The Emperor was delighted with it. He saw in it a recognition of his right to smash the pot—you know, as in the witches' kitchen—Entzwei, entzwei, da liegt der Brei" (Break it, break it—there lies the broth). Of diplomatic reports he said: "For the most part they are just paper smeared with ink"; which is not untrue of some of these documents when they emanate from German sources.

Although Napoleon I., in one of his frequent spasmodic outbursts, said: "History is a lie which has been agreed upon," it is upon historical records that we have to rely for our knowledge of the past. These records show that the Germans' detestation of this country had its rise in 1870, when we refused to abandon our neutrality and aid them against France. At that time the then Crown Princess—our Princess Royal, afterwards the Empress Frederick—wrote from Berlin to her mother, Queen Victoria: "The English at this moment are more hated than the French." Fourteen years later our attitude concerning Bismarck's colonial ideas aroused the old man's anger, and our Ambassador wrote (August, 1884):

I am in despair at Bismarck's present inclination to increase his popularity before the general election, by taking up an anti-English attitude; he has discovered an unexplored mine of popularity, in starting Colonial policy which public opinion persuades itself to be anti-English, and the slumbering theoretical envy of the Germans that our wealth and our freedom has

awakened and taken the form of abuse of everything in the Press. My hope is that this anti-English mania may not last longer, but my fear is that it will increase until the general elections are over.

A little later the Ambassador wrote: "Bismarck's attitude is disagreeable; *he hates England.*" This has its importance in view of what I have been often told to the contrary by one who had the privilege of Bismarck's friendship.

For many years the Prince of Monaco * was one of the Kaiser's closest friends, yachting with him and visiting the Emperor and Empress at Berlin. When, in 1907, MM. Massenet and Saint-Saëns, whose fame is not confined to France, made their memorable trip to Berlin it was by the Prince of Monaco that they were presented to the Kaiser, who invited the trio to lunch. For some time afterwards the two celebrated Frenchmen were "full of" the Kaiser—his geniality and his immense knowledge of everything under the sun, including particularly architecture, astronomy and music!

I regret that I am debarred from making public the true story of the "Ægusa," which was mined and sunk in the Mediterranean not so far back. She was formerly Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, "Erin," whose old crew, six of whom were reported "missing," manned her. No further details were allowed to be published, although I know them to have been of surpassing interest. Sir Thomas himself would tell you as much as this if you asked him. Anyway, he told one of his legion of friends, who in turn divulged to me. Through King Edward's good offices Sir Thomas became acquainted

* Vide Chapter VIII.

with the Lady of Farnborough Hill, who thought very highly of him and kept one of her now ninety birthdays cruising in the Mediterranean on board the beautiful "Erin."

"Your knowledge is nothing," says Perseus, "unless others know that you possess it." It was from one of the combatants that I had this delightful story, until now inédit. Among the heroes of the naval battle of Jutland was a wireless operator who had been a gardener before joining the senior service in 1914. According to the nonsensical suppositions of several papers, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe and Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty were in blissful ignorance of what each was doing during the conflict! Conceive the possibility of such a situation if you can! As a matter of fact, these two brilliant commanders, who have made imperishable names for themselves and for all concerned, were, as I shall show, in the closest touch from start to finish. And it was the cool and indefatigable ex-gardener who kept the Admirals in contact!

Mark what happened during those fateful hours. The tremendous vibration caused by the big guns at length broke the points of the wireless man's pencils, so that for a brief space he could not keep pace with the continuous conversations of the Admirals, of all of which he had to make three copies. At the psychological moment a certain person (whom I could indicate) appeared on the scene and learnt of the pencil trouble. "I foresaw this contretemps," he said, "and have brought you *thirty* pencils, pointed by myself." And so saying he handed the precious gift to the overjoyed

operator. Such things happen even in the greatest crisis of our island story.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria's proclamation in 1915 to those inhabitants of Warsaw who remained in the conquered town does not lack the element of "frightfulness." The leaders and the most prominent citizens of the town were taken by the Prince as hostages, and remain pledges for the security of the German troops. Those who fail to observe the regulations laid down for their conduct "must expect to pay the death penalty." A version of this document circulated by wireless from Berlin declared that "these precautionary measures are taken in order to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate experiences of Louvain and Brussels."

The Poles are not feeling the heavy German hand at their throats for the first time. To come to comparatively recent times, Bismarck tyrannised over them, holding their religion in contempt, as was natural, perhaps, in the author of the Kulturkampf, and detesting their nationality. When Bismarck fell from Hohenzollern grace, and checkmated the Kaiser in every possible direction with the aid of the faithful "Hamburger Nachrichten," William II. directed the new Chancellor, Von Caprivi, to take measures to counteract Bismarck's efforts to exterminate the Poles, who, strange to say, began to regard the Emperor with benevolent eyes! The French author, Henri de Noussanne, made a painstaking investigation into the Kaiser's modus operandi, and relates the result of his inquiry in his work, "Le Véritable Guillaume II.," an English edition of which was issued some ten years ago by Putnam's Sons, the translation being by Mr Walter

Littlefield. The facts given by M. de Noussanne are particularly interesting when a new chapter of the history of Poland has been commenced, with the terrifying proclamation of Prince Leopold of Bavaria figuring on one of its earliest pages.

Six years after the accession of William II. Herr Koscielki, a Polish member of the Reichstag, was on such friendly terms with the Kaiser that he offered him the support of the Poles in connection with the project for increasing the German fleet. In return for this co-operation the Prussian Government was to make certain concessions to Poland, one of these being of great importance—viz. " mixed instruction " in the Polish and German languages in the schools of Silesia and Posen.

Ernst Lissauer, after his frenzied verses had been published in the " Jugend," announced that he regretted having written them. He had " not thought it would have been made so much of as against England." This was one of those " second thoughts " which are proverbially " sometimes best." The " Jugend " was described in our papers as " the well-known Munich comic weekly." It is really a paper for family reading, a home-circle publication. The appended translation of " A Chant of Hate " was made by Barbara Henderson, in 1915, for the " New York Times," and is the only English rendering of the poem which I have seen :

French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot ;
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the Judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forgo our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe, and one alone—
*ENGLAND*!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all.
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
*ENGLAND*!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will seal.
*You* will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forgo our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,

Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
*ENGLAND*!

Soon after the publication of the "Hymn of Hate" it was supplanted by the production, at Leipzig (September, 1915), of a kindred song, the "Chant of the German Sword," which was and is heard everywhere. The "Sword" is made to say:

It is no duty of mine to be either just or compassionate; it suffices that I am sanctified by my exalted mission, and that I blind the eyes of my enemies with such streams of tears as shall make the proudest of them cringe in terror under the vault of Heaven.

I have slaughtered the old and the sorrowful; I have struck off the breasts of women; and I have run through the body of children who gazed at me with the eyes of a wounded lion.

Day after day I ride aloft on the shadowy horse in the valley of Cypresses; and as I ride I draw forth the life blood from every enemy's son that dares to dispute my path.

It is meet and right that I should cry aloud my pride, for am I not the flaming messenger of the Lord Almighty?

Germany is so far above and beyond all the other nations that all the rest of the earth, be they who they may, should feel themselves well done by when they are allowed to fight with the dogs for the crumbs that fall from her table.

A demented journalist hailed the appearance of the "Sword Chant" in this strain: "When Germany the divine is happy the rest of the world basks in smiles; but when Germany suffers God in person is rent in anguish, and, wrathful and avenging, He turns all the waters into rivers of blood."

The famous German poet Freiligrath, who made London his home for many years, distinguished himself by writing verses expressing his detestation, not of England, but of Prussia! He stigmatised the Hohenzollerns as "animals every inch of them, who roar like horses." Following the example of Heine, Freiligrath turned some of his own German poems into English. The Kaiser execrates Heine, and will not allow a statue of him to be set up in any part of Germany.

If you are the editor of a paper like the "Vorwaerts," the organ of 6,000,000 socialists, and have unfortunately stated that there are people in Germany who regret the destruction of Louvain, your journal will be suppressed "until further notice." But if you are a Lieutenant-Colonel, like Herr Wagner, willing to be the interpreter of the Kaiser's real feelings towards his dead English uncle, and to flatter the Emperor by writing an infamous pamphlet describing King Edward as "the greatest criminal of the twentieth century," you will have the warmest approval of the leader of the Huns and your work will be "boomed" throughout Germany as one which has been read and appreciated by the Imperial nephew of the slandered dead.

The terms in which King William (the present Kaiser's "immortal grandfather") conveyed to his consort news of the victory at Sedan and, later, some of the terms of peace, were so "highfalutin" that they evoked much satire of the rough-and-ready type. Two examples are appended from memory, the second being a later variant of the first :

I write to you, my dear Augusta,
We've had another awful buster.
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below—
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

With deep-moved heart, my dear Augusta,
Alsace I take (through our last buster),
Lorraine, £200,000,000 odd,
And then sign peace "by Grace of God!"

"Many of my friends," wrote Heine, "have desired a Greater Prussia and had hopes to see her kings the supreme heads of a United Germany. Attempts have been made by baits of patriotism: we heard of a Prussian liberalism, and confident looks were cast towards the Linden of Berlin. I could never understand the confidence. I always regarded this Prussian Eagle with feelings of suspicion, and when others spoke of how proudly he peered at the sun, I paid more attention to his claws. I have no confidence in this elongated, bigoted humbug with the distended stomach and the huge mouth, with the corporal's stick which he first dips into holy water, before he breaks it over your back. I cordially dislike this philosophical-Christian soldiery, this mixture of beer, lies, and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive to me, is this Prussia, this stiff, hypocritical, mocking Prussia, this Tartuffe among the States."

No commander of the German armies in 1870 was more highly spoken of than the Duchess of Connaught's father, of whom one of his military attachés, who was in London in 1915, told this story to a friend:

Frederick Charles, known as the "Red Prince," a great strategist and victorious commander, was the Kaiser's uncle,

and I often wonder what he would say of his Imperial nephew who permits the German army to burn and loot, and of his grand-nephew, the Crown Prince, who himself stoops to looting. One afternoon before Metz I was in the Prince's suite on a reconnoitring tour. His Royal Highness, who rode at the head of our column, noticed another cavalcade approaching, and sent out an adjutant to inquire who was coming. The young man returned in a minute or two with this information and message : " General von ——, who begs permission to salute your Royal Highness." The Red Prince immediately gave spurs to his horse and rode off into the adjoining unploughed field, we following as a matter of course. " I won't meet a murderer and incendiary," said Prince Frederick Charles, explaining his action to King William afterwards when called to account. For General von —— had been accused of some of the crimes now laid at the door of the troops of Attila the Second.

The Berliners, as they have let the world see daily since 1914, are adepts in the art of making mountains out of molehills ; consequently, when there filtered through the salons and modish restaurants the weighty news that the Crown Prince had devoted his massive intellect to the production of a book on the " Tango," called " The Breviary of Dancing," it was discussed as earnestly as any really important event. When this example of Imperial preciosity appeared, anonymously, everybody bought it and found that it contained illustrations, or diagrams, to show people precisely what this Argentine dance was like, and it was made known that the " pictures " were also the work of the future wielder of the Imperial sceptre.

At a small dinner given in May, 1916, at a restaurant to congratulate Mr Lloyd George on his selection as pacificator of Ireland the talk drifted into that remarkable deliverance of the great Lord Salisbury (Foreign Secretary) at the Conservative " rally " at

Manchester in the autumn of 1879. Bismarck had just been to Vienna, and the diplomatists of Europe were all agog at the rumours that a defensive alliance had been concluded between Austria and Germany. Lord Salisbury, while not giving any opinion as to the accuracy of the rumour, referred to it so enthusiastically as to make his hearers fancy that he regarded Bismarck's new move as a thing accomplished. He said (and how more than strange it reads to-day!) the news was "glad tidings of great joy," because "an alliance of this kind would be a new guarantee for the peace of Europe; it would establish a new bulwark against Russian aggression. If you don't trust the Turk who is on the rampart of the fortress, at least you cannot refuse the Austrian sentinel who is at the door."

I was reading, at Heidelberg, for my Bar examination some little time after the great war between France and Germany. The mosquitoes drove us away from the university town to Strasburg. Until remittances reached us in Paris we were desperately hard up, and compelled to make the long journey from Strasburg third class. In ordinary times, this would not have mattered, particularly to me, as I had roughed it with the German troops during the first four months of the war. But the times were extraordinary, for the "option" was in full swing —that is to say, the inhabitants of the two lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, were called upon to declare whether they would be French or German. If they did not object to live under German rule they were welcome to remain in the two provinces annexed by the conquerors; if they preferred to be governed, as they had been hitherto, by France,

they had to "clear out." They call that "opting." A year ago one might have said: "Possibly *we* may come to it!"

The great majority of Alsatians and Lorrainers hated the Germans, and consequently "opted" for France, and crossed the frontier to make new homes—anywhere, except in the now Germanised provinces. For many weeks the trains were crowded by the exiles. The various acts of the dread drama I had seen—I was now looking at the epilogue. I have just lived those days over again by reading a French verse of only four lines. It was read out at the trial of the popular Alsatian writer and caricaturist, Jakob Waltz, who was accused, and found guilty, of lèse-majesté, a common enough offence in the empire of William II., otherwise the "All-Highest" ("Aller-Höchst") and Attila-Caligula II.

Herr Waltz, known as "Hansi," drew a picture representing a number of little Alsatian school children (all, by law, Germans since the famous "opting," but at heart French) singing to the storks on the chimney-tops:

> Cigogne, Cigogne, t'as de la chance!
> Tous les ans tu passes en France.
> Cigogne, Cigogne, rapporte nous
> Dans ton bec un p'tit piou-piou.

("Stork, stork, you have good luck! Every year you live in France. Stork, stork, bring us back in your beak a little soldier.") For this appalling crime poor "Hansi" was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. When the day came for him to surrender he was non est. He had "skipped."

When the war broke out, "Hansi" joined the French forces, and "peppered" the wearers of the Pickelhaube with much success.

To see Réjane in "Alsace" is to revive memories of "Seventy" and in particular of a picture which made its way to all parts of the world, and, to the dismay and rage of the Boches, sold by millions. The figure of a woman—that was all; but then she was an Alsatian, one of the victims of Bismarck's "bleed them white" (saigner à blanc) methods. There was no mistaking this woman's nationality, for she wore the Alsatian costume with the quaintly picturesque head-dress. The original was known to me, and I have souvenirs sent to me by her not long before her death. She was Mélanie, Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès, the friend of King Edward and the Duke of Edinburgh, who, whenever they were passing a few days in Paris, never failed to make their way to the Countess's delightful old house in the Rue Tronchet, and admire the rare collection of works of art which adorned it, and (some of them) adorn it still. Would that this fair patriot had been spared to see Alsace (and Lorraine) snatched from the Huns—as it is going to be!

In July, 1900, the Kaiser addressed the troops which were about to be sent to China, bidding them to follow the example of the Huns! "When you meet the foe," he said, "you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation in virtue for which they still live in historical tradition, so

may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China that no Chinaman will ever again even dare to look askance at a German."

At Bremen, in March, 1905, the Kaiser delivered a speech which was criticised by the Press of all countries. He said history should come to speak of "a world-wide dominion of the Hohenzollerns," and added: "Our Lord and God would never have given Himself such pains with our German fatherland and its people if He had not predestined it to something great. *We are the salt of the earth*, but we must also prove ourselves worthy of this high calling." Abundant proofs of their "worthiness" were forthcoming less than ten years later—the invasion of Luxemburg, the violation of women and children and the wholesale executions in Belgium, the destruction at Louvain, Rheims, and other places, the "crucifixion" of British, French, and Belgian soldiers, the "Lusitania" and other crimes, the murders in London, on our coasts and in our inland towns: are not these acts the best evidence of the worthiness of the Kaiser's Huns to bear the proud title, "salt of the earth"?

At Berlin and Dresden, in October, 1905, the Kaiser declared that "when the development of the empire is completed we shall be able to look everyone in the face who chooses to cross our path and to interfere with us in the legitimate promotion of our interests"; and he exhorted his army to "keep their powder dry, sword keen, eyes on the goal, and muscles taut." In September, 1905, at Essen, the National Liberal leader, Herr Bassermann, was kowtowing to the Kaiser, and trouncing us for "working for fresh coalitions in order to get

great forces together for a final reckoning with Germany."

Of the Kaiser's stay in this country in 1891 I wrote at the time :

The Queen has been kept daily informed of the movements of the German Emperor, and the telegraphs which connect Windsor and Buckingham Palace have been actively working morning and afternoon during his visit to London. She was especially anxious to know the whole details of the journey to the City, and no little excitement was caused by the news of the accident to Mr Augustus Harris, which was at first attributed to malicious agency, and imagined to be the result of a misdirected plot against the Emperor! The Queen and the Government were fearful lest some fanatical attempt should be made against the Emperor's life by the German Socialists or the French Alsace and Lorraine party, and it was this fear which dictated the curious go-as-you-please arrangement or no-arrangement of the procession, the result of which was that the Emperor's appearance was in every case unexpected, and in some cases he was not recognised until he had passed.

Diary. August 5, 1891. — More than once I have drawn attention to the indiscreet action of the authorities in permitting foreign officials to minutely inspect our big arsenals and dockyards. Of course, I don't allude to visits paid by Royal visitors, such as the Prince of Naples [now King of Italy] makes to Woolwich to-day, but to those made by some of their more technically educated subjects. The value of more than one brilliant idea has been lost to us in this way, and some day we may find to our cost that much mischief may have been done. Last week, for instance, the captain and officers of the German warship "Nixe" made a tour of inspection of Devonport Dockyard. During the same week, apart from a surgeon-general of the

United States Navy, no less than five Japanese, one German, and one United States officer made tours of inspection over Portsmouth Dockyard. It may be taken for granted that these gentlemen went away with very clear ideas on matters of interest to them, and we may some day find the information so acquired used to our disadvantage by a hostile Power.

One of the late Lord Welby's Kaiser stories was narrated by Sir Algernon West in the "Cornhill Magazine" (Jauuary, 1916). A man on duty at a level crossing was ordered to open his gates by an equerry of the impatient Kaiser, who was then staying in the neighbourhood. "Kaiser don't have no power over me," was the reply; "I'm a South-Western signalman."

I imagine it will come as a revelation to most people that long before there were any indications of a conflict between the Powers the Government had taken measures in view of an eventuality. Leave in both services was stopped, officers were ordered to report themselves immediately, postal orders in payment of their railway fares were given to soldiers and sailors, and at the military and naval depôts all necessary preparations were made. The climax came with the naval review at Spithead on 18th, 19th and 20th July 1914—magnificent scenes which elicited the wondering surprise and admiration of the whole world. All this is proof positive that the Government had serious apprehensions that something was brewing in Germany and Austria. My informant was a young Frenchman (now serving his country), who had the facts from his English soldier and sailor friends.

The accuracy of this story was vouched for by the friend from whom I received it recently (1916). An Englishman, by dint of superhuman efforts, secured a concession for the sole supply of electricity in the Transvaal. He was occupied for five years in getting the necessary Bill through the Legislature. Three months were given him to obtain the indispensable deposit of £50,000. To get this amount, he came to London. It was a gilt-edged business that he submitted to one financier after another: but no one in the City would touch it. In despair he went to Berlin. There a couple of days sufficed to get the matter taken up by responsible people, and in a week he was told that the money was at his disposal. But it was not raised at Berlin—it was raised in London by the Germans! No sooner did the Berlin financiers put the scheme before their London friends than they jumped at it—tumbled over each other for the honour of doing the "deal," and the £50,000 was advanced by the people in London to those in Berlin in the twinkling of an eye at 4 per cent. How many millions of our gold have been thus "chucked" into German pockets since 1871, when the crafty Huns began the financial, commercial, and social conquest of what they now curse as "that damnable England"?

The French slang name for the Germans is "Boches," and this is how the term originated. A century before our era the Germans were ruled by a king who, according to tradition, was a giant, able to vault over six horses abreast. He was, however, despite his physical attributes, taken prisoner by the legions of Marius, Roman Consul of the period, and chained by the legions as he was

returning from Iberia, having crossed Gaul to enter Teutonia. This King of the Germans was named "Teutobochus." And it is a fair assumption that the two parts of the name, "Teutoboche," correspond with the two words, "Teuton" and "Boche," which have led our Allies to designate the enemy in the plural, "Boches." Probably some people were heard saying "Teutoboche," and others mistook it for "Tête-de-Boche," or "head of a German."

Only a very few Englishmen can bring themselves publicly to express sympathy with William the Infamous; but among them is to be found Dr Cosmo Lang, Archbishop of York, who, at a great meeting of men in the cathedral city, thus liberated his soul:

> I resent exceedingly the gross and vulgar way in which the German Emperor has been treated in the newspapers, and particularly in the comic papers.
>
> I have a personal memory of the Emperor very sacred to me, which makes me feel that it was with great reluctance he felt himself compelled to accept the fact that his conduct and the conduct of his Ministers had involved himself in war with England; but it is very hard for a man to resist the voices which stood at his ear which said persistently: "The hour of your nation's destiny has come. You dare not fail."
>
> I put the blame not on the Emperor but upon his advisers.

King Edward told his friends at Cannes that the play he preferred was one which afforded him a good laugh. The fancy of William II. was a one-act piece called "A Kaiser's Day at ——," which was produced some ten years ago at Berlin. Long before that he favoured the members of the Royal Theatres with a lecture on the drama. The Kaiser is devoted to music. He has even written the "book" of an opera. They say, too, that he wrote

some of the words—a verse or so—for the last of Léoncavallo's operas, performed at Berlin in the Emperor's presence—what is called a "gala" representation. But in this respect William II. was only following the example of Frederick the Great, whose verses earned the commendation of Voltaire. The Emperor William showed his love of music by the keen interest which he took in the performances of works by eminent French composers; he has also displayed his admiration of the French theatre, and warmly praised Réjane and Coquelin in the final act of "Madame Sans-Gêne." Like King Edward, the Kaiser follows a play with the closest attention, should the piece appeal to him, and gets feverishly interested in the action. He leans forward as if unwilling to miss a word, then stands up and gives the signal for applause. He invites the Kaiserin to applaud, too, and seems gratified when she takes his appreciative view of a piece.

It is something to be able to say, "I saw him" —this veteran so bluff and hale, with the snow-white moustache, and smile that wrinkled his bronzed, weather-beaten cheeks, who is now with our people more than ever just "Joffre." So to us all are two of our great dead, "Roberts" and "Wolseley"; so, again, are "French" and the ever-to-be-deplored "Kitchener." These are the signs and tokens of popularity with the crowd, never hero-worshippers without cause. This was something quite new in the annals of our Army—a Monsieur le Général-en-chef coming to Whitehall, "with his martial cloak around him," for a "confab." with our own Heads, speeding thence to Albert Gate

for the déjeuner, and passing on to Marlborough House to pay his devoirs to the Royal Lady and to assure her that the King was rapidly "mending." London did not bid him "Adieu"—it shouted "Au revoir!"

I should like to have seen the Kaiser's face when he heard, in December, 1914, that King George and the Queen had sent a seasonable greeting to every soldier and sailor on war service, and to every wounded man, wherever he was, and that as a result 750,000 Christmas cards were delivered wherever possible on the great festal day. The sovereigns showed that they possess that "one touch of nature" which "makes the whole world akin." These 750,000 cards, bearing, besides the King's likeness, the most perfect portrait of the Queen yet given to the world, will be the pride and joy of our defenders' homes when "all is over and done" and we have "rendered thanks to the Giver" of peace. These tokens of the sovereigns' "best wishes for Christmas" and their prayer, "May God protect you and bring you home safe"—things such as these are not to be purchased by the rich man's gold. "Sent to me by the King and Queen when I was at the front at the time of that perishin' war." With what pride will those simple words be spoken! With what ill-concealed envy will they be heard by those poor fellows who were not "with French's Army" in the year '14!

It was not only the men who were "sticking it" in the field and on board ship who received the sovereigns' souvenirs. Every man belonging to the original "Expeditionary Force," as it was modestly termed, and who was at the moment hors

de combat, recovering from his wounds—those "honourable scars" which evoke our sympathy—got his card, wherever he was. The invalids who were in hospital, or in their own homes or those of their friends, in the United Kingdom, had the much-prized cards of remembrance by post on Christmas morning; and all that day they passed from hand to hand for admiring inspection.

This phase of the solicitude of their Majesties for the temporarily incapacitated was the subject of warm comment. "To think that they should have thought of us!" came from the hearts of the stricken heroes when the precious cards were handed to them. As the bells pealed on that Christmas morning a wave of intense joy swept over the kingdom at the thought that for all engaged in the fierce strife in Flanders and in France Christmas had brought its consolations and its comforts. Never before in our centuries-old history has such sedulous care been bestowed upon a British Army. Never have our sovereigns displayed so keen a personal interest in the defenders of the realm. And most assuredly never have our land and sea forces struggled so triumphantly against well-nigh overwhelming numbers. The Empire has been galvanised into amazing activity, and from the outset of the cruellest war on record has shown the world that British troops, when skilfully led, are to be reckoned with.

When the Dowager Princess Leopold of Hohenzollern died at Sigmaringen it was only people of a certain age with a memory for names who remembered that she was the widow of the German Prince whose candidature for the then vacant Spanish

throne, in 1870 (engineered by Bismarck beyond a doubt), was the principal cause of the Franco-German War. It was this lady of whom King Edward is supposed to have said : " She was at one time one of the three most beautiful women I ever met." Who were the two others ? Probably the Empress Eugénie and the Comtesse de Castiglione, that fair Florentine who fascinated Napoleon III. and caused a scandal at the Tuileries by appearing at a ball in the most audacious costume ever seen even in the days of the Second Empire. Frédéric Loliée, who died only in 1915, devoted a whole volume to her, and that is now Englished.

When that most unfortunate of Imperial sovereigns, the Empress Elisabeth, was bowed to the ground by the grievous calamity at Mayerling—the mystery which deprived her of her only son, Rudolph—she reared to his memory on that island of Corfu which is so familiar to Queen Alexandra a palace (it was nothing less) in the classical Greek style called the Achilleion. This was in 1889 and 1891, and in this beautiful temple the Kaiserin lived, off and on, until the assassin's hand struck her down on the shores of the Lake of Geneva.

The villa remained unoccupied until it was purchased, in 1907, by the German Emperor, who, when staying in England in that year, called on Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and consulted him on the rearrangement of the building. In March, 1908, William II. resided at the villa for the first time. Previous to his purchase of the house several offers were made for it by speculators whose object was to start at Corfu a gambling hell which should compete with the Monte Carlo establishment. The

Emperor Francis Joseph declined all such offers. And so the Achilleion came into the hands of Kaiser William, the very last man in the wide world who, one would have thought, would have been attracted by it. Was it, we may well wonder, the souvenir of the wise Ulysses or that of the flamboyant Achilles which drew the Kaiser Corfu-wards ? The Empress Elisabeth was so profound an admirer of Heinrich Heine that she raised a monument to him in the park of the Achilleion.

Mark Twain, being at Berlin, on his way to or from England, was invited to dine with the Kaiser, and in one of his books gives this account of the event :

Fifteen or twenty minutes before the dinner ended the Emperor made a remark to me in praise of our generous soldier pensions ; then, without pausing, he continued the remark, not speaking to me, but across the table to his brother, Prince Heinrich. The Prince replied, endorsing the Emperor's view of the matter. Then I followed with my own view of it. I said that in the beginning our Government's generosity to the soldier was clear in its intent and praiseworthy, since the pensions were conferred upon soldiers who had earned them, soldiers who had been disabled in the war and could no longer earn a livelihood for themselves and their families, but that the pensions decreed and added later lacked the virtue of a clean motive, and had, little by little, degenerated into a wider and wider and more and more offensive system of vote-purchasing, and was now become a source of corruption, which was an unpleasant thing to contemplate and was a danger besides.

I think that that was about the substance of my remark ; but in any case the remark had a quite definite result, and that is a memorable thing about it—manifestly it made everybody uncomfortable. I seemed to perceive this quite plainly. I had committed an indiscretion. Possibly it was in violating etiquette by intruding a remark when I had not been invited to make one ; possibly, it was in taking issue with an opinion promulgated by

his Majesty. I do not know which it was, but I quite clearly remember the effect which my act produced—to wit, the Emperor refrained from addressing any remarks to me afterwards, and not merely during the brief remainder of the dinner, but afterwards in the kneiproom, where beer and cigars and hilarious anecdoting prevailed until about midnight. I am sure that the Emperor's good-night was the only thing he said to me in all that time.

Years afterwards the humorist received from a friend, by the merest chance, a message from the Kaiser which made some amends for his apparently scurvy treatment of Twain, who had, however, like many others, realised that, to "keep in" with such a man as the Emperor, you must subordinate your views to his in every particular.

It was a Russian soldier who, in 1916, summarised the history of the German Empire in less than twenty words: "Kaiser William I. was its maker; Frederick William, his heir, was its taker; and Billy, the grandson, its breaker."

In her rôle of impressionist, indiscretionist, what you will, "Papa's little girl" * cannot with justice be ignored. For if she be not in the picture, who is? An observant child, in truth; no respecter of persons; putting everybody "in her list," everybody who came to her father's studio, where the "Derby Day" picture and the "Railway Station" were painted. There was the old Queen—quite a young Queen when "Missy" first saw her, and when aunt assumed for the nonce the parlour-maid's cap and apron so that she might see the Royal lady to the best advantage. There was the young gentleman who did not appreciate the Highland garb in which

* Miss Frith (daughter of the celebrated artist), who has written her reminiscences.

his fond mother had vested him—"his conduct was awful." His mother "tried to hold him, and then handed him over to his two uncles, Leopold and Arthur, whose bare legs he bit"; and, in one of her volumes, "Papa's little girl" expresses the pious hope that "they smacked him well when they got the little ruffian back to the Castle." She herself had the honour of "rapping him over the knuckles." (For "him," read "the Kaiser.") There was also the Prince from Darmstadt, whose portrait Papa painted. "He smoked endless cigars in an impatient way, and did not prove a very tractable sitter, while poor Captain Westerweller stood until Papa suggested a seat could be found for him. 'He will schtaand,' said the Prince, and kept on smoking until his sitting was over." There was a great painter with whom "Missy," aged nine, fell in love at sight. "He was small and compact, and wore a beautiful shirt . . . and looked to me like one of his own most good-humoured white poodles. He was curled and scented, and exquisitely turned out, and I said at once, 'Oh! what a delightful old gentleman!'" "Missy," you figure as the première indiscrétioniste of the period.

Less than six weeks before the war the Kaiser's social relations with our countrymen were as harmonious as they had ever been. On the 25th of June, 1914, three days prior to the Serajevo tragedy, Austria's pretext for attacking Serbia, William II. was paying his first visit to a British dreadnought and hoisting his flag as a British Admiral for the last time. The scene was thus admirably depicted by the special correspondent of the "Times"

under the title: "German Emperor as British Admiral.—Visit to Warships at Kiel":

His Majesty arrived on board the "King George V." at noon, while the English journalists were enjoying the hospitality of Admiral Sir George Warrender and his officers. The Emperor stayed for an hour. The flag of the British Vice-Admiral flew in the "Centurion." The Emperor inspected the bluejackets and marines, made a round of the upper decks, and he visited the Admiral's cabin, where he had a long, but very informal and unprofessional, conversation about his love of the sea, the training of yacht crews, and personal acquaintances in England. He paid special attention to the cables and anchors of the British flagship—a matter with which the German ships seem to have had trouble. He was in high spirits, made jokes with everybody, expressed disapproval of the top hat of a diplomatist who happened to be present, and asked the captain whether there was any swearing in the British ships. His Majesty signed the visitors' book. When the Emperor returned to the "Hohenzollern" in the Admiral's gig the crew paraded and gave three cheers, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who visited the British flagship yesterday, declares that she is the finest ship afloat. There is a mutual understanding that there will be no thoroughgoing visit to either the British or the German ships. It was inquired from the British side whether any hospitality of this kind was desired. The reply was that, as no such facilities were given in the German ships, no facilities were asked for in the British. Not that there are any very great secrets to conceal. The conning-tower, however, is closed, and there is no opportunity of seeing anything of the wireless telegraphy installation. There are two German seamen in the "King George V." doing signalling work.

Here is indeed an Anglo-German episode worthy of preservation for all time. But there were other events during this visit of our warships to Kiel only a few weeks before Armageddon. On the Saturday evening of that great Anglo-German fraternisation Sir George and Lady Warrender

were the Kaiser's honoured and beflattered guests on the "Hohenzollern." In the morning our gallant Vice-Admiral attended the luncheon given by the city of Kiel in honour of the senior officers of the British fleet. There were ninety guests—among them Grand Admiral von Köster, the head of that German Navy League of which Prince Henry used to speak in terms of pride when he collogued with the Scottish friend (the late Lord Napier and Ettrick) to whom he and his brother the Kaiser were so devoted.

At this luncheon at Kiel in June, 1914, when we in England had not the glimmer of an idea that early in August we should be at war with Germany, the utmost good-fellowship prevailed between the givers of the entertainment and our naval officers and men. The burgomaster, in eloquent and fervent terms, declared that the British and German seamen were filled with the same spirit of mutual respect and esteem, and he hoped that the British and German people would only meet in peaceful rivalry. Sir George Warrender thanked the German authorities for the splendid reception which had been accorded to his squadron, jocularly described how his ships had been boarded off Kiel by German officers, and spoke of his pleasure at renewing his acquaintance with old German naval friends. The British Commander also expressed his appreciation of the kindness of the Kaiser.

Admiral von Köster said the German navy would ever strive to model itself upon the examples set by Nelson and to work upon his principles. He was pleased that the relations between the British and German bluejackets were the best imaginable.

And the same evening Sir George Warrender and William II. were hobnobbing like brothers! On the 28th of that same month of June (the anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation) came the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, at Serajevo.

An hour or two after the Serajevo crime the news reached the Kaiser at Kiel on board his yacht "Meteor," then engaged in a race. The fateful telegram was taken to him by a torpedo boat, and he returned to Berlin the next day. The Yacht Club dinner, at which he was to have made a speech, was abandoned, as was likewise Prince Henry of Prussia's afternoon party at his castle, at the gate of which the invités were turned back. The Kaiser, in recent years, had been on intimate terms with the murdered Archduke, and had promised to support the claim of his morganatic wife to a place on the throne.

Among the English visitors to Kiel during its "week" (the end of June, 1914) was Lord Brassey, who had an amusing adventure owing to an egregious blunder which greatly annoyed the Kaiser. Early on the 25th the peer went out in the "Sunbeam's" dinghy, accompanied by one sailor only. The boat was challenged by a policeman who was ignorant of English, and could not understand Lord Brassey's German. Presently they met an officer, to whom the peer explained matters and was allowed to return to his old yacht. The same evening Lord Brassey dined with the Kaiser and related how he had been arrested. The story caused much amusement to all but William II., who was greatly annoyed at the contretemps, and naturally so, for Lord

Brassey had at the time innumerable friends in the German navy, and had been always on the best terms with the Emperor and his brother. On the following day the Kaiser sailed in the new "Meteor" in the race for which Lord Brassey gave one of the extra prizes. The Kaiser's yacht was beaten by two others, one being Herr Krupp von Bohlen's "Germania." His Majesty's guests on board were Admiral Sir George Warrender, Sir Edward Goschen (H.B.M. Ambassador), Prince Henry of Prussia, and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. Before six weeks had elapsed England declared war against Germany, our Ambassador was handed passports for himself and his staff, and Sir Edward was subjected to many insults and much virulent abuse.

I do not remember seeing, in any of the innumerable reviews of General Friedrich von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," * this very curious passage, which is proving prophetic in 1916, and will, I hope, be noted by my readers :

> If we persist in that dissipation of energy which now [1911] marks our political life there is imminent fear that in the great contest of the nations, which we must inevitably face, *we shall be dishonourably beaten* ; that days of disaster await us in the future, and that once again, as in the days of our former degradation, the poet's lament will be heard :
>
> O Germany, thy oaks will stand,
> But thou art fallen, glorious land !

The lines are by the poet Körner.

Bernhardi writes, in his "Germany and the Next War" (p. 39 of the popular edition) : "With the death of King Edward VII. of England the policy

* London : Edward Arnold. 1914.

of isolation, which he introduced with much adroit statesmanship against Germany, has broken down."

Paul Heinsick, in his volume, "Der Welt-Krieg" ("The World-War"), thus elaborates the theme:

> This world-shattering tragedy, the frightful magnitude of which surpasses all records, is the life-work of a man who has already lain for years beneath the sod, the work of King Edward VII., that accursed Prince of German blood, whose chief business during the whole of his reign consisted in the complete "encircling" of Germany. While the English Constitution confined his ostensible activity within the strictest limits he worked with all the more feverish energy behind the scenes, conferred with Heads of State in East and West, travelled about in the world, and everywhere stirred up hate against Germany. His official relations, though occasionally overclouded, were never really strained. He always professed friendship for his nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm, the son of his sister, and yet secretly nourished a burning hate against the land of which his sister had been Crown Princess and Empress. King Edward did not wish for war, at least not for war at any price. As a brilliant diplomatist he aimed rather at isolating Germany as far as possible and forming a general league of Germany's enemies and opponents, without regular treaties, yet so firmly forged by envy and hate that in the moment when one of Germany's enemies opened hostilities all the others would announce their solidarity with him and fall upon us together.
>
> King Edward died before an external opportunity of war offered itself, but a still greater trickster entered into the accursed heritage. Sir Edward Grey, this wooden Englishman, who had not seen much of the outer world in his life, had returned somewhat dazzled from the visit which he paid with King George to Paris, and with his inclination for an understanding with Russia increased. Now he judged the right moment had come for him, as King Edward's testamentary executor, to draw tight the artfully tied knot.

While the Kaiser has not, so far as I know, ventured publicly to insult the dead King, as he so

often insulted him to his face and behind his back when he was living, he has allowed others to throw mud at him and has thus brought himself down to their ignoble level. This point has not, I think, been touched upon by our journals, which, with the exception of the "Daily Chronicle," even passed unnoticed both Wagner's lying assertions and Heinsick's monstrosities. I gladly admit, however, that many reviewers of my volume, "More about King Edward," printed extracts from what I wrote about Wagner. The truth as regards Edward VII. is that he had a legion of German friends and a great liking for the German people, with whom he was very popular both as Prince and as King. By the Austrians and Hungarians he was beloved.

That learned Swedish pundit, Sven Hedin, who was made so much of by our savants when he visited London, as he often did, devoted himself, in 1915, to "whitewashing" the Kaiser, of whom he wrote in this ecstatic strain :

At the stroke of one the door from the vestibule was opened, and Emperor William entered with a firm, quiet step. All glances were fixed on the strongly-built, well-knit figure. The room became as quiet as the grave. One realised that one was in the presence of a great personality. The little room, otherwise so humble, now had a deeper significance. Here was the axis, the pivot round which the world's happenings turned. Here was the centre from which the war was directed. Germany is to be crushed, so say its enemies. "Magst ruhig sein," says the German army to its fatherland. And here in our midst stands its supreme war-lord, a picture of manliness, resolution, and honourable frankness. . . . But all that calumny, meanness, and craven fear can inspire has been poured on his head. His intentions are distorted, his words are misconstrued, and his actions are turned into crimes. But in the whole of Germany, throughout the German army, his praises are sung.

When he was in London Sven Hedin was a whole-hearted admirer of England and the English. In Paris, where he was received in 1909 by the French Asian Committee, he said, besides many other flattering things : " I regard myself here as a compatriot. This makes me feel very proud and very happy." Now he has become one of the Kaiser's valets. Long may he remain so.

" The Coming of the Kaiser to Windsor " was thus happily treated in the Christmas Number of " Truth," 1891 :

Descend, O Muse, and tell the tale once more
Of how the Kaiser reached our island's shore ;
Tell of his pose as, telescope in hand,
Upon the bridge he proudly took his stand ;
Tell of the haughty and imperial style
In which he met his uncles' genial smile ;
Tell how those uncles, gushing words repeating,
Gave to their nephew an effusive greeting ;
And how at length, hailed by a British cheer,
That nephew walked with them up Queenborough Pier.
But not for far, for suddenly espying
Three Kent policemen, who were bravely trying
To keep at bay a large and surging crowd,
He turned to Uncle Wales and said aloud,
" Ach ! What is this ! Policemen ? Please collect them !
And when they're formed in line I will inspect them ! "
He did so, too, with his most martial air,
Truncheons and capes examining with care ;
And reprimanding one P.C. severely
Because he'd got his helmet put on queerly.
Then, having finished his examination,
He made a short and very loud oration,
Rejoined his uncles, and set out again
To reach the station and the royal train.

But soon he stopped once more, " Hullo," cried he,
" A Guard of Honour surely I can see ;

They must not think a Kaiser can neglect them.
Uncles ! one moment let me just inspect them."

Ten minutes later, at the station door,
He halted to inspect a rifle corps ;
Then, passing in, he promptly gave command
That several guards and porters near at hand
To form in line should be at once directed :
Which done, he set to work and *them* inspected.

And even when the train got under way
The Kaiser in his seat refused to stay.
First he his uncles' equerries inspected,
And then, ignoring how they all objected,
Our three poor Princes up in line he drew,
And straight proceeded to inspect them, too ;
Singing the while, regardless of their frown,
This little lay as he stalked up and down :—

When men or boys in uniform
  Or livery I see,
A longing irresistible
  Comes stealing over me.
To have them formed at once in line
Is my invariable design,
  My chief, my foremost care !
And then with flashing eyes I go
In front of, then behind, the row ;
And, marching slowly to and fro
  With my most martial air,
    I inspect them !
    I inspect them !
  I inspect them then and there :

And I, too, deem it a glorious thing
For a Hohenzollern and Emperor-King
To stoop from his proud and high estate,
To see that a knapsack's put on straight ;
To use his flashing and eagle eye
The strength of a buckle to verify ;
And to force his soul, that aloft has dwelt,
To interest take in a pipe-clayed belt !

As the Kaiser neared the Castle he forthwith became aware
Of a choir of Royal voices whose sweet singing filled the air :—

Oh ! Wilhelm, we have missed you !
Since last you came, alack !
Oh ! Wilhelm, how we've missed you !
So welcome, welcome back !

We longed again to see you, and it makes our hearts rejoice
To gaze upon your features, and to hear your cheery voice.
Aye, now your presence brightens the clouds which were so black,
Oh ! Wilhelm, how we've missed you !
So welcome, welcome back !

And as this short song was finished, Queen Victoria forward press'd,
And with grandmaternal fervour clasped her grandson to her breast,
" Dearest, *dearest*, DEAREST William ! " she emotionally cried,
" Pray excuse these signs of feeling that I vainly seek to hide :—
Oh ! how I have yearn'd for this day
Of all the most honoured and blest,
When I, without further delay,
Might welcome my grandson as guest.
Too long he has lingered, on duty so bent,
But now he is with me, and I am content ! "

And the Kaiser bending lowly, whilst a tear shone in his eye,
With a similar emotion, shaped the following reply :—
"Dear grandma, you can't understand
My surprise and delight on that day
When I learn'd you so kindly had plann'd
That I was this visit to pay.
'Twas the joy of all joys I had longed to select,
Though 'twas one that I had not the right to expect."

Then the Prince of Wales advancing, drew his nephew to his heart,
And, with accents somewhat broken, in the welcome sang his part :—

"Oh! how can I hope to make known
Or to publish the pleasure I feel,
When words are quite useless alone
My ecstasy rare to reveal?
But at least I can say to my nephew so dear,
That the dream of my life is fulfilled now he's here!"

And the crowd, to tears affected by this very charming scene,
Cheered the Kaiser with effusion, and the Princes and the Queen,
And observed "How very pleasant 'tis such amity to see;
How sweet to find affection in these hearts of high degree;
And how wicked of the papers for one moment to suggest
That there could be any coolness 'twixt the hostess and her guest."

One of our popular magazines published, in March, 1912, an article entitled "The Kaiser as he is," and boldly asserted that it was "written by one who is in intimate personal contact with the German Emperor, and it has been specially approved by his Imperial Majesty." The writer agreed to some extent with the late Lord Salisbury that the Emperor was a "misjudged" man. "Those who know him least refer to him as 'the firebrand of Europe,' but nothing could be wider of the mark. As a matter of fact he is, and always has been, a great asset towards assuring the peace of the world." For England and the English people, we were assured, "he has a very great liking, and an affection for the memory of the late Queen Victoria that almost amounts to veneration. There is very considerable friendship between the Kaiser and King George, and the two rulers exchange letters at frequent intervals." The Emperor's affection for King Edward was "much more deeply rooted than the outside world will ever know. When the news was

broken to him that his beloved uncle had passed away, those about him declare that the Emperor utterly broke down—possibly the only occasion upon record—and putting his head on his arm, sobbed quietly to himself for several moments. Once he had recovered from the first shock, however, the innate man of action asserted himself. As though half ashamed of the weakness into which he had been betrayed he gruffly, and in his most peremptory manner, gave instructions for instant preparations to be made for his immediate departure for London."

This amazing galimatias contained much more to the same effect in glorification of William II., who so little appreciated it that he caused an official denial of its correctness to be issued, supplementing the démenti with the assertion that the article would have been more accurately entitled "The Kaiser as he is Not." Unfortunately these official denials are not generally seen by English readers, so that those who had swallowed the article whole retained in their memories a wholly mistaken impression of William II. and his "deeply rooted affection for King Edward."

The Kaiser's "hopes," after only one month's warfare, were confided to the newly appointed Minister to Mexico, Herr von Eckhardt, who imparted them to the Press on his arrival at New York (11th September 1914). Eckhardt said that just before leaving Berlin for America he had a long conversation with the Emperor, who discussed with him the war with France and its underlying causes and the campaign in the field. The Emperor, who was then about to leave for the front, outlined to

Herr von Eckhardt what he hoped to achieve. He told the Minister he had been trying for many years to win the friendship of France. He had made friendly overtures to the French again and again, but apparently Germany had failed to achieve her object. The attitude of Germany, said the Kaiser, was: "We must take France or die," and the German army must fight to the very last man. Paris must be taken and the French army must be subjugated. "Not that we should take France to keep it," said Eckhardt, "but we must destroy for ever the menace of French militarism and the power of the French Army. I do not know whether this will take a week or six weeks, but one thing is certain—*that the German Army will take Paris.* If it fails to do so it will be because there are no German soldiers left to fight."

At the time of writing (September, 1916) there are still no indications that "the German Army will take Paris," but there is a reasonable hope that, sooner or later, the Allies "will take Berlin."

What the Kaiser told Eckhardt at the end of August, 1914, and what that diplomatist imparted to the New Yorkers in the following month, will doubtless remind many of what happened in London about the same time. One terrible Sunday (30th August 1914) three of our most widely read and ordinarily well informed papers produced a momentary panic by publishing a mass of "war news" headed: "The Truth from the British Army.—Crisis of our Fate.—The Position in France. —Tidal Wave of German Troops.—Need for the Country to grasp the Danger." A prefatory note ran: "The following was written at Amiens early

on Friday morning [28th August], and shows how serious was the position of the Allies' front after the fighting of last Wednesday [26th August]." Then we read : " This is a pitiful story I have to write. Would to God it did not fall to me to write it ! But the time for secrecy is past. . . . It is a bitter tale to tell of British troops, but they were set an impossible task. . . . The French nation is as yet in ignorance of the disaster. The shock of it will be all the worse when it comes."

What had been published on that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday purported to be accounts of the retreat from Mons, one of the journals speaking of " a retreating and a broken army " and another narrating the " pitiful story " referred to. Our little army, only two days after a concentration by rail, had had to withstand the attack of five German army corps ; our losses were heavy, but the enemy was too exhausted by the 26th of August to pursue effectively. Our 1st Corps was commanded by Sir Douglas Haig (Lord French's successor in 1915), and our 2nd Corps by Sir H. Smith-Dorrien. After all, the three papers in question were not solely to blame, for they were able to prove on the following day (Monday, 31st August) that the startling reports were published at the request of the Press Bureau, and that the closing paragraph, urging the necessity of reinforcements, was due to the head of the Bureau (Mr, now Sir, F. E. Smith) himself! The papers which had severely criticised their three incriminated contemporaries on the Monday handsomely apologised on the following day.

Any excuse is good enough for the Kaiser. His intended invitation to King Manuel (now of Twicken-

ham) to attend the wedding of William II.'s daughter and the Duke of Cumberland's son, on 24th May 1913, was revoked on account of an alleged discovery that he was implicated in an attempted rising in Lisbon. It was declared that a letter from King Manuel of a compromising character was found on a Portuguese officer who was arrested in Lisbon, and that the letter was dated from Sigmaringen, the home of Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern, then King Manuel's fiancée.

In January, 1901, shortly after the Kaiser's visit to England to attend the funeral of Queen Victoria, a weekly paper (I forget which one) published a cartoon showing the Queen's grandson, her eldest son, and Lord Salisbury, and making King Edward say to the statesman : " One would really think *he* was Heir to the Throne ! "

The mishap to King George when in 1915 he paid his second visit to the front reminded a correspondent of the " Evening News " of an incident that occurred at the manœuvres in Germany when William II. was a youth of eighteen. England's representatives were Sir Percy Feilding of the Coldstreamers and Colonel Thomson of the 7th Hussars. During the march past Sir Percy's horse shied and threw him heavily. The then Prince of Prussia sniggered, and was pointedly rebuked by his grandfather.

Among the Kaiser's numerous rescripts was this one, issued in 1913 : " I thank God that I can look back with satisfaction on the past twenty-five years of serious work, and on the great acquisitions they have brought to the Fatherland. That this

has happened under the fertilising rays of the sun of peace, the strength of which has victoriously dispelled every cloud appearing on the horizon, makes me particularly happy. My heart's desire has thereby been fulfilled."

The five hundredth anniversary of the Hohenzollerns' accession to power was celebrated on 21st October 1915, by the Kaiser's orders, not by public fêtes, but by quiet ceremonies at schools and in places of worship. Only five centuries ago the Hohenzollerns were mere Burgraves of Nuremberg. One of them, Frederick, had rendered great services to Sigismund, Emperor of Germany (not "German Emperor"), who, as a reward to the man who had played a brilliant second to him, made Frederick supreme commander of the Marches of Brandenburg. The Emperor next raised Frederick to the position of Elector of the Holy German Empire, and on 21st October 1415, he received the homage of his subjects. Such was the beginning of the ascendancy of the Hohenzollerns: Electors of Brandenburg in 1415, Kings of Prussia in 1701, German Emperors in 1871.

In the family history of William II. a Saint figures—Hedwige, daughter of Berthold IV., Comte de Méran. She was born in 1174; married, in 1186, Henry I. (called "the Bearded"), Duke of Silesia, and left her husband, with his consent, after the birth of their fourth child. She retired to the Cistercian convent at Trebnitz, where she died, and where she was buried on 15th October 1243. Her canonisation was pronounced in 1267 by Pope Clement IV. One of her direct descendants, Sophie von Liegnitz, daughter of Frederick II.

and Sophie von Brandenburg-Anspach, having married in 1545 John George I. of Brandenburg, became the great-great-grandmother of Frederick William I. of Brandenburg, the Great Elector.

There is also an archbishop ancestor in the person of Adolph II., Count of the Marck, who had by his marriage with Margaret of Cleves two sons, the elder of whom, Engelbert, succeeded him in 1347. The younger, Adolphus, took holy orders when he was very young, and became successively Bishop of Münster and Archbishop of Cologne (1363). Despite this promotion he unfrocked himself in 1364, after the death of his great-uncle, John, Count of Cleves. He then combated two other pretenders and defeated them, and entered into possession of the countship. Next, he married Margaret, daughter of Gerard von Juliers, Count von Berg, and by her had several children: among these was Adolphus II. (called "the Prudent"), Count von Cleves, who became a Duke in 1417, and was the great-great-grandfather of Marie Eleonore von Gueldre, who married, at Königsberg (1573), Albert Frederick, Duke of Prussia. Issue of this marriage was Anna, wife of Johann Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg and grandfather of Frederick William I., the Great Elector. The Kaiser told M. Massenet that he was very proud of numbering among his ancestors the celebrated Admiral de Coligny, the leading Huguenot of his day. Had the interview lasted a little longer the eminent composer would probably have had enumerated to him the numerous other French ancestors of the Emperor, notably Claude, Duc de Guise (Marie Stuart's grandfather), St Louis, and many more.

The 15th of June, 1916, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Kaiser's accession. He has been under the thumb of more than one woman, but none of his fair friends so thoroughly dominated him as the American-born Countess of Waldersee, who, "by the world forgot," died "on her lands," in what was once the kingdom of Hanover, in 1915. She was the Egeria of William II., his faithful counsellor and adviser; and she was the sister-in-law of our Prince Christian, her first husband having been Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein (an uncle of the present Kaiserin), and her second Count von Waldersee, who, by Moltke's influence, was made Quartermaster-General. Her friendship with the Kaiser began when he was Prince William of Prussia and lasted until the dismissal of Bismarck, with whom the Countess had always been au mieux. The Kaiserin, when doubtful what to do, invariably said: "I will be guided by my aunt" (as the former Miss Lee, of New York, was by her first marriage).

A farmer, over whose growing cornfields a party of officers had ridden in true Hunnish spirit, objurgated the Kaiser in language too foul to print. When the actual words were reported to him, William II. roared: "That man has insulted the *Emperor*, the anointed of the Lord. Whoever insults a crowned head is ten times worse than a murderer!" Such was his exemplification of the idealism of sovereignty. He again illustrated his conception of royal idealism (October, 1914) by a sudden return to a point on the Western front, not too close to the fighting line, but some miles from it. With all the art of the adept stage "producer" he surrounded himself by a battalion—some 1500—

of the dramatis personæ : five generals, three majors (including a Moltke, since dead), and a posse of officers of lesser rank, plus a convoy for his personal safety, and a large number of cooks, scullions, valets, and other servants. All these he brought together in the fond expectation of witnessing the "fifth act," the subjugation of Calais—that Calais on which he is never likely to feast his gaze.

Two recent appreciations of William II. by eminent Frenchmen will find favour with readers of these pages. M. Clemenceau, who was held in high esteem by Edward VII., writes of the Huns' chieftain as "This crowned comedian, poet, musician, sailor, warrior, pastor ; this commentator absorbed in reconciling Hammurabi with the Bible, giving his opinion on every problem of philosophy, speaking of everything and saying nothing."

The "grand old man" of the Paris Press, M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the "Gaulois," and author of two volumes of memories crammed with indiscretions, reveals the Kaiser. "Under a pacific exterior, nourishing in his heart the most infernal plan ever conceived, he succeeded in hoodwinking Europe. The diabolical achievements of German militarism during the past twenty-four months are not the result of an improvisation ; they are the fruits of long and patient work, commenced on the first day of his reign. The Crown Prince may succeed his father ; he will never replace him. William II. is the leader of an orchestra which, without him, will be plunged into inconceivable discord. It is he who leads and guides everything, and everything that diminishes his personal action improves our chances of early victory. Let us

ask only of God that He will accord enough time to William II. to become sensible of our irresistible force and the frailty of his own work. As dying Nero, before the ruins which he accumulated and the massacres which he ordered, so ought William II. to say : ' Of what a worker of hate is the world delivered ! ' And when he quits this world's scene for the sphere of eternity he will perceive, behind the curtain, that only that is great and beautiful which is beneficent, and that all work founded upon destruction is doomed, before long, to be destroyed in its turn."

Some of our papers having announced, in October, 1915, that the Government intended to confiscate £1,000,000 standing to the Kaiser's credit at the Bank of England, the semi-official " Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung " was authorised to say that " the German Emperor has no private deposits in that institution." As so much speculation respecting the Kaiser's private means was indulged in owing to the publication, in 1915, of a statement to the effect that he had lost something like £5,000,000 owing to the war (an assertion for which no proof was forthcoming), these details of his personal finances may be given.* No income tax is paid by the Emperor or by any other members of the Royal (not Imperial) House of Prussia, so that the exact amount of his Majesty's fortune was unknown until the beginning of last year, when it was ascertained that he was then " worth," approximately, about £7,000,000. This became known as the result of the imposition of the then new military tax, in preparation for the intended

* Vouched for by Herr Rudolf Martin in 1915.

war. Under this law the Emperor was assessed at, say, £7,000,000, the duty he was called upon to pay amounting to £193,000. Even the officials of the Ministry of Finance might not inquire into their Imperial master's private financial affairs; but this well-known statistician, Herr Rudolf Martin, estimated the Emperor's fortune at the figure given above—viz. £7,000,000—so that, should William II. have "dropped" £5,000,000 since August, 1914, there is left to him only a beggarly £2,000,000. This would mean a serious curtailment of his income, which Martin, in his "Almanac of German Fortunes," puts at about £1,000,000, including £10,000 a year from his porcelain manufactory at Cadinen.

The Berlin statistician asserts that the greater portion of the Kaiser's wealth consists of landed property, "and can therefore be approximately valued." His forty castles in Prussia have been valued in the past—i.e. before the war—at about £2,000,000, reckoning them at £50,000 each. His lands and forests were of the estimated value of £3,500,000; his house property in Berlin, £900,000. In addition to all this he is known to have owned a considerable amount in stocks and shares. Although he has been in his time a daring speculator on the Bourse, he has always had the advantage of the advice of the greatest experts, chiefly the socially detested, but omnipotent, Jews—as, for example, the eminent firm of Bleichröder, whose aid, to the annoyance of Jules Favre, Bismarck invoked during the settlement of the terms of peace at Versailles in 1870-1871. What the Kaiser's fifty castles, one hundred estates and fifteen forests

would realise were they, or any of them, offered for sale to-day is problematical. For several years he has endeavoured to dispose of some of these properties, but would-be purchasers were frightened off by the fancy prices demanded.

The Kaiser is credited with the acquisition of very considerable landed property in Canada, but little trustworthy evidence is obtainable in regard to these "deals." It is true that £1,000,000 was bequeathed by King Frederick William III. to his son, the first German Emperor (1871), and that this million sterling came in due course to the Kaiser of to-day. The records state that half the money is not to be touched unless it is urgently required for public use—a period which may have arrived in 1915, although financiers are in disagreement on this point. Whether Frederick William's "savings" are still intact is also a moot point. The War-Lord is not the man to be over-scrupulous in such a matter.

Considering the status of the journal which published it, the following is probably accurate :

The German statement that the Kaiser's fortune has been considerably reduced by the war is quite contrary to fact. The Kaiser has certainly lost heavily through the bankruptcy of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. But even this is only a temporary loss, since he and Herr Ballin hope, by means of the German submarines, to destroy England's mercantile navy and create a monopoly for themselves at the end of the war.

Apart from this temporary loss, the Kaiser has made millions out of the war. He is the largest shareholder in Krupp's, and his enormous profits during the conflict have been steadily sent abroad for investment. At the beginning of the war he is understood to have invested a large proportion of his disposable funds in American munition factories ; so that he is at present drawing large dividends from the supply of munitions to the Allied armies.

None of the holdings are in his own name or in the name of any identifiable agent; but the real holder is William, all the same. Further, he has made extensive investments in American and Canadian land.

Again, the Kaiser is in the spelter ring. He has big investments in several German companies registered at Somerset House.

The Kaiser is in no financial difficulties, if Germany is. If Germany had not been at war the Kaiser would not have had a tenth of the opportunities which he has recently enjoyed of enriching himself at Germany's expense.*

But, although the Kaiser is admittedly the wealthiest of all the German princes, he is anything but the richest person in the empire. A few years ago Herr Martin placed him fifth in the list, Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach coming first with £14,000,000, and Prince Henckel von Donnersmarck with £12,000,000. In the mammoth Krupp Company, of Essen, the Kaiser has long been, and doubtless still is, a very considerable shareholder, drawing fat dividends, for many years. The late Herr Alfred Krupp, of malodorous memory, was one of the Emperor's chosen friends, and after Krupp's death his Majesty was his strenuous defender. Thus we have the piquant fact that out of the vast sums paid during many years by Germany to Krupp's for arms and munitions, no inconsiderable amount has come back to the successor of Attila in the welcome shape of dividends upon his shares! The two other personages whose estate was valued above the Kaiser's at the time Herr Martin made out his list were Baron von Goldschmidt-Rothschild, £8,000,000, and the Duke von Ujest, £7,700,000.

Originally the Kaiser had scarcely any private

* "Financial News," 24th July 1915. (From a correspondent.)

fortune. Most of the wealth left by his grandfather went to William's brother Henry. From time to time, however, the Kaiser has received several legacies, the principal of these coming from the generous mother whom he had so often insulted, browbeaten and defamed, and from his doting grandmother, Queen Victoria, who, to the disgust of all her children, left him some £200,000 or £300,000. Before these and other windfalls William was not too proud to go cap in hand to the Emperor Francis Joseph and wheedle large sums out of him. In 1914 he got round the old dotard and egged him on to rush Serbia into a compulsory war which may result in the splitting up of the Austrian Empire and the overthrow of the proud Hapsburg dynasty.

William II. is as well aware as any man on which side his bread is buttered, and he has never yet lost an opportunity of "making up to" the wealthy, whether they were of the old or the new-rich. His most valuable "find" hitherto in this quest for Midases was the gentleman whom some may remember as a guest of the Emperor at Highcliffe Castle, near Bournemouth, when, in November, 1907, after the termination of his visit to King Edward, he stayed at that residence for three weeks. Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fürstenberg's acquaintance was made by the Kaiser long before the Highcliffe days, and he speedily became first favourite in the Imperial affections. Why? Well, the fact that he is the reputed possessor of a fortune amounting to £20,000,000 may possibly have weighed in his favour. Be this as it may, the Emperor (Mr Wile tells us) found his constant

presence in the family circle, as well as in the council chamber, indispensable.

The Kaiser's eldest son draws an annual allowance of not more than £50,000, less than that allotted to most European Crown Princes and heirs to thrones. The Emperor provides two of his sons, Eitel (no longer a Knight of Justice of the Order of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem in England) and William August, with their pocket money, although both married heiresses ; and his Majesty's only daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick, by wedding the son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, could not have done better for herself. The fact that she has a half-demented father-in-law (who married the sister of the Empress Marie and Queen Alexandra) does not probably greatly lessen her enjoyment of life.

Before his accession the Emperor lived in Spartan fashion, never spending a single mark more than he could help, but from the day he donned the Imperial mantle he developed the inclinations of a spendthrift, while his consort was parsimonious, even restricting the supply of body linen to her sons and her only daughter. The boys were not allowed more shirts weekly than the sons of an English greengrocer in a small way of business, while the poor little Princess had reason to grumble at the few petticoats, chemises and stockings doled out to her.

Memoranda of conversations heard by "an eminent neutral" at a tea-party given by the Kaiserin towards the end of 1915 were related in August, 1916, to the fortunate special correspondent of the "Daily News" at Berne and printed by that journal on 15th August. The Kaiser was present,

and said to the visitor: "I suppose the British theory that I am responsible for the war has got a hold on your own people?" It was an embarrassing question, and the Emperor did not seem to expect an answer, for he continued, almost without stopping: "It is curious how this theory seems to fascinate my enemies. Yet the people who accuse me of having caused the war are the very people who previously testified to the earnestness of my desire for peace. I do not envy the man who has the responsibility for this war upon his conscience. I at least am not that man. I think history will clear me of that charge, although I do not suppose that history will hold me faultless. In a sense every civilised man in Europe must have a share in the responsibility for this war, and the higher his position the larger his responsibility. I admit that, and yet claim that I acted throughout in good faith, and strove hard for peace, even though war was inevitable. Why do you neutrals always talk about German militarism and never about Russian despotism, the French craving for revenge, English treachery? I think the next generation will strike a juster balance in apportioning blame." That the Emperor should have complained of "English treachery" tends to confirm the contention of the alienists that his mind is affected, although he is not mad in the ordinary sense of the word. Yet the "Morning Post" discussed the "treachery" point seriously in a leading article!

In June, 1887, a year before his accession, the Kaiser, then Prince William of Prussia, and his wife came to England, with his parents, the Crown Prince and Princess, to attend the Queen's Jubilee

ceremonies. William, to the annoyance of his august grandmother and the Royal family, complained that the position in the procession to the Abbey was not that to which he and his wife were entitled. Neither the Prince nor his sycophantic suite would listen to any explanations, some of the German courtiers "believing that it was the result of an intrigue of the Crown Princess, who wished to humiliate her son and daughter-in-law, and had persuaded her mother to help her in her design," while others held that the British Cabinet was to blame ! *

Readers of the Kaiser's and Prince Henry's letters and telegrams, which give a special cachet to this volume, will see how highly the Kaiser prized his British friends. By his own infamies and treacheries he has lost them all. "None so poor to do him reverence" now.

"I look for the defeat of the Kaiser and his caste of militarism, for in it I foresee a German Republic wherein the least German will have rights equal to the highest." These are the words of Mr F. L. Schmidt, jun., who was born in the United States, and whose family has always occupied a high social position in Germany. His grandfather was Consul-General for Saxony to the U.S.A. for fifty years and Prussian Minister to the U.S.A. for one year. His father was Vice-Consul for twenty-five years. One of his uncles was a son of the Prussian Minister of Finance during the Franco-Prussian war. Another uncle, Gen. von Winterfeldt, was Fluegel Adjutant to the father of the present Kaiser, and at one time

* "The Début of Emperor William." By One who watched it. "Blackwood's Magazine," April, 1916.

commanded the King's Guard troops round Berlin. Four first cousins and half-a-dozen second cousins are serving as officers in the present war. He cannot, therefore, be said to be prejudiced against the Germans; yet he denounces the Kaiser and his system of militarism in these terms:

The German middle-classes are merely slaves, and the upper classes rule with the iron hand of the Middle Ages.

Before the war a German who dared to criticise the administration was put in gaol.

A man must serve in the army whether he will or not.

A common soldier cannot rise above the rank of a non-commissioned officer in the German army.

German officers treat their soldiers more like dogs than human beings. "I myself have often seen an officer strike a soldier upon the back with his sword for no greater offence than getting the parade step wrong."

Many of the German soldiers hate their officers. "My uncle, General von Winterfeldt, who went through the Franco-Prussian war, told me often that many German officers were found shot in the back, and the only theory was that they had been shot by their own men."

The scene was "Claridge's," at a "five o'clock" given by my friend Charles Woods. On my right was a piquante little Englishwoman—on the left a foreign diplomatist, whose name and bold action rang throughout Europe in 1914. And his name? Madjaroff, at the time in question Bulgarian minister to the Court of St James. He departed from London, to the regret of all, to take up a similar post at Petrograd, and his bold action consisted in his declaration that he would not go back to Bulgaria, although recalled, because of his sovereign's "policy." Mr Madjaroff—all honour to him!—is pro-Russian and pro-British, and he refused to be

a party to Ferdinand's wicked course as evidenced by his succumbing to the wiles of the Kaiser. Presently, at another table in the same crowded salon, I found myself in lively converse with a lady, still, one would say, in her teens, and as beautiful as any flower. She spoke our tongue with scarcely the trace of an accent—English, French, Russian and German were as familiar to her as her native Bulgarian. She told of her travellings with her parents de par le monde, and of the British authors whose works had most firmly held her captive: one was Scott, another Dickens. Did she not find the writings of "Boz" somewhat difficult to grasp? "Yes, at first, but I got to fully understand them in time." Even the Wellerisms? "Yes, even those." Yet this daughter of the famous diplomatist, this lady, who is "divinely tall, and most divinely fair," came to London from what people often call "those wild Balkanian countries"!

As our army was so comparatively small, the French did not display any particular desire for an actual alliance with England. In this country, too, there was not a little opposition to an alliance. In lieu of an alliance, however, we had the Entente, which, to those who initiated it, had practically, as it was intended to have, the significance of an alliance. At the time when it was made obvious to Europe that Germany meant mischief to France (1907-8-9), King Edward's matured and practical ideas were discussed and committed to paper at Buckingham Palace. His figure was reduced considerably. He was chagrined, but not disheartened. He had done his utmost, and yielded gracefully to

the experts and others whom he had taken into consultation.

Knowing the Kaiser as he did, is it likely that King Edward could have been deceived by his nephew's apologists, both in Germany and in England? He took all the portents seriously. He was so preoccupied by them and by domestic politics that both his mental and his bodily health suffered—a fact not overlooked by his physicians, who were careful to put it on record without dwelling too strongly upon it. During the late King's frequent visits to Germany he had no reason to complain of the attitude of the public generally. He was so uniformly courteous in his treatment of all, from the Prince to the humblest of employees, that he compelled their admiration. He was not infrequently stung by the sneering language of the newspapers. Some amends were made for these rudenesses at the time of his death; but since then he has been the subject of the most virulent and vituperative attacks by the German Press generally. Journalists have affected to see in him the real cause of the war! Since Prince Bülow's assertion in print that, as regards Germany, England had pursued a "hemming in" policy, others have fatuously associated the late King with it, in sublime ignorance of the fact that Edward VII. never essayed to practise any personal "policy" at all in the ordinary sense of that word. He confined himself to well-directed and successful efforts to secure universal peace.

When the Kaiser visited his royal relatives in England, as he so often did, he laid himself out to make friends. With his soft speeches and deep cunning he imposed upon everybody—except the

King his uncle. He heard and saw everything. Our military and naval secrets were to him as an open book. He scoffed at our "alarmists"—our Robertses and our Beresfords, and a few, a very few, others.

Until July-August, 1914, the Emperor had a small army of friends in England. Thus all the gossip of the well-informed in London filtered through to him, and doubtless much of it was turned by him to account, to our detriment. King Edward's watchfulness could not prevent many of our secrets leaking out. Not one of the Kaiser's legion of spies was more rusé or more successful than the Imperial spy himself. Queen Victoria was the one friend the Kaiser had at our Court. She would not listen to what she termed the "cruel things" which were said of him by some of those who had her confidence. But she could not refuse to give a hearing to her eldest son when he complained of the discourtesy, and often the gross rudeness, with which his ill-mannered nephew treated him.

If any Englishman could claim to be thoroughly acquainted with German diplomacy and politics it was King Edward VII. In the years when we were being lulled into a deceptive calm concerning the sinister designs of the German military party he was fully alive to their machinations, and had acquired a certitude of their intentions towards us. Nor did he keep his knowledge to himself. He frequently discussed with ministers and army chiefs the situation as it presented itself to his clear view from time to time. By his direction a scheme was drawn up for repelling any attack which might be made upon Great Britain and France conjointly or upon this country alone.

In the hundreds of speeches made by William II. since 1888 there are few references to his father, Frederick III., but many to William I., "my revered grandfather." Like other English correspondents, I found much to admire in the victor of 1870, who was rather roughly treated by others. Lieut.-Colonel Williams and Mr Thomas Wright, in their joint volume issued during the "Terrible Year," said of him :

> King William of Prussia is in 1870 as completely the representative of armed and irresponsible kingly power in Europe as the Tsar Nicholas was in 1854. He looks the character as thoroughly as he believes in it. Stalwart, deep chested, with a square, rugged face, a bristling grey moustache, cold, implacable eyes and a heavy jaw, King William is the beau idéal of a veteran cuirassier, as ready to ride down shopkeepers and lawyers in Berlin as to charge the cavalry of France at Jena.
>
> The hereditary malady of his family, which carried off his father in a state of religious mania, and his brother as a hypochondriac, betrays itself in him through an inconceivable worship of his place and prerogative. He believes in the infallibility of monarchs as devoutly as Pius IX. in the infallibility of Popes.

But, whatever his demerits, the King who became Kaiser in January, 1871 (at Versailles, while his armies were still unable to enter the capital which they began to besiege on the 19th of September, 1870), was the antithesis of that ferocious animal, his grandson, whose father was the pick of the basket. The words in the first rescript issued by Kaiser Frederick on his accession in 1888 are worth recalling to-day : "Not caring for the splendour of great deeds, nor striving for glory, I shall be satisfied if it be one day said of my rule that it was beneficial to my people, useful to my country, and

a blessing to the Empire." In his last hours, Frederick, unable to speak, wrote this counsel to his son: "Learn to suffer without complaining, for that is the only thing I teach you." It was another Prussian Frederick (the Second), Voltaire's patron, who said of German women: "They are like cutlets—the more you beat them the tenderer they are!"

The Kaiser was the unintentional means of aiding the funds of the Henley Red Cross hospital! A cigar given to Lord Lonsdale by the Emperor was presented by the peer to a friend, and at the Henley Christmas market (1915) it was sold, after several re-sales, for £14, 10s., to a firm of local butchers.

"From my earliest youth," said the Kaiser at Windsor, "when, as a boy, I ran about on the wharves at Portsmouth, I was much interested in British ships."

The War and its Causes. At the meeting of the British Association in 1915 a speaker related that a little girl, aged eleven, wrote, as a war essay: "The cause of the war was this. When the German Emperor was at Windsor he insulted Queen Victoria, and so King Edward smacked him round the face. The German Emperor said: 'I'll be avenged,' and hence the war."

One of the Kaiser's choicest blasphemies is contained in these words, addressed by him to his Huns in August, at the outbreak of the war: "Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His Vice-Regent. Woe to the disobedient! Death to cowards and unbelievers!"

To the Kaiser's dismay, some of the men around him told him flatly that these outrageous words must not on any account be published in the German Press; and, as a fact, they were "burked." The Russian papers, however, contrived to procure them, and gave them the widest circulation.

The "Blackmailing Kaiser," as the "Times" rightly dubbed him in July, 1916, will never enjoy his father's appellation, "the Noble." "For who would call him noble that is unworthy of his race, and distinguished only for his illustrious name? We call someone's dwarf, Atlas; a negro, swan; a diminutive and deformed wench, Europa. Lazy curs, scabbed with inveterate mange, that lick the edges of the lamp now dry, will get the name of Leopard, Tiger, Lion, or whatever other beast there is on earth that roars with fiercer throat." *

Sir Maurice Fitzgerald (the Knight of Kerry) told this curiously interesting story in the "Morning Post" in 1915. The facts noted in it, especially those related to Sir Maurice by Lord Odo Russell (afterwards Lord Ampthill, to whom I was indebted for many favours bestowed upon me at the Berlin Embassy), will come as a surprise to the public generally. The Knight of Kerry said:

Just about forty years ago, as equerry to the Duke of Connaught, I was on a visit with his Royal Highness at Berlin. The evening before our return to England, in the smoking-room at the Emperor's Palace, the party consisted of our then Ambassador at Berlin, Lord Odo Russell; Sir Dighton Probyn, the late Admiral the Hon. H. Glyn, the late Sir Arthur Ellis, and myself. I remember very clearly some remarks made by Lord Odo Russell; they were as follows:—"They will all be on the platform to-

* Juvenal. Satire VIII.

morrow to see you off. The old Emperor (Kaiser William), the Crown Prince (afterwards the Emperor Frederick), the Prince William (present Kaiser), Bismarck, Moltke, and the whole lot, and, excepting the Crown Prince, they all hate you simply and solely because you are Englishmen." Lord Odo Russell's last words as we were separating for the night were: "Why, even that little Prince William is being educated to hate you."

Shortly after the Kaiser's accession in 1888 Walt Whitman, the celebrated American poet, wrote in a letter to a friend: "I have no faith in the young Emperor now coming on. He is a proud, narrow martinet—no more. A man who knew so little as not to respect a father and mother noble perhaps beyond the measure of any who have ever reigned—a man the reverse of his father in all the good things for which the father stood."

Frederick III., a Hapsburg (born in 1415), was one of the earlier Emperors of Germany. He, too, had his ideals of world-conquest, which he put into this motto, "AEIOU" (Austriœ Est Imperare Orbi Universo—It is for Austria to rule the world). In 1916 the prospect of a realisation of Frederick's "ideals" is not particularly bright.

"Armageddon," as a figurative expression for the catastrophic world-war, has been so often used by writers and speakers since August, 1914, that it has become a household word; but there are doubtless still a few people who are not too well acquainted with its origin. The proverb dates from the time when the Apocalypse was minutely studied. The name is said to be suggested by Megiddo, the battlefield in the plain of Esdraelon (vide "Judges"), whereon some of the greatest battles in the history of Israel were fought. Armageddon has another

claim to be remembered—it is a word which does not appear to have ever fallen from the lips of that eminent philologist, the Kaiser, either in his sermons or his speeches.

Invasion! What would it mean to us? Among its consequences would be tragedies similar to those in Belgium and Armenia which were made known to a horrified world upon the sworn evidence of eye-witnesses. In his "Soul of the War" Mr Philip Gibbs added this incident to the appalling catalogue of the crimes of the Huns. An English officer had read aloud a letter from his daughter at home, when a French officer exclaimed: "Yes, you Englishmen will be happy to see your women again; but, gentlemen, if *I* were to go home now *I should find my wife and my daughter both expecting babies whose fathers are German soldiers*!"

The King of Bulgaria (or, as he will have it since 1908, "of the Bulgarians") is known to be a fervent Catholic, and one evening he was about to leave Sofia for a while in order to "make a retreat" at the mountain monastery of Rilo, near which is his castle of Rhodope. As he waited for his carriage he strolled with a friend under the great plane-trees in the beautiful grounds of the Palace, listening to the military band, which was playing an Offenbachian waltz. Ferdinand, not then King, smiled, saying lightly: "Perhaps this is the last time I shall ever hear dear old Offenbach's music. Who knows what may come, at any moment, from behind those big trees?" He remembered that Beltcheff, when talking to Stambouloff, had been assassinated close to the place where Ferdinand and his friend were then standing. "Bulgaria," said Ferdinand,

as he was getting into his carriage, "is a French islet in the middle of the Balkans. Adieu, mon cher!" He can be very epigrammatic when he chooses.

With all their finesse and cunning, Prince Bülow at Rome and Count Bernstorff at New York were dismal failures. This is all the more curious as regards the first-mentioned of these diplomatists, for Prince Bismarck once said to a friend of mine: "Bülow's father, whom I knew well, was the most rusé man I can recall; but his son could give him points!" Count Bernstorff's father was, on the contrary, a dull man. Of him Bismarck said contemptuously: "There is one thing I have never yet been able to manage—that is, to fill page after page of foolscap with the most insignificant twaddle, as Bernstorff does."

A wounded French soldier died at the hospital at the famous place of pilgrimage, Lourdes, with which so many English Catholics, and not a few Protestants, have made themselves familiar. The poor pioupiou's wife was telegraphed for, but arrived too late. Standing before the body, she said simply: "He has died for his country, which was his mother. I am only his wife." So Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, might have spoken.

For nearly forty years the pushing and often insolent Teuton has elbowed his way into all public resorts where people gather to refresh the "inner man," with the result that English waiters have been relegated to the streets or the workhouse. But to London's clubs the alien enemy has seldom had, and, needless to say, now never will have, access. It is gratifying to be assured that these

institutions, the small and the great ones alike, have been, are, and will be kept free from the pestiferous Deutscher, with his objectionable manners and worse habits. The clubs are staffed by our own countrymen, who, after a little training, are recognised by all who have travelled and become acquainted with foreign cercles as the best of servants the world can produce.

One of the Kaiser's intimates, Dr Carl Peters, was fairly well known to me for some years before the war—a slight, boyish man with bright eyes and tanned face. A mighty traveller—an explorer of the treasure-lands of Africa, a hunter of "the wild" and a historian. Probably he knew more about East and South-East Africa than any other man in London. He was often chaffed about the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon's mines, but he was good-tempered, good-humoured, and given to persiflage. He was at the head of a gold-mining enterprise, of which great things were confidently predicted; but there is often a considerable gulf between anticipation and realisation. He found time to give us, in a bulky volume, his impressions of England and the English, to write travel books, and to furnish the magazines with entertaining articles. Everybody knew this much-travelled gentleman well by repute. He is now an alien enemy, who finds it pays to vilify the people who treated him kindly and enabled him to feather his nest by handing him gold for worthless shares.

None of her many ministers could ever induce the illustrious grandmother of King George to refrain from taking an active personal part in both foreign and home affairs when she was minded to do so.

In 1867 she exercised her influence by writing letters in her own hand to the Emperor Napoleon III. and to the King of Prussia (the German Emperor of January, 1871), and thus secured the peaceful neutralisation of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, now ruled for the first time by a Grand Duchess, whose territory is occupied by the Huns.

Mr Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., whose sparkling writings are highly appreciated by the readers of the "Daily News and Leader" and "Reynolds's Newspaper," told, in the last-mentioned journal, this delightful story. King Edward was discussing the Kaiser with a friend of Mr Hughes, and both had a great deal to say about the antics of William II. After a prolonged chat the King leant back in his chair and laughingly said: "The fact is, I don't know what the damned fool is talking about half the time!"

In the spring of 1888 there was a mad eagerness in France to hear that the Crown Prince (afterwards Emperor) Frederick had drawn his last breath. The papers published shameful articles on the subject, ignoring the fact that it was the Crown Prince's pacific advice which had frequently prevented Germany from again attacking France. Very different was it with the aged Emperor's grandson William, who, with increasing years, displayed a deeper and deeper hatred of France, which culminated in 1914. How, in his conversations at Berlin with eminent Frenchmen, including even Jules Simon, he cleverly concealed that detestation I have shown in a previous work.

For ten months after the outbreak of the war the banners, surcoats, helmets and swords of the

degraded Knights of the Garter remained in St George's Chapel, Windsor, that chapel of the world's principal Order of Chivalry. The 14th of May 1915 witnessed their removal, their carting away to a storeroom in the Castle. The enemy Knights so degraded were eight in number—the German Emperor, William II.; the Emperor of Austria, known to his people as the Kaiser; the King of Württemberg, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (the Duke of Albany) and the Duke of Cumberland (brother-in-law of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie of Russia, the Tsar's mother). The German Emperor's banner had hung above the stall for thirty-eight years.

Why has the Kaiser never been (and never will be) crowned King of Prussia or German Emperor? In reality the latter is merely a courtesy title—that of the executive head of the German Confederation of Independent States. Of the nine sovereigns since Frederick I. only two were crowned; these were that same Frederick and William I., whom "William the Infamous" always speaks of in the most saponaceous terms. At the beginning of the war William II. seriously confided to his toadies and fellow-criminals that, the smashing of England being only a question of a few months, perhaps weeks, his fixed intention was to be crowned at Westminster Abbey. He added that he would allow King George and his family to settle down quietly in any part of the world they preferred. The Crown Prince would assume the title of King of Great Britain and Emperor of India.

Those publicists who have so frequently assured us that the avowed hatred of England by the Germans dates from the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-1871 will forgive me for correcting them. That celebrated Brighton cleric, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, observed it during his tour in Germany in 1846. In a letter of that date he says :

You cannot conceive how England is detested throughout Germany. The "Allgemeine Zeitung," the leading newspaper, is perpetually attacking us—our behaviour in India, our religious hypocrisy, our slavery to forms and fashions, our commercial policy, etc. A short time ago the "Times" had, in some article, remarked upon the great advantage derived by Germany from the English travellers who pass through it. Upon which the "Zeitung" replied that if a few innkeepers rejoiced at this, the whole nation mourned. "Only let God deliver us from the affliction of that horrid nation passing through our towns and besetting us like a plague of flies in our diligences, hotels, walks, with their stupid faces, their vulgarity, their everlasting inquisitiveness about hotels and sightseeing, and utter inability to appreciate anything higher, and it would be a day of jubilee for all Germany." I do not give the words [says Robertson], but that was the purport of the article.

Why were the Germans "strafing" us in 1846?

In August-September, 1916, "Ideas," a penny weekly paper with an enormous circulation, published a series of articles by a German lady, Miss Mina Lehmann, entitled "Is the Kaiser a Fake?" On her death-bed Mrs Lehmann is alleged to have said to her daughter :

As I have often told you, you are not my child, but a Princess, the daughter of our Crown Prince. The young man they call Prince Frederick William is my son. In proof of this there are sundry garments which were upon your little body when you were brought into my humble room by Fürst Bismarck and

Countess Wittenberg and substituted for my boy. They bear the monogram of the Crown Princess and are beautiful and fine as only the birthrobes of Princes can be made. With them was a letter, written by the Crown Princess when she was in the despair which overtakes women sometimes, when the time for childbirth comes very close. She thought then that she would not survive the ordeal before her, and left in the clothing destined for her baby a letter addressed to the child, and to be read by that child when grown up, and when the name of its mother had become but a memory.

## The narrative proceeds :

Mrs Lehmann went on to say that her husband was a member of the famous Society of the Olive Branch, to which he entrusted the garments and the letter, both of which would prove the Kaiser an usurper. After the death of her supposed mother Mina Lehmann went to Berlin, to seek the assistance of Otto Lipberg, the president of the Society. Herr Lipberg told her how she was the special charge of his Society, and how the Society had shadowed her and protected her against the hired murderers of Bismarck, Krupp and Von Moltke. He said to her :

" You have been a card in the game which Krupp and his associates have been playing. Only on one occasion has your removal been desirable, though they have always craved for possession of you. But now the card has been played, and, as they think, the trick has been won. You are no longer useful as an instrument, and your destruction has been decreed.

" We can save you. And as a first step, we think that it is now time for you to throw off the veil of secrecy which up to the present time has helped to guard you. It has now become an additional peril to your existence.

" For your own sake, for the sake of Germany, for the sake of suffering humanity the world over, we abjure you now to be bold. Come out of the darkness into the light. Let the beautiful Fraulein Mina Lehmann be seen and admired in the high places which are hers by right. They plan to kill ; if they should succeed, which God forbid, the crime must be no obscure one.

" We will tear William from his throne and restore the gentle Princess to her place. But for a term she must be a Princess in

very deed, a brave and noble woman in the sight of all men. Do you agree to this daring plan ? "

Mina Lehmann answered : " Before God I swear to be worthy of such brave and noble friends. Let me but know how to act, and no craven fear shall ever turn me back."

Several examples of the Kaiser's brutal and caddish insolence to his eldest uncle, King George's beloved father, and also to his uncles the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh), are narrated in " King Edward in his True Colours," and were unhesitatingly accepted as authentic by the Press generally, with the solitary exception of the " Times," which termed them " extremely offensive." I will, for the first time, explain that these revelations came from perhaps the most intimate friend of the Emperor and Empress Frederick—of course the " Times " did not know that, and I have only now divulged the fact, the personage in question, who was well known to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, being dead.

Some of my readers may question the accuracy of the following :

An elderly clergyman tells me he was present at St Paul's Cathedral one Sunday morning many years ago when the worshippers included the Kaiser, then the German Crown (sic) Prince. The young man was on a visit to Buckingham Palace, and the church party was composed of himself, the Duke of Edinburgh and a British Prince. There seemed to be some sort of disagreement between the British Prince and the future Kaiser during the service ; anyhow, the Hun turned on the Prince with the savagery of a wolf and actually *bit* him. " A more painful and distressing scene," says my friend, " I have never had the misfortune to witness in a house of God." *

* " Ideas," 1st September 1916.

The 18th of January 1915 was the forty-fourth anniversary of the proclamation, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, of the Kaiser's grandfather as German Emperor, and on the date above-mentioned I recorded in a London daily paper an episode which probably no future historian will fail to note. At the annual memorial service for the Emperor Napoleon III. Prince (Victor) Napoleon and his Belgian wife knelt side by side with the widow of the last Emperor of the French in the Benedictine Abbey Church at Farnborough, and, the impressive Mass being ended, listened to the "Absolution" in the Imperial mausoleum, where, in their tombs, lie the Emperor and his son. It added to the poignancy of the scene that a group of wounded Belgian soldiers took part in this service in "the Empress's Church" by Aldershot. Lord Rosebery has told us, in eloquent imagery, of the Last Phase in the life of the victor on so many battle-fields who drew his last breath in captivity on the rock of St Helena. The moving incident at Farnborough may be regarded as the Last Phase of that modern Bonapartism which received its coup de grâce at Sedan on the 1st of September, 1870. From that blow it has never recovered, and in all probability never will recover. The wildest imagination cannot conceive the possibility of a Bonapartist Restoration in France; and it is doubtful if the Prince who has been compelled by the war to take refuge in this country still seriously contemplates such a revulsion of feeling as would enable him to rule over the nation which we are proud to have as one of our staunchest Allies. Yet he enjoys the distinction of being the Bonapartist Pretender to the French Throne.

There is an abundance of Bismarckiana yet to be narrated, and much of it was locked up in the memories of two personages. The Bismarck centenary celebration at Berlin in 1915 reawakened in the minds of the Empress Eugénie and of her devoted friend and secretary M. Franceschini Pietri (who died at the end of that year) all the tragedy, all the bitterness caused by the statesman who was honoured in the Kaiserstadt. The Empress's memory retains the brutal and offensive epithets bestowed by the Man of Blood and Iron upon her consort, who, in the words of Bismarck, had been "always a silly fool." Napoleon III. had, so the ill-mannered German diplomatist informed Dr Busch, one of his confidants, who has not scrupled to record it in print, "offered to provide me with une maîtresse, but I declined." What excellent taste of a Chancellor of the German Empire to impart to one of his creatures so appetising a tit-bit of scandal, and to sanction its publication!

In the pages devoted to the Kaiser's letters and the history of the Napier family * I have mentioned the friendship of Lord Napier and Ettrick (grandfather of the present peer) with Bismarck. Dr Moritz Busch notes that at Versailles, during the war, "in connection with embassy buildings and ambassadors, the Chief [Bismarck] spoke very highly of Napier, the former British Ambassador at Berlin, remarking: 'Napier was very easy to get on with. . . . The position of an English ambassador at Berlin has its own special duties and difficulties, if only on account of the personal relations of the two Royal

* Vide Chapter I.

families. It demands a great deal of tact and care.' " *

There is quite a library of " Hapsburg Monarchy " literature. The only volume which satisfies me is Mr Henry Wickham Steed's,† in which I find this cameo of the Kaiser's dupe, whose principal forces were smashed to a jelly in July-August, 1916, around and at Gorizia : " While personally unselfish, generous, and just, ever ready to redress a private injury or to alleviate private distress, Francis Joseph, as a ruler, has often seemed callous to the point of cynicism and ' constitutional ' to the point of injustice. Provided that a Minister obtained for him the ' necessities of the State,' in the form of money or recruits, he appeared to care little how heavily the policy of the Minister might press in other respects upon whole sections of loyal subjects. Indeed, the bearing of Francis Joseph has sometimes resembled that of the landlord who ignores the petty tyranny exercised by his estate agent and dismisses the agent only when revenue falls off or disturbances occur." It was the leading Austrian critic, Professor Ottaker Weber, who wrote of this volume that it is " one of the most sagacious ever written on Austria."

Francis Joseph has, however, had his admirers—before the war—and one of such wrote of him in an American journal :

Loyalty and devotion to the person of the Sovereign was the tie which bound the warring nationalities ; their love for the

* " Bismarck : Some Secret Pages of his History." London : Macmillan and Company Limited. 1899.

† " The Hapsburg Monarchy." London : Constable.

Emperor was the only feeling they shared in common. When the task of the Austrian statesmen seemed almost to pass the wit of man the Emperor had only to intervene and to make a personal appeal and the most difficult problem was solved. When in Austria the strains of Haydn's hymn are heard:

Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser
Unser guten Kaiser Franz,*

it is not mere lip service, but the prayer of a nation.

Perhaps it struck only a very few that, in leaving the country for the battle-fronts in France and Flanders on the 29th of November, 1914 (his first visit), and remaining there until the 5th of December, the King was entering upon a highly adventurous tour. Providentially, all went well, and upon reaching Buckingham Palace it would have been pardonable had he said: "Veni, vidi, vici." Had he done so, we may be certain that he would have used the words of Julius Cæsar (when informing the Senate of his victory over Pharnaces) only in the spirit of one who had fulfilled a solemn duty to the army and thanked God for his safe return.

* "God save Francis the Kaiser, Our good Kaiser Francis."

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